

# YOUTH & ZEAL



## NAÏVE & ABANDONED WORKS

# 2010-2015

# THIS IS A COLLECTION

*of various reflections, thoughts and bad treatises about even badder ideas, as well as some early attempts at “intellectual” poetry. It is interspersed with leftovers, scraps and abandoned works, along with some texts exploring a kind of naïve attempt at outsider theology - the diary of an adolescent in-becoming exploring a kind of radical rogue existentialism. It forms a basis of an (as of writing this introduction, early 2016, abandoned) End Commune philosophical manifesto.*

*although some of it is rather relatively interesting, most of this is shitty and pretty damn immature – some material being borderline embarrassing. I am, however, too sentimental not to include it in this anthology, because it is indeed an anthology of my youth, my early building of identity and mine coming-of-character and newfound Religiosity !*

*it is written in Vänge, Luthagen, Söderfors  
& Gamla Uppsala between 2010 and 2015.*

I sing Praise to the LORD for giving me strength and discipline enough to write and compile this filthy and long-winding turd, this sloppy excuse of literature spat from the lousy mouth of a nobody trying to think like a somebody... and God knows I spent many an hour in this hell-hole of self-becoming, penning my diary... down there, in these, my swampy, damp and dimlit dungeons of Poetry, Love, Beauty, Spirit, Life, Death, God, Devil & History !!!

# INTRODUCTION

*(this piece was abandoned back in early 2016 and was supposed to be an introduction to a whole book, but ultimately, I couldn't be bothered with it – to be honest. It remains and will remain abandoned. As actual thought, it holds few merits and is truly the disordered workings of a mentally ill, drug-infested young radical pig. Any cursed subject holding these papers in their hands should know that before-hand. Advice from author: sincerely, go read something good instead. This applies to every single word I have ever written.)*

This book was written, compiled, edited and arranged by Abu Bakr al-Uppsalawi at various locations in Uppland (Vänge, Luthagen, Söderfors, Gamla Uppsala), a historical province of east-central Sweden. It was conceived, elaborated upon and edited more or less continually (but with varying intensity) starting probably around 2010 and reaching completion as I write this introduction, early 2016. The vast majority of the substance material was written between 2012 and 2015. Notably, chunks of the raw material were written down as notes as early as ca 2009-2010, even before the formation of the End Commune.

This book is thought of as a compendium of my personal spiritual and existential-philosophical development across many years of time; therefore, it is not correspondent to, nor representative of, my current world-view, although lots of its more intellectual and philosophical contents are merely immature approximations of positions I hold firmly to this day. It should be said though, that a great chunk of it I today regard as quite nonsensical and naïve. The world-view interwoven into this text is almost like some embryonic spiritual pellet I have vomited forth when having tried to digest existence itself. For this reason, I consider many of these texts as a coming-of-age style of literature: a weirdly dark, vertiginous, hallucinatory and (hopefully) unsettling *bildungsroman*-esque labyrinth. I feel it again important to concede as well that many of the ideas presented hereafter are stupid, stupid, silly, ridiculous ideas. Some pubescent remarks of anti-Christian ire, for example, I have left in the book, and I would lie if I told you that it was not left for reasons of nostalgia but also because I am a lazy fuck and I am so sick and tired of this shit book... I cannot edit this shit anymore and I just want to move on with my life. There are some passages and texts which recur; a poem for instance might also be found interwoven in a longer piece, although I have managed to purge most of these duplicate parts. Well, it is what it is. I cannot fucking be bothered anymore... *but at least it is authentic!* That is always something. Yes, God knows that on

many days, happy ones and dismal ones, I despise this great excuse of literature, philosophy and theology (I oscillate between self-appraisal and a severe case of impostor syndrome!), but it has been such an important cornerstone in my adult becoming that I simply cannot look the other way until I consider it finished for good. A lot of this material stems from my years of existential angst, drug experimentation and nihilism (I have not moved on from these things entirely but I have found other things as well that may complement them, as well as in some respects replace them, towards existential utility and sufficiency), and it can be cringy and embarrassing many times to read it because it exposes such a pathetic and lousy character – that is, *my* character. Furthermore, it is in my strong interest to note that this book is an Endcommunean work of art and it is my own pathetic *Zibaldone di pensieri* – it is a vague collection of personal impressions, moral reflections, aphoristic utterances, philosophical observations, some socio-cultural analysis and some mediocre-at-best “poetry”. It is a miscellanea of my subjective and personal existentialism. It is dedicated first and foremost to Isidor Ducasse, the Comte de Lautreamont. This work is basically my futile attempt at creating my own *Maldoror*, my own Golem of violent, dark, transgressive art, for it is the crowning achievement of all *poètes maudits* to do so, and I follow the spirit of Maldoror in its tracks until the very day I die... I will never be able to wash away that filthy sludge my hands got caught in turning those malodorous pages of human grime and evil... and as you can see, reader, I worship him well. And thank you for the angst, Lautreamont; well-deserved, and well-given! By it I am cursed forever...

Hearken: this is a culturally subversive piece of literature and it is written to the glory of the Great Elk and of Inanna, my God and my Goddess. It is a dream which you hold in your hands: the contents of this book and the essences I speak of, which I present with a coating of naïve but vicious wording, is the dream of a world proud – and not ashamed – over being ugly. This book, this world, carries its ugliness like a yoke, and it does so not out of necessity, not as some forced draconian measure of punishment nor for the cause of some holy martyrdom... it does so not out of self-pity nor out of the quest for the pity of others, no, for it carries its ugliness with a thunder and a baritone, almost as if with a complex and intuitively contradictory confidence, and it does so out of a purely voluntary acceptance of its own responsibility over the womb-source of all things ugly with which it is immutably fixed. This world, this book, this responsibility serves no higher purpose for the betterment of the world as a whole, no – to hell with all that!

I am not here for activism nor for some charitable cause; I do not want to save the world and I am not here to make some kind of favor or concession to anyone

but myself. From the perspective of this book, I am willing to say: fuck the world. Fuck this world, fuck *your* world. The fact of the matter is that it serves *my* world and it serves *my* world only... and it does so with untiring diligence and fervor! I am the author of my own world, and this book is a sum distillation of it. Am I hyperbolic? Well, what do you think of this statement: this book will change the life of every one willing to read it! And that is to say: if you are not changed from reading it, you do not understand it, and you are too stupid to process or ponder its viscera... or, on the other hand, perhaps you are just pointlessly uninterested by the contents of these pages of lugubrium (I am not sure any person of intellectual stature could see this book as uninteresting, nor could I imagine any serious psychologist or psychiatrist not taking interest in the captivating case of its author, but I suppose there are people for everything)... however, if you are changed for life by having read it, which you will become if you so do, your life shall never resume its ordinary and past tracks. And I make this a powerful and authentic claim. Yes, I choose to make this arrogant and bold statement as my very first of statements in order to purge myself from my own bravado: from here on, I do not have to worry about the toxins of this bravado because I have already made introductorily the ultimate statement of bravado!

And so why do I write this? Why am I bothered at all? Well, I write because I have no other outlet that can sufficiently process what I think, what I feel and what I do with my life, and I have to accommodate my anxieties and I have to nurture these world-views and all my paroxysmal ruminations willfully – lest they usurp my own golden scepter and my own ruby crown, and I cannot let that happen.

I must get a hold of the darkness before the darkness gets a hold of me, lest it takes charge the ship on which it is supposed to be a simple rower! And this psychological mutiny of angst I will not tolerate! I simply just cannot allow that to happen. Yes, I have to accommodate my anxieties lest they get the upper hand, and I have decided, bit by bit, to do so by spilling the ink of love over life's empty papyri, and I do not yet know if I shall succeed or if I shall fail in this existential undertaking: the anxieties, I know, will start to haunt and move about like some frightful spectres in the air around me no matter what I write, but sometimes they might whisper something encouraging, and when that so happens I must listen – or else. My point is that if I do not tolerate these anxieties, and in so doing integrate them, then they shall indeed devour me. So, I write, and I continue to write. I write as to purge myself, because writing is thinking, and thinking is contemplating – which is cathartic and transformative. I write in order to lay to nakedness the horrid permeation of injustice and absurdity

fundamentally constituent to the human condition and its experience, and I write in order to outline the riches and wealth in the amorphous and sludgy darkness it grows out of, and I will start with this right away. Because to tell you the truth, I have nothing of higher value to do.

## EVERYTHING I WRITE...

Everything I write is in the admiring memory of Danuta Siedzikówna and Elzbieta Zawacka, and I try to comprehend: what kind of unutterable angst and what force of diabolical trepidation of the soul did Berthy Albrecht feel in the very moment before her heroic suicide?

What words did the rope speak to her, what thing about her did the demons mock behind her back? Well — after all, it does not matter: we cannot understand the depth of suffering until we have firmly ourselves stood with our feet on the floor of it! But she refused tyranny despite suffering from it, and she did so with a haunting presence — so did Sophie Scholl, by the way, and with a relentless, mythic reluctance, and with a glare to her eyes that was Divine as if a holy phosphene exploded it: godlike yet sparked somehow with the devil's flame!

And so, the answer to the question not yet answered? The answer is—freedom. What else could explain Berthy Albrecht's suicide? I will illustrate this further with another example: there is a carving in an empty, ruinous prison cell on the Greek island of Crete, and this was the prison cell of Terpsichori Chryssoulaki-Vlachou, a young anti-fascist woman. Just before her execution under the Nazi occupation of Greece, she carved into the stone:

*"I am 18 years old and sentenced to death. I am waiting for the firing squad any minute now. Long live Greece. Long live Crete!"*

What did Terpsichori feel as she wrote that? Most would probably say she was consumed with fear of tyranny itself, and she probably was. But there was also present, I think, a kind of ecstasy of freedom in the face of this fascist evil. Another example of this courage of freedom is the one of Lepa Svetozara Radic, the Bosnian Serb partisan who at the age of 15 joined the anti-fascist movement in Yugoslavia. She was executed in February 1943 at the age of 17 after engaging in direct fire fights with German troops, thereby resisting Nazi German occupancy and in effect the forcibly imposed sovereignty of the Third Reich. One teenage girl versus the most infamous monolith of tyranny history ever recorded. In the mundane world, of course, the monolith won, but in the battlefield of spirits we all know in our heart of hearts who won.

In some episodes of the widespread Nazi anti-partisan campaigns in occupied Yugoslavia, it is said that the SS executed a hundred civilians as revenge for every soldier killed by the partisans, and amidst that heinous statistic stood a seventeen-year-old girl vis-à-vis one of the most repressive authoritarian polities ever! And as her despotic captors tied the noose around her neck, they offered her a way out of the gallows, they claimed, by revealing the identities and the whereabouts of her comrades and their leaders and commanders. She responded that she was not a traitor and that they would surely reveal themselves in the very moment they avenged her death:

*"Fight, people, for your freedom! Do not surrender to the evildoers! I will be killed, but there are those who will avenge me! I am not a traitor of my people. Those whom you are asking about will reveal themselves when they have succeeded in wiping out all you evildoers, to the last man."*

If the summit of human courage, iron will and spiritual devotion is not found embodied in the 17-year-old girl, Lepa Radic, then I do not know at all where it can be found. This, I tell you, whoever reads this shit, is a testimony to the spirit of human heroism. Nothing more, nothing less. Fuck all of you rats who do not work in aspiration of this heroism, and I cannot even become bothered with those who do not even idealize it! Just dwell on this for a minute, will you, these examples of courage; just dwell on what kind of spiritual strength human beings are capable of... and then think of what you are. Nothing. Pathetic, worthless, extremely mediocre. And so am I. But I fall to my knees in deep but bitter respect for these heroines in spite of this, because I adore them, I am not resentful about it: to adore someone is to feel inferior to someone – but you still like them. And I adore surely many people; of history and of present times. And I have ruminated year after year on this... and I must now conclude: I am not longer calling myself a misanthrope. In my opinion, it is a too one-dimensional designation to put on oneself. It is silly and shallowly informed, and it is a self-identity of weakness; it is an unimpressive and empty contemplation and it is a route of least resistance to say to all humans: "I hate you all, all of you I hate, and everything of you, from you, for you, and in you I hate. Everything you have done, I hate, and everything that is characteristic and natural to you, I hate." These are the utterances of a child, of a retard, or of some type of liar. Rather I would say: I hate with passion a lot of human beings and a lot of what human beings do, and so on and so forth, but by the same token, my passion for the loveable amongst us is great! It is great and blue and it is fiery like hell itself, for I am hell and my love is burning like the tridents of imps! Truly, I try to wrap my head around the aether of human nature: love, bravery, passion, trepidation, ecstasy, boredom, malevolence, alienation, angst,

sarcastic amusement... it is an impossible and Sisyphean task. I think a lot about the heroes of the past and I try to explore my own emotional-instinctual responses to these types of stories, such as to the one about Lepa Radic.

I start to ponder almost aggressively and obsessively the nature of freedom and I strive to understand the courageous and ultimately human will to acquire it. And I can philosophize... that freedom is but the chance, or prospect, of individual improvement, and through that, other kinds of improvements may develop—but the essential feature of human freedom is just that—the possibility of becoming better, becoming stronger, becoming elite. But this demands courage: life is not just a scheme to be followed inasmuch as a dance is not just a physical motion and inasmuch as love is not just a chemical randomness, some cluster of hormones... and furthermore, art is not just a chaotic disarray of pigment; music is not just tones sequenced together!

A murder is not just the taking of a life, and poetry is more than just a long rope of words... well. At least I think so. And what makes these things more than the words describing them is that they are carved out of human freedom, and that they are, with the phenomenology of existentialism as their spine and rationale, not only experienced and authentically lived, but they are as well chosen—with a courage of soul only a human being could conjure from her deepest spiritual faculties!

## **A KIND OF MARIE JEANNE VALET**

I make this clear: I am a philosopher for I love wisdom... but I am as well an existential diagnostician, but not necessarily because I love existence, no... I am an existential diagnostician rather because I try to put my finger on the pulse of the day and I try to discern something about the tomorrow of it... and I cut wounds into the soft fats of life with a sharp knife of this wisdom which I so professedly love, just to taste the blood-spurt therefrom as to manage to say something about the nutritional value of the plasma: a jet of blood pulsates in short bursts out from the wound of life itself, and I, I am eager to drink it! As if from some fountain! Why? Because I want to see whether it is fresh or not, the existential plasma of blood: the glucose, is it sweet enough as to sugarcoat existence? And the hemoglobin, does it carry oxygen enough to the lungs of existence without having become tainted by drugs and impurities of all kinds along the way? Are the streams of blood free from bubbles of air so that can we manage not to dry out the brain? And if so, or if not so, what can it all tell me? What color might the iron-stench blood of the world possibly drench me with, except for its obvious crusty, vermilion redness? May there be some black in it, as to



evoke melancholia? May there be some white in it, the purity of heart and of spirit? Some purple, some brown, some yellow perhaps? I don't know really! But that is why I make it clear that I am a philosopher, for when I so do slice the fat of existence with my sharp and edgy knife, and when everything falls out therefrom in chunks of putrescence and offal, how it lumps out of the flesh-wounds like clots of death in total disarray... and what comes from the ordering of this visceral disarray, and what drives the aspiration towards it, if not wisdom, and the love for wisdom... and what is my reason for calling myself a philosopher if not for my instinct to taste the bitter iron of the blood of life itself?

I am a kind of Marie Jeanne Valet but my beast is not wolf but thought—and Gévaudan, that is life itself.

## **YOUR SHIP IS SAFE AT HARBOR**

Your ship is safe at harbor. But that is not what ships are built for, are they?

test the waters  
and make forceful love  
to the deepest watery abyss.

only then you may come to terms  
with the true resilience  
and worthiness of your ship.

## **OMEGA MASCULINITY**

I will not consider myself anything resembling an *übermensch* until I have killed an animal with my bare hands, until I have been in a situation of actual war-combat, and until I have killed or almost killed another man (in combat or in self-defense). However, if I ever touch a woman wrongly and uninvitedly with the lusts of my animal, or lay my hand in aggression on something beautiful and innocent out of resentment, I shall resign and I shall kill myself—for an *übermensch* is a life's poet and a great warrior in control of his demons. Nothing less.

(but that is not to say I shall never be aggressive: destruction, ruthlessness, murder and revenge are all of utility if the Hero willing).

and by these standards

it is safe to say  
there are not many *übermensch*  
out there anymore.

God, discipline, fervor.

these values I want to live by.

But shall never amount to a hero-man,  
I know that, because in the hall of great heroes  
I will ever pale, but to tirelessly strive towards it...  
that is my heroic lot in life.

if God willing.

Though I often doubt.

But then I am forced to think –  
what hero was ever doubtless?

## STUPEFACTIONS

there are as many paths as there are ugly people,  
but there is no single path on which they are all  
intuitively in joint procession,  
and there is no single way as to gather them all,  
these salmon in migration,  
to stop them down-stream in some fish-ponds  
as to collect them, make them into the one and  
the many, as if into a shoal,  
into some singular union of essence.

yes, there are as many paths as there are fish in the water, and no fisher with  
his fisher's net may catch them all as one, as to collect them, distribute them,  
sell them, and from them make a wealthy and fabulous living.

for the shoal of “truths” disperse down there  
at the burning touch of man's predatory eye  
leering like a sun or like an anus—  
when you would least expect or desire one.

we cannot collectively define absolute ugliness  
intent on reaching a consensus of opinion on the  
matter, for as with the moment we try to do so,  
an even uglier ugliness will have appeared.

the claim of intrinsicity  
as an absolute underpinning  
to some universal and epistemologically  
undeniable morality is false.

we have scaffolds to lean against, but only scaffolds,  
and the erection of the statue within these scaffolds  
is wholly the fruit of the doing of our own—it is up to us !

notwithstanding, we have packaged “truths”,  
but no such can to a whole feed fill the voids of the individual, for she is  
hungrier than that. and total ideology is by the way only the *judenstern* of the  
one losing at life.

can you trust your guiding-dog, the one you follow ironically (*man behind  
beast!*), all you willfully blind reveries floating like specters of aether?

you fake and wobbly ectoplasma  
in the guise and flesh of humans!!!

you assure yourselves there is only one way  
to legitimately think about life,  
and you live your sorry lives accordingly.

you, in the respect of a human being, a spiritual being, gravitate uncontrollably  
towards a state of religious and authentic differentiation, while at the same  
time aspiring by the pressure of family and society to an unfragmentable  
human-social quantum unity.

a pathetic utopia failing pathetically.

it seems that ontological realities precede human tendencies for epistemology  
which we follow and out of which we develop projects and nurture aspirations  
in order to understand the very ontological conditions wherein we find  
ourselves—in facticity and in spirit.

or, you can say that the methods by which you inquire about reality and your place in it, are not necessarily conform with the philosophical substrate of existence itself. in other words, the things we talk ourselves into regarding existence (especially with regards to its metaphysics) is by no means undoubtedly true. it is not a given that they correspond to the actual reality of events and affairs. this is our collective archetypal pathology: our path of least resistance into the future as potential agents of God failing.

## **ON THE IMPERMANENCE OF LOVE**

Love in itself will not save a relationship of romance lest it has not flowing deep within its waters the mysterious stream of genuine effort, but also plain luck... for true love exists, yes, that is sure to me, but what is indeed true as well about it is that it is not existentially self-evident over time. Life-long romance comes with a dire and insolvent price not many men nor women can muster to pay.

## **PASSIONISM**

Passions define who we are.  
Passions stir thought into action.  
We are our passions.

Passions are mystical in origin and nature.  
Hard to grow and maintain, passions are powerful  
and scandent like vines—crushingly climbing upward  
the mountain towering empyrean.

It is indeed the only compass i have yet found  
when it comes to orienting oneself in this world... this life... this existence...

Don't be pathetic—rouse the surge of extremism within!

Explore that weird and strange cave system inside yourself, that whose  
entering-holes are below the thresholds.

Abolish laws for yourself except for the ones you have chosen consciously:  
there is a lawlessness thriving in incubation within you. Soon the egg shall  
hatch—the egg which is embedded softly but restlessly in your passions,  
in the very deepest valves of them.

Radicalize yourself. Arm yourself. Live yourself out. Love the others you have chosen. Kill yourself in ecstasy and in fulfillment and accomplishment of your existential mission.

direct your own fate, God willing.

*Amor Fati.*

## **I AM GOD'S SCORPION ATTACKING YOU, MOUSE WEAKLING**

I feel it in me – my barbs sting at your modesty now! I worship nothing and nothing shall in turn worship me! I will not waste my life to prayer afront the empty throne, nor afront any other entity or concept or deity or divine metaphor... neither will I anymore be content with getting physically weaker in the false ideal of extreme asceticism, under the false pretense of heroically pursuing the truths which may be locked within it. I do not run your puny errands. I do not speak your language, your words. I take your sentences and I dismember them.

And if that has momentarily made my task a little more difficult, so be it: at least I do not run the risk of carrying grist to my opponent's mill. I do not look for struggle if it may be avoided, I am not of fiery temperament in that sense, but heed this though, that I will not speak your filthy language, foul my mouth with your disgusting words... I shall become a person, if not fluent, then at least capable in the language of manipulation and violence, of deceit and of bloodthirsty revenge... do you think I am some whore of tongues, a harlot of filthy dogma, open to fuck for the payment of a price? No! I am the master of language, and you are my little bitch. Can you form a single thought of your own, or should I digest the world and spit it out like a fucking pellet for you slurp up?

I know what to write and I know how to write it – I do not need you telling me which book to write, which direction I should take, and neither do I need a God and his proposed silly providence, a God padding me on the shoulder when I do or do not masturbate my little dick, but looks away in discontent and nonchalance when my heart bleeds the tears of dejection and abandonment... No, I shall be resilient to this attack and my defense is stern like the Maginot line (but, in retrospect, we all know what happened to it)... I will test my limits and I will embark on hideous adventures, for I have come to understand that life is cleaved by the hatchet of dualism, creating a wound of flesh as if the Red Sea at the hand of Moses, but the faith of existentialism posits that it is within

me and subjectively in every man the thread and the needle needed for sewing shut the wound, gaping with blood and with ache as it is open, leering like a cynical eye on my body! All tomorrows are potential apocalypses, and every species can smell their own extinction; all human beings are endlings, a family of endlings, digging the same ore mountain from a thousand opposite sides... is it gold they are after - or the underground stream, the spring of meaning? Who are you? I seek myself just some smallest iota of understanding and serenity of mind that we can for sure not seem to find with ease on the surface! Is it why we shoot rockets into the heavens like cosmic panspermia of chaotic life, and is it why we probe the deepest depths of ocean as if with a flash that not creates, but extinguishes, life? And is it why we pursue the natural tunnels into the mountains, even digging them on our own, in search for the gold that may buy us out of decadence and misery? I do not know. We do not know.

Generally, we understand our own existence so badly that we do not even understand our own complaints to ourselves about us not understanding it. Either we cry so anxiously to the father in the sky for absolution and blessing, or we deny the father in the sky and weep instead anxiously, but over the wounds of our flesh and ego... it is *anten-eller* with us, it seems... never can it be imagined that it is the Father himself that is lashing about the hand that grips the cat o'nine tails, striking punishingly all the way from the heavens! The people of the Old Testament seemed to grapple with this idea with some profound sophistication, but it has since vanished like a flame flickering into death over the millennia... yes, nowadays, people ward themselves from these existentialisms as competently as they may; some respond to this with orgiastic behaviors, the feasts of gluttony and a general carelessness of being in order to deny, expulse the heavens as if a rude guest of the house, as to expel the sufferings and torments that it brings with it like myrrh and gold and incense... a child of God has been born, yet, it is popular in modernity to tackle this absolute catastrophe with lightness: some people choose to ignore the sufferings by over-compensating with shallow and gluttonous schema of hedonic satisfaction, while, for example, some other types of people respond to this, probably those who are by spirit more religiously inclined, with the surrender, the slave morality, and other aesthetics of spinelessness in order to oblige the heavens, and as to upheave the sufferings – however, no absolution ever comes, neither for the hedonist pig nor for the cringing worshipper: both will fail in virtually every enterprise they will commit to, save for that of servitude, and both will keep on suffering, both with the pains of the boils of the flesh, but as well as with the grotesque and abominable parasites that wrap their repulsive little germ-bodies around their brains and their souls.

Humans, as per default, are veiled in ignorance but birthed to a mother of absolute freedom, and this bundle of existential despair is delivered to the world

in a package of failing and rotting flesh, a flesh that will be purged first with the fire of death in the moment of its irrevocable cessation of function. This I know, but otherwise, I know not much. So, for example, I have known nothing of my steps, other than that I have taken them – but the fire that will make my feet stop and the fire that will cremate my remains with the forest-fire - it knows a lot more. I have not known anything of the purpose of my steps, and I have not been aware and conscious of them even in a slight, mundane and practical way, that is, until I saw the mountain for the first and glorious time, whereupon a slightest spark flashed in my chest, as if a hint or a sign of righteous travel, but I still know not of my prime motivational movers... can any human know of this forbidden knowledge? Now at least, though, I know there is even a prime motivational mover, I have concluded it philosophically.

Yeah, I am useless for the greater good of the world and I know nothing about the fix to its ridiculous problems... except for the fact that there is something to even know at all! But otherwise, no. Nothing. On the matters of the flesh, for example, there is no gnostic revelation shaking the corners of me, but I merely waded in some marshland of ignorance and lazy theorizing, at least for the very most part, but let us god damn hope there is at least some shard of utility in that as well... rather, let me hope on my own accord – *you* can do whatever *you* want. I have no time to care about what you do with regards to your choices. Furthermore, on the subject of the body and flesh and its relation to spirit and mind, I know nothing about the *physicity* (the state of your bodily circumstances at any given moment of experience) with which my body carries me along. The only thing I tend to become aware of is my pains and discomforts, for it is to that extent that most men know their bodies and their physicity, including, begrudgingly, me... other than the fact that my feet hurts and that my bowels move, I cannot say anything about the inner mechanics of my flesh - but why can I not know, why do I not feel more excitement towards learning about it? I cannot relate my interests to the mysteries of the flesh – at least to no significant degree, I do not fancy any theory behind it, but I rather compute my thoughts on the matter of the instinct of physical sensations: when my feet hurt, I tend to my feet: when my cock starts to pulsate, I ask myself: have I earned this or have I not? Total discipline cements itself; total hedonia melts itself, and life is rather the mysterium coniunctionis of body and mind, and it is unlivable without the spirit living it through the body, this is fundamental to the development of the myth-hero – an experience of flesh, of health, of physical vitality, of power and of the acceptance and embrace of the natural determinisms of character: people who instinctually seek out the hardships and trials the insight of this entails, shall be the people that will understand and enact the philosophy of transcending them. Any action which increases a sense of vital energy is a good action, for it stimulates your passionate instincts and your base understandings

- that which you know but you not understand knowing – dancing, fucking, fighting, the feeling of comfort and contentment in the flesh! It is not important? What übermensch celebrates victoriously without an interim of well-earned physiological ecstasy before the next battle has to be planned? I propose that there are no such overmen. A poet on the brink of existence fighting the pack of wolves on the taiga; a barbarian hunter of the woodlands losing himself to the romantic poetry of bards – that is health to me! But be wise not to admire what is just physical – that is a mortal corruption of character, and it produces a philosophy of hedonism... filthy, tacky hedonism: what affirms life must also be spiritual in order for the strength of flesh to be rendered affirmative, we must breathe the dangerous life – think freely. Bombard your own view of the world, and hide not in dogma's grotto; philosophize both with the Kalashnikov and with the lightness of a nun's hand as to execute the enemies of faith with fire – but without ever losing humility and the compass of love in the process of doing so! Smash the idols but be careful as to not get mired in the ideology of blind opposition in principle, the unconditional antagonism against everything, the stupidity which breaks men in half or even more pieces: treat yourself a favor - do not fall in the slopes. Ascend ladders, claim fucking pulpits. Become a demon of the word, weaponize fierce critique. Affirm life, do not deny it. That is my lesson to myself. The denial of life packaged as a coherent philosophy originates, I would say (in part after acquainting myself with Nietzsche) in the birth-womb of Judeo-Christian conception, which posits that there is an undeniable and existential dichotomy between matter and spirit, and that this dualism is hierarchical in value because it denies any agency or influence of matter over spirit, and always ranks spirit as the counterpart of more importance, and sees matter as corruptive of the spirit from which it is governed: they believe that the spirit is ordained by God, and that heaven is your actual birth-home, the body and the world of matter being long, dreadful passages of spiritual transgression, just another second in time or just some particle or some comet passing by the outskirts of earth... here, Abrahamitic doctrine, in its most basic and elemental, shares a motif with the teachings of the Buddha, which I would also explicitly describe as in denial of existential realities: the theme is that worldly problems are mundane and fundamentally worthless in nature, yours to freely abandon as you may, only you replace them with innocence, meekness of heart, Divine work and the moral-ethical religious submission! Acquire power over the world not on the fields of the earth but in the temple-room of your mind and you shall sing hymns in the rows of angel-choirs when your bell has stricken night. Both the monk of the west and the monk of the east will assent, and they will clangor: yes, fight poverty with asceticism; yes, fight pleasure with chastity; yes, fight hostility with forgiveness; yes, fight responsibility with the childish plead of innocence, and yes, fight aggression



with all the meekness you can muster! They preach: sacrifice your health and give up your physical strength - for these human characteristics are in the danger of being weaponized by Satan himself! God knows that intellectual, spiritual growth is the growth to be franchised, to be commanded, even. But it is a spiritual growth of cancerous form that becomes the emulated, not something of strength, rebellion, or harsh resistance... well, I can see the point, I can understand it, but spiritual growth cannot grapple with life exclusively, and on all fronts... or well, it can maybe for some exclusive saintlike figures, but I am willing to say that, as a rule, the outcome, the end-result of ever-pursuing spiritual growth at the cost of physical and material developments, will be poor, destitute, pitiful, pathetic.

No. Body and soul, mind and spirit – they feed off of each-other, it is a symbiosis and it is not a parasitism! Well, it is, for many unsuccessful human beings, but it is not the case amongst the ascended. I exhort that I shall remain true to the earth, in the sense that I will also remain true to what is beyond it, for one cannot understand the earth alone without its metaphysics, and we may not gather reconnaissance on the void without having strength to climb towers, and heart to kill enemies... yes, I have made up my mind, at least for now: actually, to hell with your slave morality. I wish to affirm life: the disgusting, organic, fleshy, boiling, stinking world of living beings, the stench of carnality from the black hole of the world, whiff it as if the scent of a woman! The pain of physical being, salute it... do not forget it... for no pathetic weakling may reach the stone-gate of paradise with the prowess of spirit alone. You can try ahead all you may, but I do not believe in your capability to succeed in doing so...

## IN THE SPIRIT OF TERRORISM

will i find strength enough  
to abdicate my papacy of normalcy  
and bathe in the terrorism of other humans  
as to dissolve in ecstasy  
through the psycho-spiritual “toxic” agent  
our political leaders call radicalization?

*“radicalization”*. this word is obsessed over.

radicalization is the realization  
of unique and personal potential.

radicalization is the extremism of the Self itself.

i however prefer to call it *passionization* and not radicalization,  
and not even the moral bounds around terrorism may long stall my pursuits  
with their trenches and bulwarks of compassion:

i confess to the synod of anti-dogma  
and i firmly believe in the beaten path of self-realization  
through existential nihilism,  
but Nietzsche knows however that  
nihilism may only act as a means of pathway:  
i continue to guard my gates against the hound-demons  
that bark from the hinterland,  
and against the home-burglars looking to steal  
all my valuable paintings—  
which i have already thrown away!

## THE INHERENT CORRUPTIBILITY OF COMMUNICATION

In every serious human idea presented to the world as an engagement with it,  
there is an unavoidable lacking in meaning which becomes left behind in the  
womb like a stillborn freak of words, sticking in the mire of that amorphous  
sludge of unutterable intuitions and emotions, that uniqueness of personality  
from which it originated.

Ponder this: in every serious human idea presented to the world as an  
engagement with it, something dire is lost, even *has* to become lost: drag  
out—isolate—the flash of genius from the complex electricity of personality:  
define it with language; compromise as to make it as commonly understandable  
as possible, and it too shall die like a newborn on the altar of Logos !

every idea that is born out of the genuineness of individuality, having been  
authentically fostered, nurtured by itself, but has since shifted into depending  
essentially on the mechanisms of the outside, and has automated itself into the  
social machinery of communication as a measure of involuntary and instinctual  
endurance in order to thrive in social continuity, shall wither with the very  
systems of socialization on whose waves it intends to float... — for that idea  
can no longer be authentic.

ideas become spoiled by the many,  
hell is other people  
and ideologies as personal commitments  
of meaning are puny by definition;  
they are aghast by the wraith  
of ominous impermanence, haunting and spooking  
like acoustic feedback all around, bouncing, looping  
through the rehearsal-hall of the  
eschatorchestra, the final and ultimate end  
with which the idea in itself has  
become inseparable.

## **ABOUT THE WOLF**

Indeed, you can tame a dog and you can domesticate the horse—but try it with the wolf at your fatal peril. It may play friendly with you for years if you are talented in your upbringing of it, but one day when it finds itself a bit too hungry or a bit too bored, your carotid arteries will be slit with the instinctive bestial reflex of a second.

## **MY SUSPICION**

i begin to suspect  
there is something even higher  
than religion itself,  
something beyond  
the Holy,  
some concept  
we do not understand yet

we don't even know we don't know about it.

## **MOTHER ERIS QUESTIONS THE *ANDROKTASIAI***

The mother spoke to her daughters, lecturing them in fiery monologue:

“What makes you so sure you are right? You are young... rather empty you must be with regards to your intellectual reserves—you do not know a shit about the world. Do not be so superior-minded!”

“Maybe your throat has clogged with that moral- and cultural-relativist stupidities and the equity-feces you have been fed in your fancy academies, this vomit—warm and soft peat of modernity!”

## THE BOTTOM FEEDERS

Yes, you. A commoner: the waters by which you bathe in your sun of hope have never even been swept of their mines—but what do you care? You will not take a swim anyway.

Nowadays the oceans have puked forth from its bellows these feeders of the bottom: the flounders; the frill-sharks; the sea-stars; the haddocks; the cat-fish; the evil anemones... And the beaches strand overwhelmingly with their cadavers! Their eyes stare like the hearts of debased prostitutes through the prism of fractured and miserable emotions which explodes with light at the direct contact with our sun... but these ugly nasty things remind us of something important! Yes—the mighty detritivores feed on the bottom of humanity and they are hungry for the scraps of freedom you discard as uncomfortable: see, for the frilled sharks of the abyss, every bite of freedom is a bite of great vigation—and every quark of nutrience they can trace in it... Be sure they will suck it out! No-one but these feeders of the bottom care much about, as we call it, the *freedom of choice*, and it is often thought of as a mere bycatch in the grandiose fisher's nets of existence—yes, indeed, nowadays it has been left behind like unexploded ordnance, the whole idea of it.

the healing of our problems  
is postponed until further notice:  
no God cares, solace is just  
a spiritual mechanism of defense,  
and you can forget about that absolution.  
and sincerely, with a heartfelt greeting  
from all the frill-sharks down there:  
*fuck you!* fuck you for never utilizing  
the freedom for which you  
demand lazy privilege as compensation.

# APPARITIONS IN A DANISH CHURCHYARD

the ghost of Kierkegaard haunts my room,  
and i welcome this ephemeral presence  
but i choose not to tamper with the energies  
which whirl in its wake, breathing all around me now  
as if a cloud of a gas of guidance.

the fire-flies of possibility have begun to flutter,  
buzzing all around me...  
and i sense a whiff of victory.

Kierkegaard imbues me as Jibril imbued Mohammad,  
as with visions and revelations,  
with trepidations and religious seizure.

i receive the commandment which says:  
*there is no commandment at all!*

and my worship is to be done at home in private,  
for the booth of confession  
is the bed of my very night's sleep  
and my church is built not by logs but by ribs.

the ghost of Kierkegaard has since left my room,  
but be sure he taught me the ways  
of administering the freedom  
that i have not gotten as a gift from him  
but rather from no-one or no thing:  
i have had it thrown at me with cold indifference,  
and just as i have shocked  
at the phantastic implications of this freedom,  
i have embraced it and i have rejected it,  
as if my own Regine Olsen—  
eternal princess of my heart.

## Seven Billion People

there are seven billion people out there,  
and somewhere amongst them waits the perfect one.

that person is your ideal and your dream,  
and that person is a perfect piece to your existential puzzle.

but you will never meet that person.

instead, you will settle with someone  
who is decent and good enough,  
and kind and sweet and stable or whatever,  
in order to satisfy your human need for intimacy  
and love and touch.

*but that is not the dream, is it?*

## **GASTROMANCY**

I am the poet, and I am as well the unhappiest of all clowns: my comedy paves the ancient road to self-pity. I am the one who cries the tear of salt and vinegar and i do not have enough hands to wipe it off my brow; i am beaten and my spine broke years ago but i manage to pressure forth the obnoxious thick sliminess of life through the vent of beauty that is poetry. I am possessed, and my diabolical ventriloquism is no act of theatre: I am not the entertainer you by the way never paid for—that voice inside me is anguished, it is a demon, and it is my own. I am a gastromancer with a burning staff of the magi and my prophecy does not favor you.

## **THE CROWN & SPIRE OF ANTI- INTELLECTUALISM**

I will trumpet my scolding critique to intellectualism! The intellect of the human mind can indeed become infatuated with a serpentine arrogance, a bravado over its own accomplishments, even coming to take pride in its own basal existence... and the intellect can indeed fall in love with its own produce, never casting an eye to anything else but that which itself has created, feeling from it as if caught in the whiff of a lover's scent, as if possessed!

And when this “intellectual” becomes enamored with his or her own abstract creations, one must ask oneself if this person is the absolute genius or merely

an absolutely average asshole with a very spectacular overbelief in him- or herself.

This is a pathology of ideological or intellectual possession, wherein an ideology or an intellectual arrogance becomes a *djinn* or a hellish demon, infecting its host with all kinds of subhuman vices...

But the host of this pathology will only leer at you as you point it out. What other eyes will perceive as dumb-founded and uncredited arrogance has become the highest source of pride for the intellectually possessed. In this, I echo Nietzsche's great criticism of what he described as the 'polluted stream' of philosophy: a stream of words, just mere words.

*Deep and profound abstractions but existentially useless.*

So, I conclude: intellectualism and most philosophy stems from the suffering of an unrootedness with the world. So, they want to build their word-castles instead.

The intellectual may love his intellectual produce, but show me the intellectual loving his intellectual produce whilst living the myth of the hero! That is an intellectual i can admire and regard with dignity... but the person doing so is really no longer an intellectual but an existentialist! For this is what separates *him* from *them*.

Fuck this masturbatory intellectualism. Fuck your fancy academies and fuck your theoretical philosophies too: they are heaps of words and not much else. Give me bread and a sword instead and I shall leave you in your castles of aethereal idealisms, with their beautiful windows of stained glass.

## **A REFLECTION ON THE STOCKHOLM TERRORIST ATTACK**

many days have passed and we no longer care;  
no more crying children and no more crying parents—

*so, what happens*  
when all the blood has been washed away  
when all the tears have dried  
in the eternal indifference of the world  
and when all the limbs have been repatriated at best

and thrown to the dogs or to the compost at worst;  
when you can no longer cut the atmosphere in half  
with a knife; when you can no longer separate those  
who pretend to care from those  
who aren't even bothered to play along with the act?

the asphalt never forgets; it remembers everything—do not mistake the  
shortness of your own ridiculous attention-span with the resentment with  
which the world swallows its tragedies, the ornery with which it conducts its  
negotiations and the spiteful vicissitude with which it variates its cruelties.

no-one ever believes the warnings;  
no-one ever admits we had it coming;  
no-one ever says it is built into our circumstance;  
no-one ever assumes apex responsibility:

cry wolf, cry wolf, cry wolf...  
no, you should cry *apocalypse*—  
because it is all fucked

no-one knows how it will end,  
but from where i am standing,  
it does not look good.

the street lies empty for some days  
after the catastrophe...  
out of some kind of respect, they figure—  
out of some kind of weakness and shame, I say.

## ON ARCHETYPAL WOMB ENVY

Perhaps man, as principle or as archetype, is envious of the woman... and from this deep and mythic envy, he is moved (as a means of psycho-social compensation for this perceived inferiority of intrinsic worth) to struggle like some eunuch of a wisdom actually inaccessible to him. And as a method of clouded self-insecurity, he will condemn her with all the earthly domination he can muster forth; he will make her walk on the dead clay of the bottoms, and he will condemn her to beg along the dirt-roads of his own patriarchal hierarchies, and given only what man chewed and spat out, to eat! Could this, but in part, give some explanation or shed some light—just a frail glimpse of lucidity—on



the sick masculine tendency, personal as well as collective, and historical as well as contemporary, of repressively subordinating the other sex into orders of power which are built on the strained shoulders of female worth itself, erected with the scaffolding of her natural disadvantage, made worse and worse and worse by the violent and pathological gender-gender hostility it generates, and perpetuated by the evolutionary intendency of nature—the seeming casual and valueless unhappening—of the permittance of man to develop the same child-bearing abilities as those of the woman? If there is any merit to this theory of psychology, could this possibly be a factor in driving men furthermore (as a means of resentful over-compensation and not only as some mechanism of psycho-biological and hormonal realities) to pursue other objectives in life such as those found in and around, for example, the fields of commerce, architecture, technology, law, economics and politics?

In fact, the potential of man dominating woman is great in every domain because of his physical power and aggressivity, and in most areas of human life it has been a cold and stark truth—with the sole but mighty exception being found in the domain of the actual creation of it (that is, life itself). Perhaps for the futile and bitter man, this tendency can grow into the bitterest of them all, outshadowing all of their other bitternesses, causing them deep disharmony and confusion, incentivizing in them the humiliation of women over the self-authenticization their souls weep for in the deepest depth of them? There are inarguably fields of human activity from where women, statistically and historically, have scattered, and on the basis of temperament and of psychology they seem to continually even in our gender-equal, industrialized, socio-economically and materially privileged modernity to avoid these domains, albeit not in as profound numbers as before. The reasons for these human behaviors are obscure to say the least: be them created out of social-political policy or be them self-developed from innate temperamental difference *en masse*...

Different people fancy different explanations to this reality, but real it is (I personally would argue both explanations are correct and indeed not mutually exclusive). Indeed there are fields from which women gravitate outward, and these are indeed fields around which no feminist can boast with huge numbers of participation on behalf of their female kin, and these are fields which cannot be described with any female significance next to the significance of the achievements of man, given it is possible to measure achievements in such a clumsy and simplifying manner (...for they are never tantamount only to their total numerical statistics, but rather they should be understood and valued with the measuring rod of passion and of authenticity, and their weight should be weighed in terms of their direct influence and of their indirect influence, in both

the material-political as well as in the spiritual-empathetical realm—but, that is a completely different discussion).

Who knows the truth? I do not. But I always liked the theory, and I think it can have some serious grounding in the reality of things, and it may put into light some of the tendencies of the social structuring we can observe through-out the lineage of human societies running like a life-vein all along the avenue of history, from the archaic and ruinous cities of Sumer and Egypt to the misogynist-Islamist theocracies of our contemporary world... but, *caveat*—even if it has some bearing as a science and as a theory, i refute the notion that it would account for the whole of the various incomprehensibly complex and multifaceted explanations to these conundrums... but, if i am allowed playing with the thought for a bit, jolly and in a Socratic spirit, I propose that the envy of the womb is an envy man might feel, though not all men feel it (for it is a sign of male patheticness and not all males are pathetic), but those who do, may does so not necessarily consciously... it can be a psychological mechanism to whom its subject remains unaware. I can say that I believe that the idea of a male envy felt about a woman's sovereignty in the domain of the parturition and sustenance of life itself is a complex and serious idea, and I often think, if bearing any real credence, about if this then would be more of a cultural and psychosocial tendency within the collective and within the larger movements of societies across time, or if it is rather actually more to be considered an innate and inseparable trait of primordial masculine psychology, or both... either way, it seems clear to me that the manifestations of womb-envy straddles over a vast spectrum like a horse-courier of the Mongolians is running his epistles to the ambassadors and the vassals of the hinterland across the largest expanses of wastes (there are as many explanations to its phenomena as there are rocks and stones and grains of sand on the steppe): it may show itself with a thousand different manifestations; from the unconscious and indirect but ultimately harmless frustrations of a young boy to the unconscious and indirect but ultimately devastating resentments of powerful men in group; from the clearly lucid, conscious and direct but ultimately futile and unnoticable provocations of the unloved teenage boy, to the malevolently conscious and direct machinations of men's social structuring around the idea of the feminine as somehow—partially or totally—valuably lesser, something which—disastrously, I would add—culminates often but not always in socio-political and philosophical structures endorsing sheer feminine inferiority, ranging from notions of seemingly empathetic pity towards women—a second class—to more despicable and debased notions of sheer and resentful misogyny. Well, I ask myself: what, really, is the need for a given man's belittlement of the feminine, if it is not a vicious attack on the void of femininity within this man himself? And where, for example, is the moral justice in incredulous

accusations of witchcraft *en masse*? Men have always produced, promulgated and defended both philosophy and morality—then, where is its justification, where lies its impediment to divine and unquestionable justice? Is every unjust disregard for the female achievements contra those of the male borne out of a fear of out-competition? Sometimes it strikes me as if a bolt of lightning from a calm sky (although I am aware of the academic unrootedness of these theories) that the womb-envy might be a powerful and elementary factor in the psychological and, necessarily, egoic insecurities of the basic man: a man's insecurity before (what may honestly be perceived of as) the miraculous biological and reproductive capabilities of the female body may impel the man to seek definitions of identity which are in blatant opposition to womanhood in itself, and cause him—because of this blinding phosphene in his spiritual eye—to pursue ideals not in authenticity with his own heart and spirit but in spite of everything "unmanly", and in doing so, creating the most destructive and severe of all masculine pathologies. Hence, men who are distraught over—and suffer within—this psychological deformation may start to delineate a blind and often radical dichotomization between the masculine and the feminine, original to and exacerbated by, the insistence that what constitutes the "real man" must be, by clear and pristine definition, "not-a-woman".

In accord with this miscarriage of spirituality and in service of this psychopathology which might steer whole societies and whole histories to their irrevocable collapses and dooms, they seek to socially and/or physically dominate women as a pathetic compensation for what men cannot achieve biologically—which is, the fecundation of the very seed of life itself! Man wants to dominate life because he may not create it. Simply put, this psycho-social tendency produces and agitates misogyny in neurotic men, and it may give, and have given a thousand or a million times before, rise to political systems which suppress woman as subject and the feminine as archetype, to the extreme of hardly even considering them anymore the harborers of any noticeable intrinsic human value at all!

And it is all  
so blatantly insane  
and reprehensible.

Is the patriarchy, in marginal or in greater part, founded on man's resentful desire for the woman's advantage of the power of parturition—a power which, in most spiritual and mythological systems, well outshine the advantages of the man, struck with the inferiority complex neither he nor his sister, spouse, daughter nor mother can understand, down there on the ground, appearing rich and jubilant in bounty with all the earthly delights any king could dream of, and with

the captured slave-girls entertaining him carnally, kissing his feet in submission and in covert coercion... but what is the sum of all worldly opulence in comparison to the absolute and self-aggrandizing power of harnessing life—as it is in itself—the very quantum of material existence on earth?

## **WEAK WOMEN, WEAK MEN**

Only a weak woman would not admit to the great potency and the great achievements of men, but by the same token, only a pathetic and puny man would not admit the woman to possess intrinsically a similar potentiality for great work, ethic, glory, courage, martyrdom, resilience and devotion as do men.

We should understand that the sweat and toil of civilizations runs down the spines of men, and that the weight of civilization is a weight on man's shoulder from time immemorial, in the sense that they physically erected and constructed it all. but we should also understand that the marvelous successes of these men rest on the shoulders of women, and that they are dependent on the strength, nurture, love, dedication, motherhood heroism and sheer hard work of women—nature's host.

Men are in principle not stronger, nor weaker. Just as women are not.

We should revere and pedestal the attracting and complementary parts of the opposite sex in their most golden manifestations and forms.

Hail the healthy, strong-willed ambitious woman. Hail the healthy, strong-willed ambitious man.

Let them unite in their differences and similarities as strong, healthy brothers and sisters, as if the poster boy and poster girl of a Nazi era propaganda poster.

## **IN EVERY HEALTHY CULTURE**

the worship of will-power and of competence, of resolve, of charisma, of strength, of athleticism and of the valor of resilience and triumph is a cultural-historical constant.

it is in the core interest of every healthy culture  
to preserve this worship  
and to nurture and care for it

and to pedestal the values of the worship  
in wait for the coming of the birth  
of a new King's son.

## **SOME OLD PRETENTIOUS BULLSHIT ON PSYCHIATRY – AN EXERCISE IN LITERARY ONANISM**

What is really the difference between the “eccentric” and the “mentally ill”? Both are completely original people, but while as the one is happy with it, the other suffers from it. Is that a fair description, albeit a bit on the poetic side of things, maybe? But honestly, that seems to be the only criterion of definition by which “mentally ill” people are just that, “mentally ill”—and not merely “eccentric”. Let me make it clear: *mental illness* is, for the most part, a social construct, and it has become a euphemism for behaviors condemned by the collective establishment—the *zeitgeist*—to be malfunctional, dangerous, disruptive, immoral, publicly agitating, or something else along those lines.

And speaking on the epistemology of pathology, I would argue that only that which is observable through means of the scientific method in the neurology of an individual can rightfully be deduced, diagnosed, subject to treatment with the same respect as we do the bodily afflictions and diseases. We should not entangle these, we should not extrapolate the one with the other, these concepts of physical and mental-spiritual health. They are of differing caliber and they tap into very disparate source-waters. They are, for the most part, not equatable at all. Diseases are malfunctions of the human bodily system: of the liver or the heart or the skin; of the kidneys, the spleen or the brain. But no mere behavior can in itself be considered a disease, I figure. Categorized are they nevertheless in a highly scientific manner, filtered through the technical nomenclatures of taxonomy... and ever onward with a rigid materialist methodology, answers to their questions are sought.

The process of diagnosis roots in subjective judgements, yes, and that problematizes its precision. It is also permeated with the interests of broader society and culture. I maintain: by calling people diseased as they showcase behaviors that disturb, patterns that unsettle, words that offend and actions that hurt, the psychiatric establishment imposes and implements—often above the head of the patient—a kind of hierarchical structure wherein the patient is stripped of the sense of any moral responsibility, being told that the prime mover of his or her behavioral patterns are diseases, and are as such not existentially “legitimate”—they are not to be deemed behaviors of sober spiritual agency. This is done, consciously or not, in order to better control and subdue them (this

is often not at all the premise of the individual psychiatrist but rather of psychiatry as a whole, as a generality of society, as a human social-cultural phenomenon—and it is first and foremost a subconscious mechanism of human nature).

Self-victimization is encouraged: the patient is thought to be more a piece of cloth in some kind of sickness-hurricane than he or she is a sovereign agent of spiritual existence, moving about in life's chaos, trying to navigate it authentically.

The diagnosis of mental illness, unless measurable in the brain, will always be subjective to, and, as such, tainted by external factors: the predispositions of the psychiatrist as a professional; his or her personal and highly unignorable opinion on the subject; the rhetoric and methodology deployed; the model of psychology utilized; the conversational and expressive abilities and spiritual constituencies of the patient, et cetera. State-institutionalized psychiatric establishments are problematic with regards to the supposition of a total spiritual autonomy of the individual, because the will and the interest of the authorities—which is in relation to the people they govern and to the broader palette of society it itself is painted with—implements standards of behavior, of living, of morality and value onto the receiver of psychiatric treatment, conforming him or her in accord with the needs and alignments of the standard.

I have two great examples of this: *drapetomania* and female hysteria, although the latter has some significant grounding in the reality of things I think, both as a concept of psycho-sexual dimorphism theory as well as being an observable trait of the archetypal feminine... *drapetomania*, however, is the finest example of this, and it must be discarded as nothing but heinous scientific racism. Understand well that I do not aspire in the slightest to equate these two historical diagnoses of psychiatry—I parallel, though, and relate their status as pejorative labels of description for behavioral patterns of what can be considered the “deviant” folk. Lesser valued behavior, disenfranchised behavior, socially unacceptable behavior is tried to be purged of its uncleanness, and it is aspired to boil it down to a broth of “sanity” in the great societal cauldron of the times. Yes, these moralistic psychiatric diagnoses are perfectly embedded in the zeitgeist structure which ennoble them, and they undermine the whole mission of psychiatry and blots the extremely arbitrary and inconsistent mess hiding often underneath it.

There is a fine line between “insipid” and “genius”, between “religious devotee” and “religious nutjob”, between “fool” and “visionary”. And the lines around the ascetics, the nuns and the monks, the *poètes maudits* and the extreme artists, the compulsory vagabonds, the schizophrenics and the anti-socials, the psychopaths and the existentially depressed... those afflicted by Schopenhauer's sickness, are equally unclear! They are all in the same boat as far as I am

concerned, and it is a boat floating on waves of individuation... a life-raft capsizing, or, God willing, almost capsizing against the rugged cliffs of the human condition and its interference with the cold and careless world!

It is true that some small minority of people seek out with purpose their madness, and when they so find it, they are compelled to act upon it by the decree of some inner God; some people do not even let the bounds of terrorism halt them in their violent campaigns of totalized and uncensorable freedom! At the behest of the much larger majority, though, these people become *la race toujours maudite par les puissants de la terre*, for they do not belong on the earth they were vomited into: they are called madmen, but I prefer to call them authentic—*that is what they are to me*. All madmen are authentic, but not all authentic are madmen, and it is with this finishing statement I lay down my pen, for now, on the subject of the philosophy of modern psychiatry.

## **A VISIONARY IDEA OF ARYAN EQUESTRIAN WARFARE**

According to Indian myth, the ancient warlords would have their horses wear long trunk-like extensions in their headpieces so that when fighting an enemy utilizing war-elephants, the elephants would not do harm to the horses, thinking they were in fact small baby elephants. They do not attack because it would be against their nature to do so. Whether or not this is true or just a mere mythical historical remnant I do not know, and I shall hence leave to the Indologists and historians—but I really like the story of it. I hope it is all true. Very cool.

## **PARENTS**

mother—father—it is you who have caused my misfortune and by doing so you have dragged upon yourself this misfortune a hundredfold, a thousandfold! what parent can possibly compass life with ardency, exuberance and vitality with the knowledge that their child is warding off the despair-demons... and losing against them? atrocious slave of birth am i: the very moon is ugly and the sun is only there when i have too much clothes on anyway!!!

## **DROWNING IN SOCIAL JUSTICE**

My spirit and the whole of my personality experiences what can perhaps only be described as an allergic reaction when I come in contact with the preposterous absurdities of this “social justice” deluge.

I feel it deep a sort of irritation, and it becomes fast more than a nuisance, because it becomes clear to me that I indeed swim in the same waters as these ugly fish, and that I have to fend for myself in the moral landscape they have created around both me and themselves: they see happiness!

But all I can see is the miserable weakness and the thick darkness that undeserved happiness always feed off of, tap into.

## THE ETHICS OF A SLAVE

the slave overcomes himself with the thirst for freedom and justice: when this has been acquired properly, the slave is overcome thence with the thirst to rule over men—and that is precisely when the slave becomes again a slave *having redefined himself* observably and clearly futile to the power of corruption—a subordination like any other.

if a man cannot *confront*,  
he will not amount to much.

no free man seeks or purports to seek  
the complete dominance over a fellow man:  
this is existential thralldom in itself, the irony,  
for these exhibitions of dominance are merely projections:  
the man who wishes to rule over men lusts after it  
in order to compensate for his own failure to rule over himself.

it has been said:

it is easier to reign a city  
than it is to reign yourself.

## DON'T WORRY, BE HAPPY...

The ideals and values of "just be who you are", or "just do what makes you happy", or "life is about pleasure", or something of that sort, some variation of the theme... they have, and will never have, any sort of *actual* buoyancy in the waters of our *actual* existential predicaments.



# TRIALS & TRIBULATIONS

I am nested within a stern countenance of geometry that outline, explore, and scheme the expressions of terror and sorrow and disorientation of mankind.

I am everything of nothing, tomorrow lies in shrouds and space is full of darkness; I combat myself, snarl at myself! And why? Over my abandonment of virtue and fire! And I doubt that my inspiration and motivation will ever come back!

*There cannot be a sum of wisdom profound and intrinsic in meaning enough—and even if there is, the tireless search would never justify the suffering of it.*

I mirror myself in the faces of others as a measure of reassuring identity only to find the nightmare is as real as I feared, and, on top of that, that it is *sacred*: pessimism, cynicism, the unhinged confrontation with life!

When it is dark, I no longer suppose the coming of dawn—the coming of pitch-blackness and the hunger of nocturnal wolves is of equal probability. A dark today does not equal a bright tomorrow; It might very well be followed by an even darker and an even more unimaginably sinister day than the one which came before it.

## THE BEAUTY OF KHADIJA (IN HONOR OF THE FIRST WIFE OF MOHAMMAD)

Did not Mohammad's frail despondency, the hissing crickets of angst, the inward tension of personality and his heavy, tar-bitter heart—these, the collected sum of his particular conditions, the facticity—hatch and crawl from the egg of a woman's love, her warmth, her eyes and her youthful laughter woven with the maturest of all her wisdoms?

Did not her smile that humbled lions and made peace with all the robbers of the dunes certainly make stalwart impression on young Mohammad?—certainly, for it was beautiful, the firmness with which she conducted trade and the alacrity with which she spread her voice by the wind!

Mohammad well partook with diligence in the construction of Khadija's furniture and he lived by the sweat of his brow; he was strong on the field like

an ox, and bringing back the silks of al-Sham, the luxuries of the Quraysh elite, he travelled about with her mercantile caravans, perilous, arduous journeys across the sand-seas, yet it was a humble lamb in prostration whom maintained Khadija's pottery and washed her beloved silks...

It was not for nothing the princess of Quraysh enjoyed her glimmering status and her most stellar of reputations—and that surely must have broken the prophet in two—torn between love-bliss and jealousy; inferiority; even resentment?—the hostage-situation of love!

Remember: Khadija chose her Mohammad— Mohammad did not choose his Khadija. Many men she turned down in their stubborn campaigns of marriage, but not Mohammad, for whose hand she asked—the prophet exulted, they loved! She cast her spell of womanhood which slithered around like scandent vine, and the tumultuous upsurge of romance hugged fear out of them both!

Then, what drove him to Hira in pursuit of solicitude and contemplation? He did not have it bad with Khadija, indeed the opposite was true: her love conjured demons—every real emotion does this—abominable imps of the love-abyss, charging with their red-hot scimitars, lashing about their metal rods on the anvil of his heart as dense as iron.

And did not Aisha, his young, later wife, many years after tremor in epilepsies of jealousy at the thought of her beloved husband still dreaming in the veins of his Khadija, sucking her life-blood out by doing this? So did the other wives, by the way, all the way down to the Copt, for the prophet was indeed merciful, and indeed had his plenitude of women, with the myriad difficulties that would bring about, sown discord; enmity; spite; jealousy; resentment! Yet, at the end of the day and with the setting of the sun, competition in romance, the autumnal tempest, scythe of emotion, the eschatological conclusion of love, did not even caress Khadija who faced no rivalry, for their love was indeed true—*no wonder!*—she salvaged him from poverty! The bottomless manholes of miserable, dolorous sewage where he had waded and toiled for years...

And did not beautiful Khadija—*al-Tahira*—console the weary visionary as he stormed down the mountain like some delirious caricature of Zartosht beneath the scaphism of God's love, feeling weakness in his body, salivating from his desert throat the white drool of redemption—the Arab sun unforgiving, boiling hot as the tempter's fire? Did she not articulate with him the great and captivating mystery? Did she not try to make sense the nightmarish visions molesting, clawing his weary soul? Did she not, the loving and trustful, shroud the torments of the most acute spate of spiritual trepidation with the warmth of hugs and blankets, and in effect suffocating darkness with love, for better and for worse?

She held indeed the prophets' hand to the cavernous bottoms, by the rivers of woe, across swampy moors and through the wood, thorned, of doubt: across the

ranges of fearsome mountains, the next one higher than the last one, of gradually developing states of religious abandon—Mohammed was caught in the somber web, the evil spider leered, but Khadija could never have left him—she stayed and she did so out of love and not out of cynicism and defeatism.

Mohammad found and unlocked the cellar door and he descended the circular stairway down the abyss of personality crises with the lovesome aid of his warm Khadija, for she had reconciled with madness and swallowed the lava of mysteries; she had slept in his bed of night-terrors and kissed and tucked him softly as he flickered between wokeness and parasomnia...

Quarter a century of a most humble loyalty between the two forged loves' copper bondage and left both transformed forever. So, as beautiful Khadija died, not much longer could his darkness be kept at bay and his demons kept housebroken before shit and piss would start to stink up his beloved grotto.

What indeed meant the fear-stricken *oneiromancies* of the illiterate prophet? Did his dream carry random genius or just the genie of randomness?

The loneliness and love-sickness of the despairing widower and his sleep-paralytic nightmares as black and cold as led became the mystic midwife of Islam, the unconditional surrender unto Allah—God of religious dread... arch-tyrant of purgatorial expiations, duke of war and revenge, protector of the Ummah, omnipotent Lord and reality...

fever dreams of imperial gluttony  
mutinied the spiritual ship of Islam—  
untrodden seaways to glory—lustrous idylls of  
mercantilism, harbors of the blissful divine  
in the heart of the warmer currents—far  
downstream the headlands  
the lonely prophet envisaged...

he dreamt:

the stallion of iron and roses, al-Burāq—winged horse grazing the pastures of the night, the keeper of the gates to all the deepest of all the slumbers, and to the seventh of the heavens and Death's morning aurora: with the most heavenly of loves and across the even heavenlier of war-fields they galloped—beneath their wings our world—soaring above all rats basking in the wealth of the sun of transcendence... he dreamt of the opium nights, the felicity and quietude of mind; he dreamt of the riches in life; the riches thereafter; the ecstasy of victorious battle, the spoils of mighty sieges, the bonding pleasure and brotherhood of mass rape, the retreat—in surrender or with valor—from those great, great battles within...

Mohammad ascended the ladder of al-Quds, the city of the holy prophets, with the Herculean fervency. blessed by war and cursed by his own gallantry, painted with the eagles' blue blood and with the vermillion menses of lion-mothers... all over his body, existential boils infected with the dirty sex-fluids of the Lord's fertile dogs and with the fornication-slime of donkeys, the testicular sweat of dromedaries, impure concoctions of the great dark wilderness... gifts from the God of Religious Dread.

The horns of battle and death's percussion forebode his pillaging advent and the noxious scent of tribesblood started to stink up his pigsties of luxury and of polygyny.

Did not Allah favor this heavenly vengeance on the Quraysh in response to their enmious hostilities? And indeed, if he disdained it, why did he let it be? There was a road to the gates of paradise—and Mohammed was eager to set foot in any direction away from the agonizing memories of his most endeared Khadija...

The prophet rode into the time's mists, clinging the sabres of conquest and extermination.

## **WHAT IS MOHAMMEDANIC ONEIRO-ESOTERICISM?**

I wonder: how many prophets have indeed been discarded as mad, vilified for it, abject with ridicule and belittlement... And how many visionaries have enucleated themselves before the courts of the blind, and drunken boiling oil to scold the tongue which begot their words in the face of the most harrowing fear of all, of persecution, condemnation, execution—or worse? But alas, people want to live: it is understandable. But only foolish weakness-worshippers find that to be respectable.

### *Thesis:*

It is probable that Mohammad's revelations would today be psychologically described as sleep paralyses of a most eruptive kind, his prophethood would be put into question—we cannot know the true character of Mohammad, but if it is indeed true what Islamic tradition pictures, he would be a man of honor amongst dogs... which is so rare, but it nevertheless seems to happen from time to time. However, it is also probable that these traditions have been infused with so much complete bullshit to the point of completely flooding it, that the truth has now become only memorial in history, lost to its endless static, the meaningless change. No man may know of Mohammad's true character unless

through direct religious experience, and even that i hold as probably very unlikely certainly there is a fair possibility for it to happen as well.

I cast the first stone in this esoteric and gnostic re-interpretation of Mohammad and the short but historically absolutely important pre-Quranic Islamic era: the religion that we today associate with the extremism of political and ethnic violence; omni-encompassing jurisdiction; the externalization and anthropomorphizing of divinity; the totalitarian code of morality, the tyrannical obsession with modesty etc., is the facade of modernity on the aeonic skeleton of religion—the flesh attached to these white bones of ire is poisoned, rotted, attacked with the flesh-eating bacteria of ego, hedonia, fucking ugliness; this was not of Mohammad's' dignity...

Jibril was an angel of rebellion, a haunter of the dark nights, mouthing the word-storm of the Kierkegaardian anarcho-religious(?) idea: the freedom from dogma, the unnecessary of common ritual—the real and honest, highly personal connection with the Divine realities...

*The Islamic religion was born with a series of sleep-paralyses as having been experienced by Mohammad the Prophet. It is with this first dictum that I launch the mystical interpretative tradition of archaeo-islamic esotericism.*

## ON DIET & MARTYRDOM

*(this one is pretty dumb... quasi-extremist juvenile provocations I admit...)*

A strict, self-punishing and self-disciplinary relationship is the only religious relationship with food that a person can have.

Every other relationship with food must, to varying degrees, be judged over a spectrum of more or less sinful gluttonies.

Purge your belly with your fingers and that is a religious act...  
but eat until your belly becomes pregnant with disgusting and corrupting contents and that is surely an abomination to the Lord!

The *anorexia mirabilis* is the nutritional and dietary goal of the fanatically Religious!

## AN OLD SUFI PROVERB

*“music that is planned is tradition;  
music that is unplanned is imagination,  
music that is both is Spirit.”*

## ON VALUE

Value is the highest quantum of power that any man or woman will be able to integrate; beyond that, there may be something akin to universal value, but, alas, or perhaps thank God, that is not a human affair at all. For man, the total value of the world cannot—indeed, must not—be evaluated, but it is the subjective value which means everything: all kinds of attempts at delineating this “universal” value belongs amongst the categories of comical and sardonic things, and it is an endeavor of the *Untermensch*.

## PAIN AS THE FUNDAMENTAL REALITY

I think of pain as the fundamental reality because it is beyond dispute and it is beyond any rebuttal. It argues for itself and in the courts of phenomenological reality it makes its own defense. Pain exists whether or not it may be reasonable or rational for us to experience it: we have all felt it and we have all tried to deny or repudiate it, but alas to no avail, for when pain is real, it is as real as anything can possibly get... and by the same token, when it is not real, it is not real. Either you feel it, or you don't. The experience of suffering is the strongest argument for the employment of a fundamentally phenomenological *weltanschauung*. You cannot run and you cannot really hide, neither can you outcompare nor outperform the power of suffering with that of whatever you perceive as antithetical to it, for I would argue, or rather, it argues indeed for itself, that pain weighs heavier than whatever is antithetical on every scale we can possibly weigh it with. Do you think love is antithetical to pain? Think again. Maybe happiness? Well, happiness is a strange concept. But I can say this: as human beings we can flee most things and it is the case that many people do so... even the cornucopia of happiness can be depleted and even the gauntlets of unconditional bliss can be outrun. However, none may outrun pain.

There is a plateau to ascend—but none of this can be accomplished without pain. And by the way, no interesting person ever lived a life free of trial and

tribulation, dark nights of the soul and the pains and hardships endemic to existence; it is indeed a prerequisite for self-realization.

## ON TRUE & FALSE LOVE

Love cuts a path straight into our souls, and then it becomes trapped there, inside mind and inside flesh, as if in a flask a wooden ship... And the only way to take it out therefrom is to break the bottle, crush the glass, cut the flesh... Yes, my proposition is this: true love exists within you until you die. No matter what. That's the "true" part of it all.

## TO HEAR SOMETHING, TO REMEMBER

To hear something is to remember, to recall something. In antiquity it was generally held that the cognitive function of memory found locale in the ear of the human, and many heroes had been given birth through the canal of a mother's ear, because the birth of the hero was also a recollection of the endless past—which stretched primordially. The hero was an amalgamation and a distillation of its wisdom and of the richness of its holy philosophies. When we have strolled alongside the coasts of roarful oceans and when we have found there a shell, we may put it to our ear as to sense the pasts of the oceans: we hear the cyclic breathings of the sea and we hear the phonious lure of the mermaid.

## A WISDOM FROM NØRREBRO

Doing the *same right thing* because everyone else does the *same right thing* can never be or become the right thing to do, because it has, by then, with a kind of Kierkegaardian-existentialist definition, become the *same wrong thing*.

Or did I misinterpret this? It seems one step too far for me.

## ON HEROIC AUTHENTICITY

The becoming of the individual must not be explained ad hoc, for the becoming of the individual must rather depend on the personal passions. Yes, I say that the becoming of the individual must never be referenced with recourse to a final and ultimate intention, for that would naturally drain it of its passion which is spontaneous in nature and is not naturally strategized and conscientious. Self-

becoming cannot be tampered with by law or by social principle or by some superhuman calculus of logic, but it is measured rather with the great rod of authenticity, the rod which measured Gilgamesh and Herakles, Tomyris, Zenobia, Quetzalcoatl and Lalleshwari, Bohemond I, Hildegard, de Pizan, Vlad Dracul, Princess Wanda, Lepa Radic and Mishima, Hähä, Pilecki and von Ungern.

Yes: self-becoming must be to be measured by nothing else than by the rod of heroic authenticity.

## **AN INTENTLY OFFENSIVE, FUN & PROVOCATIVE ANTI-WOKE RANT**

I put my ears on the train-tracks  
and I hear the hooves of apocalypse

*Move not your tongue but keep this air clean!* You speak *resentfully* of love; you speak *excludingly* of equity! You are a lap dog courier of your own failing ideologies and your world-view is a future shipwreck; an RMS Titanic on its maiden voyage! You handle your maxims as if immortal in righteousness and you value your silly methods supremely as if essentially justifiable and morally cardinal. Yes, your world-view is "titanic", sure... perfect, a monolith, *unsinkable*... No. fuck you, because this text is made of ice.

Your implied claims of innocence, victimage and virtue and the obnoxious and authoritarian behaviors it apparently triggers in you should mean nothing in the bigger picture. To the table of politics, they should contribute absolutely nothing; futile to the serious debate these ideas should have remained. But it lingers! And it is a rumpus, a noise, a nuisance, a high and shrill privileged and autistic screeching! Frankly, the whole spectacle is mostly laughable—but also, I must admit—it is a maddened and tired laughter. This whole thing, this millennial progressivism, has been a source of cynical amusement I confess, but it has turned to black tar and frustration, contempt and resentment as the years have rolled by and as the screeching has just continued incessantly, and it complains and weeps over increasingly trivial stuff too... stuff that the outside world simply laughs about and rolls their eyes over.

Do you realize that the rest of the world find you ridiculous?

You speak about high values even though you are a low human. You scream loud about your "Marxist" and "anti-fascist" ideologies even though I do not believe you really believe in the effects of their implementations, and on top of that, you do not understand them to any greater depth – you believe the bumper



stickers; the pre-chewed pellets of utopian visions. You love the catch-phrases and the memes and the silly Facebook groups, but these are your values only because your dog-masters (university teachers, influencers, mainstream media), or the majority of your friends have espoused them. And responsively to all this sickness of the soul, I aspire to muster courage in opposition to the ideology of this hysteria of personal neutralization with collectivism you so fanatically identify with.

There has grown about a neo-socialist cult around the fanatical notion of what could with some confidence be called “authoritarian solidaricism”, and what we can see is that there is a certain new social movement or social current which seems to aspire to build a world which is safe and tolerable for everyone and where everyone can live an extremely comfortable and individualist lifestyle and actualize themselves without having any greater perils or responsibilities, fears or dangers to contend with. Fuck too much, eat too much, indulge carnally, surrender dignity and integrity in the face of politicized hedonism; experiment with your identity as much you want; have fun, “live life” without consequences!—that is the bottom line, is it not?

But this model in practice has become simply pathological in the culture in which I live (the once great Western civilization) and these ideas, as well as their implementation, are flawed on so many levels of analysis that it has become a most clustering headache of a great many exalted heads to sort out to miniscule detail and satisfaction. On the whole though, one could conclude that not much of it has any actual credence or real-world traction; much of it is a mere poison-mist convolving noxiously a select group of people on the universities and academies, in the mainstream media, in the shallow popular culture, from “woke” influencers on social media, and among some strata of modern western “woke” youth. Most people scoff at most of these ideas though. I hope. I really hope they do.

And you identify with this ideological garbage in order to be able to deceive yourself to the point of painting yourself and your life, this whole sequence of subjective failures and constricting limitudes, with colors that paint the art of heroism—but the paradox of your self-indulgent “heroism” is that the nullification and abandonment of individuality and the approximation of person to historical or contemporary collective guilt, all in the name of “solidarity” and in the name of your post-socialist weak hippie utopia shit, is exactly what could well spawn the next abomination and tyranny of totalitarianism—for it is a totalitarian tyranny in disguise, your cute and innocent ideology, and a strong weed in the soil of our “brave new world”: it is an execration of ideological possession and it is a romanticization of victimhood (a pathetic and cringeful *weltanschauung*, an existential approach erected around tarnished, ugly totems of sloth, weakness and low expectations).

It is a culture which detests and belittles the potential power of the individual and it is a system of thought which has radicalized itself from within and by its small and intellectually capsuled ideological elite. And I really hate these identity politics – because they are passive rejections of God in man.

There is a certain ironic power and influence to the hordes of political and moral slaves they have managed to gather under them and under their rotten cause they are exhorting aloud, a cause so "anti-racist" and "pro-tolerance" they have gone full circle and have become the fanatical race-mongers of the new era, blackening the air with their own bigoted racist hatreds! (and to be fair, I hold nothing against hate *per se*, but I do however have a big problem with moral hypocrisy and your ever-ouroboric incoherence and your repugnant self-importance and bravado). And what is worse—you even utilize the very same militancy and dirty smear tactics you consider yourselves to fight against!

You *hate racism*, yet you disregard the white man for his whiteness and favor the brown man for his brownness: definitional racism. To savor as a serious political scenario the implementation of an ideology which is much pregnant with the hope for the realistic outcome of utopia is to lose oneself in catacombs of ideological possession, that is sure. And down there, the burrows and the pathways are narrow, and a full-grown man could not bear to stand straight in this grotto of boundless love. Yes! This is true! One could not stand with spine in this cavernous hole, but they are still so soothing for these people, because down here the path is already laid out, and it is calm and it is silent: the gates to utopia is around the corner, they know this, and the chrysanthemums of dream and utopia are scentful with the ideas of radical multiculturalism and “no borders”, extremist feminism, unrestrained, pathologically excessive “body positivity”, hysterical tolerance worship and popularized misandry... all that wicked, sinful stuff. Don’t you understand that there is an actual, real world outside of your post-modern Foucault-worshipping, gender-queer progressivist, victim-canonizing, Europe-hating ultra-feminist LGBTQIA+ “there are no biological genders”, safe-space university classes and stupid Instagram accounts? What a fucking bubble you live in! And I shall use my masculinity to fuck a hole in it.

You take offense by everything; you seek it out. You need your safe space; very important. And you gloat this behavior of vicarious offense: you become triggered on behalf of other people. Yes, I say it: these white western weasels want to pet and nurture their little “downtrodden” and “oppressed” subjects, and they want to build brick by brick a stronghold of overflowing humanitarianism for them to shelter under. Such a vicious form of coveted racism.

And let me say a few words about multiculturalism – a very taboo subject nowadays, to say the least: two cultures whose ideals and fundamentals of value are conflicting on essential terms and whose artilleries of ideas war each-other

over eternal tundra of mutual non-understanding cannot live in peace with each-other: that is why war is a human historical constant.

To believe that multiculturalism would just “work out” from mere optimism alone, is to be without the knowledge of basic history, without essential insights into the contemporary political and socio-cultural framework and without even the most acute basics of social psychology needed to evaluate, assess and relate the different aspects of the problem in a serious and ultimately successful manner. Yes, I speak to those radical social justice warriors who would not fucking wait to set up the banquet at arrival for all the hungry travelers of the seas and all the weary wanderers from the devastated homelands... I understand the solidarity, but it is now your turn to understand the rationality of it. Western culture does not align with middle eastern culture, and mixing them up in greater numbers on a relatively short time inevitably creates a lot of problems. Why is that so hard for you to admit, to recognize? Yes, I speak to those who, for example, proclaim in an arch-naivety of pathological idealism: “Islamic culture is not more misogynistic than Western culture”...

Hell... for those people I can only grin—in humor or in spite I do not know. I suppose a pinch of both is probable.

To allege mutuality of honor culture, patriarchic oppression and gender discrimination between western and Islamic societies, and with regards to ecumenical human rights, judicial and economic safety, general standing in society and the freedom of personal expression, is an outright retarded proposal, and it is so ill-informed and pink-cloudy that I become phlegmatic with hopelessness at the mere thought of it! And what is more on this matter is that I absolutely repudiate the term “islamophobia” precisely because it has a manipulatory element built into its very fundament. Outside of the immature political jargon of unsophisticated dogmatists and ideologues, the suffix -phobia has a very direct, uncomplicated and technical meaning which is utilized extensively across the medical and psychological fields out of which it arose: -phobia denotes an irrational and overwhelming sense of fear and/or disgust attached to any given subject. Arachnophobia, a very common one, is the irrational fear of (harmless) spiders, for example. And yes, the term -phobia has been quite dishonestly appropriated from clinical phraseology into low-level political jargon for stupid masses, and it has become weaponized by combatants of political pseudo-polemics as to manipulate the critic of Islam into political and even psychological subjugation. It is a dishonest move of political subterfuge. It implies that all and every critique of Islam is by definition irrational, because it is “phobic” to criticize it, and that is a manipulatory tactic of psycho-social and verbal domination, nothing more and nothing less. It is an intellectually pathetic move and I’m having none of it. These fuckers love to weaponize words, so I figured I would play their game and make my whole

language a carrier of destructive and sound-speed aircraft in order to bomb them and bring the war directly to them.

And what irony! What grueling sarcasm veiled in the cerecloths of Eschaton, its silent silk, the soft linen of serene ignorance, of pitiable naivety! And what category of people is ushering the multicultural utopia more so than the young European women... how they cannot wait to welcome the world's most misogynistic culture with their open, loving arms, with roses between their teeth in welcome, with the ideology of "anti-racism" and "tolerance" as their weapon in this new, silent war of culture! And it is under this heraldry they justify it all! is being gang-raped by Mohammed's dogs more tolerable than being a vocal critic of Islam? Of course not, but no-one says it out loud, and that is a tragedy. No matter where you go in the world, there is going to be a dominant culture. In fact—in any other place in the world other than some Western societies, the dominant culture is often so authoritarian and oppressive that people often literally flee it—to ours!

I think it is reasonable to try to avoid measuring and comparing suffering and oppression because, after all, who could be the judge of such a matter, save God?—but there is still some reasonable utility in discerning oppression from oppression. Not all women are oppressed by way of being merely woman. There is difference between domestic murder and mansplaining. Don't you dare conflating Saudi Arabia with Western Europe. And to all of you #intersectional #Instagram #feminists complaining about getting called "honey" while living a free life of amazing and swelling liberty, and as a literal member of the top 1% privileged class: fuck you. Yeah, to hell with this so-called intersectional feminism, as you naively call it – you hide behind the term! I don't even know what it means or what you think it means but I know that it is used by many unhappy bitches as an excuse to LARP their way through life as immature teenagers, and it is most times a shroud of morality drawn over the white bourgeoisie middle class face of your truest motivations anyway—motivations which are, if I may speculate, indeed not as pure and solidary as you may wish to try to portray them! You may try but I am onto you!

The unmitigated and unpoliced tolerance and acceptance as a value in itself may be the seed to become the ripe fruit we call the downfall of Western culture. Maybe not everything should be tolerated, maybe not everything should be accepted. And we who are given birth into this "tolerant", "democratic" and "liberal" Western culture, becoming ineradicably children of it, are trapped in it. We live in it for a time and we shall die from the existential sickness it inevitably triggered, this is fixed—but in between, we are masters (but not quite Gods). Decide what to accept, what to reject, and do it. Not everything should be tolerated; not everything should be accepted! It is an unfortunate but Holy truth that we are legitimate creators of our own fate. We can choose indeed to

create, maintain and nurture weakness and spiritual fatigue as part of our awesome design, should we want that—our freedom permits us to glutton and indulge without hindrance and it permits us spoil ourselves with cakes and sugars and spirits... it permits the uninhibited hedonism of sex should we plunge from the pedestal wanting it, it entices us with the Epicurean pursuit of gratification, its excess and vice of the Soul: Sybaritic abomination enthroned... But gluttony breeds the voracious inertia. Lust breeds the abusive carnal wanton which eats you up eventually. Sloth breeds the pathetic ethic of a slave, total safety, the total fear of life—and all these rivers are only tributaries to the greater one, the one of arrogance and of bravado: only the spoiled and stupid prince would claim divinity in kingship. With divinity comes responsibilities a young prince could never muster. And arrogance has no inherent bulwark, it regenerates itself exponentially. It has become soon the shroud and garment of a worm-king, and it becomes the deed, faith and regalia of a false and stupid “god”! Because suffering, the passion of art and meaningful strife is the heredity of true Gods, the alchemy of the deepest depth there is—where even the Scylla weeps in the haze of the thickest and most original darkness!

The feverish miasma cages us, a vapor of cognitive dissolution. “Religion is the opium of the masses”, said the theorist—and many a child heard a calling. But what then is the fear of freedom if not the opium lily? Opium derives from the lily as religion derives from angst! The pyrexia of neo-Marxism continually claims new victims from the influenza of dull and soft thinking it confirmably and positively generates with unrelenting constancy, with almost total predictability, and with an absolutely pathological causality of outcome. The road to hell is paved with the most virtuous intentions. It has been said before and it echoes so true about our current age also.

“Religion is the opium of the masses”, said the commoner—well, your shitty ideology is the MDMA of the masses—and it is with the symptoms of withdrawal from this addictive metaphorical drug you often live! Your tolerance for the drug has sky-rocketed and your denial of abuse is huge. But what you collectively fail to understand is that you are abusers of a strong and addictive drug, potentially fatal if overdosed—and the drug is *tolerance*, and it has contemptuously but interestingly become the foremost cardinal virtue of Western post-modernity. But human beings are not built for tolerance. Men and women crack under the sheer pressure of having to admit the uncriticized excellence of everyone and everything, and people become cornered into “loving” every lifestyle and to love and confess the intrinsic worth of every religion and every culture— everything: morals, culture—is relative! But humans do not align naturally to this. This is truly a cult of tolerance and moral-cultural relativism, and the Soul revolts against it—*everything cannot, and should not, be okay*. Our souls are made to grind the world into meaning and

mission, not merely to adopt a lazy acceptance of what just comes easiest: an easy, tolerant lifestyle does not put any demand on you in terms of judging, and that, to me, is a great fault.

The child not embraced by the village will burn it down just to feel its warmth. You radicalize the racists and misogynists yourselves. Mass shootings, trials by public opinion, racial animosities and crimes of hatred and resentment, vile identity politics, grand scale harassment tactics, mob mentality, censorship fanaticism, waves of crushed reputations and cancelled opportunities, erased content and a culture fanatically censoring its own darkness. Addiction to attention, addiction to social media, addiction to addiction itself in order to fill the void of meaning with at least something other than nihilism and this endless tirade of expedient pleasures... but how is it working out for you? It seems, today, to fill the soul with junk and sex and food and fun and hugs is preferred—whatever the price to avoid facing the darkness within! A weak and pathetic generation that is supposed to carry the glorious work of their mothers and fathers on their weak and bruising shoulders, stumbling about, tearing, crying, muscles in fatigue, skin breaking to sores—*mommy, mommy!*—dropping their yoke to the ground like Christ did on his Via Dolorosa—the difference being that Christ actually suffered whilst these dogs only think they are! These people feel bad about themselves so they endorse a culture, they live out a style or a fool's myth telling them to feel good about themselves in order to balance it out, in order for them to mitigate that ever-itching sore on their backs that they cannot quite reach to scratch—that sore which is infested with the thick and stinky pus of existentialism. Individual responsibility is nothing for you, it seems—much easier it is to blame the “patriarchy”! Is it not? Weak fucker.

You scream so loud about diversity yet everything has to be centralized and normalized, authorized and censored because you could not handle true diversity: it broke you, it scared you, you reared away! That is, the true diversity of thought and philosophy. Because you are a totalitarian pawn, and you can only swallow ideological pellets, like some parrot stumbling on every word yet trying eagerly to get it right. And for this reason, I can say with a smile on my lips: fuck you. You belong in the cesspool.

You cannot handle the weight of individuality and authenticity, and you cannot bear the weight of radical thought and true extremism, so you insist that everything should be acceptable and that everything indeed is to be normalized, or in straighter words: your ideal is extreme but you are not really extreme, so you are an activist on Facebook and Instagram from your couches and beds whilst eating pizza and smoking weed and having furry sex with your diaper-playing, autistic, non-binary friends. And together with accepting and romanticizing gluttony, entitlement, presentism and decadence, you also want

to normalize the rare and the deviant. You think it is cool to be edgy, but really, you are just fat and soft. Everything must be normalized into the ideal (the Soviets favored this term, *normalization*; a classic communist phraseology, a part of the vocabulary of their ideological subversion techniques. When they for example crushed the peoples' uprising in Czechoslovakia in 1968, the country was proudly declared "normalized" as the opposition had been quelled with force and a multitude imprisoned, abused, brutalized, wrongfully tried, condemned as well as summarily executed). On the background of this, I ask you straight-forwardly: why do you insist on normalizing that which is per definition not normal? Why do you insist on overcoming this vapid contradiction of terms? Here I have a good example to illustrate what I am talking about: homosexuality, transsexuality, etc. These are not normal, however much it is politically correct to espouse this ridiculous opinion. You know, heterosexuality is standard. It is normal, while homosexuality is not. It is a matter of arithmetic and demographics. It is not even a value statement—far from it, in fact. I know it is "just a word", "normal", but you are using it with such wrongness that I cannot help but pointing this out. Homosexuality is not normal because it is deviating from the norm. But something that is abnormal is not however inherently morally repugnant. A rarity of people actually thinks like that, yet you believe it to be common. This is a huge philosophical fallacy and an intellectual fault on your part. An amazingly far-stretching straw man. And by the way – if I got a slice of bread for every gender there is – I could make a sandwich. Nothing more, nothing less. And also, no – women do not get paid less for the same work as men. No serious economist takes that seriously. It is a myth perpetuated by radical feminists losing ground in a battlefield of idea and culture, retreating ever backward, shrinking, utilizing more and more dubious tactics, cringier accusations, whinier complaints, more and more emotions... emotions... and emotions... And while we are at it: white western culture abolished slavery before the rest of the world. How about some perspective?

There is still quite organized widespread slavery in Africa, Latin America, East Asia and across the Islamic world. Did you ever think about that, "activist"? Or is it only despicable and wicked one way?

Yes, it is a great paradox: everything has become tolerable, *but only if you are within the circle of tolerability*. This is the contradictory maxim of an irrational cultural movement of our age, the social justice deluge. This is the pumping heart of this contemporaneous sub-culture; we call it... western millennialism. All kinds of decadence, debauchery, group-think, indiscipline, lowliness, illness and stupidity is tolerated just for the sake of tolerating it—except for the intolerable stuff, which is to be eradicated.

Freedom of expression is beautiful as long as you keep within in the frame of this political correctness. Freedom of organization is a beautiful principle, as long as it is under their heraldry. That is how the fanatical dogmatic authoritarian cultists behave. Tolerance, tolerance—holy and holy tolerance. Everything must be okay and tolerance is the article of faith bar none.

Mental sickness is defended and popularized, adored, envied, emulated. Physical unhealth is called beautiful now; unhinged gluttony is paraded as self-love, corpulence excused as cuteness, and it seems athletic inaptitude has become some sort of measure of self-empowerment. It is all very bizarre to me. People wear their cardinal sins like generals of war wear their medals and decorations. Everything turns on itself and the old world cries tears of salt and vinegar over it. What a mess it is!

A Manichaeian dichotomy evolving around mutually repellant extremes. Extreme demonization and an emergent affinity for political violence. A co-opting of the classical definition of democracy. Cancel culture and statue-smashing, burning flags, burning books; condemn this! Condemn that! Aaah! The movement to eradicate history! “Not okay” this and “not okay” that! That’s racist! That’s sexist! That’s transphobic, bigoted! Go to hell or shut your mouth— I do not want to hear it!

And now that I have gotten started: especially this “fat acceptance” trend is to me strikingly comical and pathetic. The “fat acceptance” movement funnily enough the only movement without actual movement. Listen: Indian surgeon Sushruta related obesity to diabetic conditions and cardiac afflictions—as a remedy, he recommended physical labor and general activity... and he did so in the 7th century before Christ! And you still close your eyes to the insight, you still choose to welter in your saturated fats, your orgies in sweet sugary weakness... and it is often a theater of depravity! I have seen abominable examples of this! And it is one thing being morbidly obese and recognizing the extreme pathology of such a life-style (I can feel empathy for such folk) but it is a completely different thing if you want to suggest that it is a healthy and perfectly respectable way to live... and that it deserves some kind of equal recognition or some collective cultural acceptance—or even our dearest respect! No, your satirically extreme corpulence is disgusting, your laziness and gluttony does not sit well with me at all, your lifestyle is a joke to me and your defense-speeches are simply erroneously embarrassing. I say: fuck all of this... and I arrange myself instead around the old values: stalwartness, discipline, strength, courage, resilience, and, ultimately: self-mastery, self-martyrization...

But you revolt against these, because in your mind, these values are traditional—therefore evil. Also, on a more personal note, they are too hard for you to live by, because you have been fostered in a culture which instead rewards and incentivizes frailty and weakness and encourages the individual to



find any form of victimization and oppression in their lives. Because these days, people wear their victimage and oppression like military badges on uniforms, symbols of virtue, status, accomplishment and prowess. It is all, of course, laughably absurd.

But then, how do you feel down there in your vomit-puddle, this wonderful Godless safe-space you have created for yourself, with your belly swollen from the excrescence of excess, your throat clogged with the catarrh of expedient pleasures? That sexy appeal to lethargy lost its adventurousness when it became real, didn't it?—depression is only cute for silly people. Fuck your self-diminishing victimage fetishism. People have no inherent sense of respect for losers and cringing, spoiled, entitled “victims”. You have built a cult around the “virtue” of feeling sorry for yourselves, eternally pitying, excusing, condoning! The absolution from responsibility, the willful exemption from the hierarchy of excellence (because it is much easier to be a victim than it is to achieve victory). Sheer gluttony, unmitigated self-pity becoming a new article of faith through violence, echoing now with a sarcastic pride in the church-ruins of old tradition, our beautiful abandoned glories of a Knightly age not very likely to return...

How do you feel down there, after the boundless sodomite orgies have finally satiated you pigs, but temporarily? After the weak flesh has grinded itself down to bone-dust and after all the cocaine has been snorted? After all the dances of seduction are over and after all the small zip-bags are emptied and thrown to the wind? When nihilism is no longer but a “cool” and “edgy” label and when pessimism is no longer a tenet of some sub-culture you find to be exciting? When inertia is no longer only an Instagram meme to comment on, and when depression has become something greater than a mere excuse for hedonism? When nothingness is no longer a “cool” mark of identity, but the complete lack of all marks whatsoever? When your “close friends” no longer nod in agreement and affirmation with your self-entitled complaints and sentimental claims of attention but actually starts to move in circles around you, seeking out other people worth their salt—because you have started to bitch too much, even for them?

Heroes recognize heroes, warriors recognize warriors and martyrs of God doesn't even recognize themselves!

All the other members of the “human family”, like you, struggle to even recognize yourselves front of mirrors at home!

A ridiculous kind of Armageddon can be seen in the distance building its diamond contour, sharply and deathly. Building, building slow like the cyclone. Something evil forms in there; it is scaled monstrous like the leviathan; disruptive tumultuous like the behemoth, and enshadowing, benighting like the ziz-bird.

The final state of modernity is not the Death but even the Burial of God! The final statement, the definite ushering in of this new era! O Brave New World! Brave New World! God's intestines ripped out, God's eyes were gouged; it was a ceremonial dismemberment, a funeral of no honor, and we should all be very ashamed... but first and foremost—afraid.

Children of the new moon—drink from this phlegm of the throat of the world! It is your poison, slow-working across epochs—but kill you it shall nevertheless! Just wait a second. Your hedonistic and nihilistic pursuits of orgiastic happiness and lecherous comfortability has spiraled into a complete inability to relate to true suffering of the Soul! St. John of the Cross is dead, he remains dead and you have killed him—the memory and legacy of him. Large chunks of the newer generations of people in the West definitely deserve and would make good use of more suffering and spiritual distress in their lives, because as the thoughtful ones observe, the ridiculously high standards in which they live are what's ironically eating them up from the inside—and we can see that clearly. The western millennialism, in which I myself to some degree am included, definitely need more suffering in order for it to build a new sense of character. Strife is the defining factor of cultures and individuals alike. Good times produce weak people which generates bad times which produces strong people which generates good times—and this serpent ever-gnaws its tail. An eternal circular chase of snake and rabbit.

You think that the ultimate state of “happiness” and “safety” is the ultimate opposite and antidote to male aggression and its manifestations; violence, rape, assault and murder. Eradicate the patriarchy and everything clears like smog on a bright summer's day. Right? This is your premise. I hear you crying about it all the time. But you fail however to realize that a great deal of evil emanates from the categories of human experiences untouched by, and distant to, the very shallow ideas of human fulfillment you espouse. Sexual violence, religious violence, violence from envy, from resentment and from culturally innate racial hatred are, I'm afraid, here to stay for at least a good while longer, so it is proper to contend, as an individual, with that reality—and the sooner, the better. And also, what you do not understand is that women are as malevolent as men. It manifests very differently though; it goes “under the radar”. Trust me, we have seen more than enough of what masculine pathology can create in terms of political abominations, with all the concentration camps, genocides, unjust wars of domination, mass rapes, sexual slavery and apartheid; but do not for a second think that there is not a form of female “toxicity” that would yield perhaps equally disturbing and grotesque, albeit phenomenally different, results. We have never seen women in a political majority. We have never seen women get a chance to corrupt and destroy a political establishment, as we have seen men. But it might come about us not all that far into the future. And what will be the

female equivalent to Auschwitz? Is it possible to imagine an ultra-feminist misandrist fascist polity? And can femininity produce something akin to Islam but with tables turned, with premiums and supremacy given the fairer sex instead of the men? I don't think so. But history is very weird and unpredictable. All I feel strongly is that we should not fool us into thinking that femininity does not come with a burning rage and darkness.

Let me tell you: I confess to my own courts the knowledge that I bear! The line between beauty and ugliness, and between evil and safety from evil, strikes right through the hearts of humans. Like a river across denuded plains of waste irrigating thought and bank alike, that line divides people into two camps and it does so without consideration of any of your feelings.

Bitch, you can be evil too. I have seen it! The strong, hypnotic spell of this modernity, the egalitarianist and "solidaricist" idealism, the Sisyphean task of equaling every human standard... socio-economic and cultural Gordian knot! A collapsing experiment, its incorrigible failure lies in its predictions, its idealistic sophistry as methodology and its apparent dissatisfaction and embarrassment of outcome surely must be harrowing to us all? Just we looked...—but you choose not to.

Meanwhile, I am looking as much as I possibly can! Because I love life and I try to embrace reality.

And speaking on your utopianism I feel inclined to say some words about another one of the virtues of our age, this "environmentalism": you say you want to save the planet too (there are no bounds to your arrogance, that is for sure). You want save this earth from white man's destruction of it (because, remember, everything is at the hands of Evil White Man), but let me verily remark: global warming was never a threat to this planet! Do not try to sell me that shit. the planet has been through far worse, and it is an ever-transforming entity: Global warming is not a threat to the planet, it is merely a threat to the planet as it exists in the present, which, of course, is to say: is it a threat to you. The only thing you are trying to save is yourself; you don't care about the planet—you care about your natural habitat and the secured future of your children: at least have the dignity to confess that you don't give a shit about this planet and that you just want to be safe. I am not saying that man-induced global warming is a myth, I do not know anything about it, and on the grounds of this unknowledge I chose not to fill the air with misinformations and unmotivated churned opinions, but I am repeatedly told that the scientific consensus is that there is indeed an anthropogenic climatological disaster on the horizon that we have to contend with. Sure. But I think very few of those people who want to save the planet really feels a passionate relationship to nature and to the planet as some sort of living organism—a concept I am not myself hostile toward, philosophically. I am not saying it is not our fault. Probably it is. I just call out

the bullshit, your virtue-signaling. Speak *your* truth, not the sloppy truth-seconds of some other whore. I contend though that there are some people who are truly passionate about tending to the planet on higher, abstract, religious levels. I respect them. They generally do not brag about their work like school kids though. I find a great difference there.

Everything with you is so damn pre-packaged. Is there a single bone of individual integrity in your body? A single, original thought, idea, dream? Do you have any opinion you have never heard someone else utter? I don't think so. Your way of thought is soul-crushing, and it is a utopian viral infection for us as dangerous as the merest flu in a ghetto of AIDS-dying children! In conclusion: do not fool yourself: you are not strong on your own. A napkin of autumn snot you are, and you are thrown onto a midden of ideology, and even if your side should win, *you* will not exclaim triumph when triumph is at hand—your *cause* will (theoretically of course; never in reality)! You should perhaps know your place, you bitch. Be humble and learn from the religious. But would not even touch a religious idea, would you?

You see cultured principles like love, nobility, strife, struggle and passion through the dirty lens of politics and ideology, and in the moment you do so, they turn to mordant tar and ash.

Especially this fanatic worship of love turns sterile in the heart of ideology—for it cannot sufficiently breathe in there! Love is the parrot which scoffs mockingly its owner and captor. Love would not let itself become captured like that—you cannot cage love for it is an aether. You cannot concentrate it as to re-distribute it, for it is not a commodity. No, take this shit-talk about equity, unconditional love, egalitarian idealism and your false universal siblinghood and pack it down your traveler's bag, for you will journey soon—and not out of adventure but out of necessity, for you have been banished from your own paradise—true love masticated you, and true love spat you out!

But I think your high horse is weak and old and it has not had water to drink for days! Your Marxist-hedonist-equity-post-modernist shit is a method in the process of failure, a dragged-out heinous pathology of human thought and a pulsating cyst on the cortex of culture... it is a formula of philosophical catastrophe with very concrete and real consequences and it will be a great and sardonic way for a proud endling to recall gleefully her fallen family—for it is surely a precept for collapse! Aaaaaaaah—I send all demons of hell on all you bitches and bastards! Fuck your weak morality, fuck your pathological obsession with shallow identitarian kindergarten “politics”, fuck all your false fucking pretenses and all of your deceptions so deceptive they even fucking fool yourselves!!!! I spit on you people—but only in the shadows... because in here I am the master of my world, and when I write this, I am a demon of contempt!

Hear my final sermon! You have your fucking rainbows, yet you cannot find your pot of gold!

You have your fucking marches, but the problem with these marches is that they go through marshes of self-deceit and narcissism! And you get stuck, and you get cornered, and you scream louder and louder and louder yet the words seem more and more dull and vapid by the fucking minute! And by the way, why is this obsession with weakness, self-victimization? Don't you want to be a stallion amongst all these fucking unicorns, a tower on the low-lands, a bear on the tundra? And what will be left of these fucking snowflakes anyway when my sun of truth has thawed their obnoxious winter? And why be content with being a mere millennial anyways when you could instead be fucking timeless, an Aeon?

*Arguing with you is like arguing with a stone wall,  
but I am an ibex climbing it against all expectations and odds!*

And I scream now at the top of my god-damn lungs:

Fuck your Tinder profile! Fuck your hedonistic sexual exploits with people you don't even care about! Fuck your corruption and indoctrination of our glorious youth! And to hell with your attempt at normalizing filth!

And fuck your faux social media activism too

And your virtue signaling,  
your attention whoring!

“Please, please, like me!

Accept me! Let me in!

I am woke! I promise, I promise!”

Fuck your values, fuck your politics

and while I am at it—

fuck your selfies on the bus!

Fuck your made up “gender”,

fuck your arrogance and naivety

and fuck your ugly pink-blue hair too

Fuck your fake solidarity

with causes half a globe away,

fuck your “slut pride”,

fuck your “body positivity”,

fuck your “fat acceptance”

and all the rest of it!

Fuck your misandrist notions of “toxic masculinity”;  
fuck your naïve presentism and your silly French disbelief  
in dialogue, history, reality and rationality

Fuck your identity politics,  
fuck your white guilt,  
fuck your collectivism  
and fuck your ethno-cultural masochism as well.

Fuck your equity Marxism  
and your material-economic reductionisms.

Fuck your misunderstanding of the human animal  
as a primarily worldly, not religious, agent.

Fuck your hatred for Europe, the culture which brought you basically every one  
of the amenities, luxuries and comfortabilities you enjoy today, including  
democracy, fundamental human rights, welfare checks, indoors plumbing, fast  
food, smartphones, the ability to buy a fucking banana in Sweden in the middle  
of January, the internet, electricity, commercial air travel and all the rest of it.

How about some perspective and gratitude?

fuck your decadent and  
debaucherous pride parades,  
fuck your romanticization of victimage,  
fuck your de-platforming tactics,  
fuck your cancel culture,  
fuck your fucking “wokeness”  
and to hell with your safe spaces, micro-aggressions  
and trigger warnings too!!!

## **RELIGIOUS *NOUMENON***

Religion is not truth—only an impetus and a means to search for it; *always has been, always will be*—if, until we find an answer... but as of yet, religion is not the answer—only a question, and religion itself asks it...

life is talking to you. *allow yourself the privilege of formulating a response.*

# THE WOLVERINE & THE MORAL CHAOS

The idea that life has no meaning fills the wolverine with such tremendous power and revelation...

The wolverines' tooth slices into the soft flesh of moral collectivism, and from this attack it becomes so powerful as to create meaning...

And it thrives in this ambiguous moral chaos, because the ambiguous moral chaos comes with freedom...

# THE ENDCOMMUNEAN RAZOR

*Never attribute to individual moral prowess the behavior which may adequately be explained by the very slave morality in which the individual is entrenched. We call this the Endcommunean razor.*

# TO CATCH A HOLD OF GOD

You seldom experience God. Even more obvious, you seldom—if ever—*see* God, and I think God hides. And God hides because God is afraid. I think God is wise in staying put in heaven out of fear of what God itself created. But I have the love and the hate in my heart—and I will use these things as the pincher to catch a hold of God with, grip its essence firmly, drag it down and out thereof!

# THE *LAST MAN*

Language, culture and law is basically a form of ancestry worship, and out of every form of ancestry worship comes a system of rules and commandments. Rules and commandments are merely pointers of guidance for the wise man, but for the foolish man they soon evolve into statutes of strict obedience.

*Such is one way to delineate the Hero from the Last Man.*

As if drawing a line in the sand between tribes of enemies...  
because that is what they appear to be on the war-fields of spirit and culture:  
*enemies!*

The masses of Last Men bulwarking the lone predations  
of the few, hungry and vicious.

## THE DEATH OF *TANTA CARHUA*

I was able to see with my own eyes the body of Tanta Carhua, a young Incan girl around 10 years old who was sacrificed in the ancient Incan ritual of Capacocha.

A huge and morbid privilege it was.

The girl had been taken to a location in the Andean mountains, entombed alive and fed the alcoholic maize beverage, *Chicha*. Through this act of human sacrifice, she was venerated and consecrated in death, hailed amongst her people as an oracle, a chosen link, a spiritual mediator between the physical and metaphysical planes of existence. It is said that only the most beautiful of children were sacrificed for the greater cause in the Capacocha ceremonies, returning from the People to the higher deities a sacrifice of gratitude for what they bountifully had been given by the Gods.

## THE GREENLAND SHARK OF EXISTENTIALISM

I once had a dream. I found myself in a boat. I was an Inuit fisherman on the north-eastern coast of Greenland (all the way far above the windswept stone-coasts of Knud Rasmussen Land), and my boat, it was a canoe. Suddenly, a massive Greenland shark emerged, it appeared from the black chasm, it arose to the surface with obtuse sloughiness and it knocked the canoe over: I now laid in water, the freezing water, helplessly... and I would seemingly die from exposure to the elements: my blood froze, my vision became the crystal of ice, and my iris! – a bitter flake of snow on the empty horizon. But as I came closer to God through the paralytic pain, the shark merely carried on its arctic and obnoxious journey...

And somehow, right there, I understood that, and pondered that fact. It did not mean any harm, and it certainly did not mean to kill – it was just clumsy, as they are. But – here we have an allegory and a very interesting dream motif: I was the fisherman in the canoe, and the freezing ocean was existence itself. *Being* itself. The Greenland shark, it represented the absurd and cynically random element of existence. It just knocked me over as if nothing! Capsizing my canoe



with ease, and I, I could not master my limbs, I could not swim, it was too freezing and I felt tremendous suffering in my body (which was agony) as well as in my mind, which was angst (something Weil would call *malheur*) – but the shark never did anything out of spite, the shark behaved just the way a shark is expected to behave... I cannot accuse the Greenland shark and set out for blood-revenge against its family! It would be stupid and cowardly to confront the problem like that. And I cannot threaten its family with harassment and plunder either... I cannot even turn my other cheek to it! That is how innocent the shark is. The shark is nature – and nature is not evil. It cannot be evil for it is not self-aware.

*The shark knocked me over and now I had a raft to cling to.* Meanwhile, it swam on and on, aloof in its tremendous uncaring all while I suffered the thousand deaths of hypothermia. Yes, it is what fundamentally differs the beast from the man: the human being is not merely, as a conscious entity, perceiving the world like the animal does, no. The human being, *while perceiving the world*, is at the same time *aware* of him- or herself perceiving it. Human consciousness does not only exist like animal consciousness does, but it *presents itself to itself as something that which exists*. It is literally self-evident, phenomenologically obvious. “Cogito ergo sum”. For example, I compile my thoughts and I write them down, knowing that I do it for no reason of human nature, but as a way of filling my existence with something worthwhile – because I know it exists. The ape or the pig will just do what an ape or a pig does, while as we as humans do not just *do what we do* – and I think this insight might be of some Gnostic caliber. Science, the paradigm, the intellectual structure of our era, wishes to abridge man and animal in a way which seems to me dishonest and deceptive at worst but merely fallacious and very ignorant at best. One logical extreme of science is the hubristic idea which grew out of it in modernity, namely the idea of the superiority of science in achieving and accumulating understanding of how people *ought to live*, abandoning the common mission which was before: the humble study of the material constitution of the world and its evolutionary defects and embellishments, its rules and patterns and laws and exceptions.

This superior, dichotomous science-versus-religion premise is a poisonous approach to science (which has grown popular with the help of Nietzsche's *Death of God*), for the scientist becomes often intoxicated as if lulled into a great sleep of hubris by the awesome and mind-boggling achievements and successes of science (“what is “God” next to penicillin, moon landings, atom bombs, vaccines and solar energy?”), therefrom overreaching, overthinking the impact science then must have (but indeed undoubtedly to a certain degree has) on human behavior.

Their fault is the notion that the human experience is as few-dimensional as the material world is.

The idea becomes that science has been able to develop an intricate system of empirical understanding so grand and far-reaching as to absolutely and definitely become the premier method with which man should map his reality, and in its logical end-game it should therefore become the finger man puts on what constitutes being human. And all the while, the Greenland shark sleeps on the bottom of the arctic water; aloof, uninterested. This approach to science has referred to as scientism – but there is a self-conceit on behalf of this scientism as to its own estimates of scope of the influence of science. Is man no more than the piano key? I say no, this is a falsehood.

Tell me I am no more than the piano key, and I shall show you what I can do with that pretense: I may smite someone I love; I may utter a heinous and baneful curse; I may take advantage of the poor and destitute – I would rape a daughter Samaritan just to prove my naïve point, just to show you what I can – and shall – do with my freedom!

I have become free because I have in good faith or in bad faith decided, in awareness or in non-awareness, actively or passively, to initiate a life-long sequence of events, all with their own unique set of consequences... and I have come this far down the rabbit's hole by not ending myself, though I have committed to the idea of suicide as a spiritual legitimacy, this dissolver of all insoluble burdens! Believe that... I, though, beg the question of suicide, for myself and as a general: can suicide ever become a reasonable conclusive answer to life's quandaries, the questions they posit, the realities they throw humiliatingly our way? And even yet, may it become a legitimate, even honorable response to some of the most extreme and explosive dilemmas of human existence? The being that is aware of its own death must itself be constituted by its own life in order to understand what its own death means, and being constituted by one's own life is to be chiseled out of a rock of freedom, because human life is freedom! and this, in turn, simply means: you have the right to discard this freedom at will, and you have the right to do so through the means of violence against the self and the Self – and that to me is a very elementary and, in existential theory, uncomplicated matter... it is a damned birth-right if there ever was one.

Existence is a subjective and solitary exercise, and in solitude and introspection, human freedom breeds! And in solitude the Greenland shark floats on like some abandoned submarine... yes, freedom is in the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow of individuation, and if you despise solitude so you despise freedom. I say, only in the stab-wounds of absence may your life bleed the freest blood, a

flowing ichor, the bright red iron. Only in the loneliness and in the mirror-walled palaces can you be yourself truly and without even the pettiest of exceptions. As you avoid solitude so you avoid freedom—a life in the shackles of the world as it is. You become a subscriber to the dictum of intrinsic morality and you shall die a loser's death. Tell me, does not a great bulk of our sorrows, personal failures, disappointments, betrayals, worthless efforts and the chronicity of spiritual confusion depend on the social constituent of our behavioral schemata and on the human relationships that it spawns forth?

Yes, hideous truth: loneliness is suffering in the absence of human comfort—and sociability is suffering in the absence of loneliness and freedom: insoluble equation and paradox! I say: renunciate life if you wish to renunciate it—it is yours to abandon. Do you feel in your heart the reaper's clangor? Yes? Repudiate the proposed intrinsic value of the depressive and harrowing nature of life then! Have you ever been told that suicide is the summit of cowardice and that its apparent egotism negates and *per se* illegitimizes it?

*Then, \*\*\*\* all of that—let our blood boil and let us call it instead the apogee of freedom and the personal re-conquest of holy responsibility! Let us call it the hand which breaks its middle finger upward in mockery and renunciation! The apparent immorality of self-death becomes instead a cigarette-butt beneath the combat boots of panzer troops—yes, I believe in ardency:*

suicide is the most basic right of all... the voluntary death of the hero: who would have denied Gilgamesh the right to put his own dagger to his throat? Or Herakles, Spartacus, Queen Gudit, awesome Pilecki?

The nobility of suicide remains unquestionable,  
how can we else describe it?

## **A CYCLONE OF HUMANNESS**

Are you a cyclone of *humanness*? A collected weight of untethered humility and compassion, of outrageous and upsetting arrogance, of murderously aggressive potential—at the same time? We know for sure at least we are. Will you admit it to yourself, though? We did. You may or you may not follow our example, for this is the highest and most virtuous of all commandments: never follow blindly the examples of the role models of our culture, for the culture is impoverished and it is unhealthy from the malnutrition of heroism.

**FIRST DREAM (OCTOBER 11, 2012. 08:22)**

I live together with three women.

Two of them seem treacherous and mendacious, but the third has a warmth about her. We are in my father's apartment in Luthagen.

All of a sudden, Malin and my father is present in the room.

I ask Malin if she will join me on the bus to Vänge. She says no.

My father remains silent.

The three women apparently admire me. That is the feeling I get. They look at me dearly now, but I am very skeptical about this. I am on the lookout.

All of a sudden, I behead one of the two untruthful sisters, and I put her head on the ceiling fan. She betrayed me!

The other one wants to kill me for my money. She shoots me in the back with a shotgun rifle three times on an open, calm summer field. The grass turns red slowly, from the blood.

I make a run towards her and manages to attack her, biting into her neck with sharp fangs, and I eat her trachea; it slowly kills her.

There are amazing amounts of blood before me. As she slowly dies, I die too. Because I have flesh wounds in my back, from the shotgun.

A mere meters away from the third woman, I die.

She always wanted what is best for me, but as I die, she is silent and seemingly apathetic. I think she is in shock. *But she always wanted what's best for me.*

## **SECOND DREAM (DECEMBER 11, 2012. 05:58)**

*My cellphone shows 05:58.* I just awoke. I had a very disturbing dream experience. It vanishes with every moment from my memory so I have decided to swiftly write it down to the best of my capability. This is by far, so far, the strangest and the most nightmarish experience I have had; I still shiver, my spine is freezing, and there is an aura of foreboding in the air around me, it feels. A premonition that something is not entirely right still; a nightmarish premonition. But it fades more and more with every second now.

The whole thing started with me taking multiple 25 mg pills of American over-the-counter sleep aid medication with the dissociative and highly psychoactive compound called diphenhydramine as its active substance. In this case, “multiple pills” means that I took as many pills you need in order to feel the dissociative and hallucinogenic properties of the drug. Around midnight I feel extremely tired and a bit disturbed, so I decide to go to my bed. When in bed, I yet cannot sleep but I start to ruminate many things, and I twist and turn there in bed until I, after all, pretty swiftly falls silent, still and asleep. I am not sure about what the clock says when I finally fell asleep, but I remember I checked my cellphone a final time just before 1 o’clock.

In any case, when I fall asleep, something strange starts to happen. I have a dream – a nightmarish one. I stand in the middle of some sort of derelict playground. Obviously, children’s playthings are here, but they are rusty and they look eerie for some specific reason I though cannot put to words. Beyond the playground, maybe a hundred meters behind it, there is a farm. A family live there. It is a troubled family; a father, a mother, some children and a giant, scary dog. Both parents are morbidly obese to the point of being surreally abhorrent to behold; disgusting, repugnant. What is disturbingly eerie about this dream is that it proceeds in some kind of slow-motion. I cannot move properly, or rather, every movement takes so much longer. I cannot run, only walk very slowly. I must drag myself along, and to speak, and to use my tongue as a carrier for words, that is a very troublesome and hard thing to do. For some reason, the tongue sticks in one’s throat; the words are formulated but when they slip out, they turn to indecipherable vociferations of sheer nonsense! And I remember that this horrible family had me in custody somehow; they, in some sense, were my superiors or even my own tyrannical mother and father!

The family carried with them a foul atmosphere. There was a kind of loathsomeness about them; some oozing evil around them like clouds of flies buzzing; some fog, some dense spiritual attachment to them I did not at all like. It felt like they plotted my misery, conspired against me and wanted bad things to happen to me – especially the father. What an atrocity of a man he was. Surely, he scared me profoundly, and his thick, fat body repulsed me to the core of my gut. And this dream seems to play out over multiple days. The time seems very drawn out and it feels, when I wake, as if I have been gone a long time. And fucking hell, just writing this now, as I just had this experience, is disturbing me. My spine trembles and the thought of what happened and I feel it still in my chest and in my head as I write this.

In any way – one day in the dream, I found myself walking down to the beach (the father had apparently decided we should). Because I am extremely uncomfortable in his presence I decide to walk ahead. I pick up my tempo and soon I am some meters ahead of him, even though everything runs so slowly.

Time itself stuck in thick honey! I hear his footsteps, though, come closer, and his ugly voice also, calling my name. I try to run as much as I possibly can, but it is rather impossible. Everything is sort of stuck in a great morass or some mud-flood or a puddle of viscous syrup and resin! When we have finally reached the beach, he starts talking to me. In some diabolical, nightmarish turn of events he starts fellating himself, still with his massively fat body vibrating, almost seizing in climax, with the perverse motions of his hands and face... and he proceeds to walk down to the ocean, while treating his own genitalia with something that looked like a very passionate act of fellatio. He falls on his back to the water, floats away while still sucking his own penis in an extremely grotesque and horrifying way I can not at all put to words. It is an experience no one will understand if not phenomenologically having been there. I was so afraid and so disrelished by the whole scene and my mind was full of distaste and strongest aversion for the way this “father” behaved, and how it all looked. It was a manifestation, a display of truly God-awful, revolting aesthetics. I decide to flee. I start running the very fastest I can – I just want to leave, leave, leave. I seem to awake from the dream as I run from the scene at the beach. Now the second phase of the experience starts, and I soon understand, that the first part was merely a precursor to the real terror. Very weird things start happening. I shiver at the merest thought of it. I wake up! I look at my alarm-clock: 06:09, it shows. I am still very scared. Something is wrong about it all.

I can hear my mother’s voice on the other side my bedroom door. What is she doing up? I try to look at the time again, but for some paranormal reason I cannot understand, I can’t muster to move. I cannot put motion to act. A feeling of panic beckons. I do not know the time but it feels so very strange that she would be awake at this hour; outside there is darkness and I do not think the world has woken up yet. But I am very confused – I simply do not know. It scares me, not knowing. I start reminiscing my dream and what I have been through over the last couple of hours, and I feel a sense of alarm, quite direly, but I cannot phenomenologically locate my anxieties. It is just wrong, this whole lot! I feel it in my bones and in my skin that I am still stuck in some dream-state or something else of that sort. Yet I am in my bed, in my room. And I can hear my mother outside my bedroom door. I cannot control my limbs the way a functioning human being should be able to. They are foggy somehow, and gelatinous, and stuck in some dreary dimension with different rules for time and space – that’s how it feels like. This is a frightening trepidation I feel, and I start worrying I have ultimately turned psychotic – possibly from the cocktail of cannabis and diphenhydramine (the over-the-counter sleep aid) I have been utilizing with some regularity. Somehow, I manage to rise from my bed and I go to the kitchen, where seemingly my mother is. I start talking to her, but she

is there and not there at the same time. It is one of those dream things that are, by psychological definition, inexplicable; unexplainable to others. What I feel right away is a quite ominous feeling from her, and I have always attached warm and kind features to her. This aura she is giving off is something entirely new for her. Everything happens very weirdly and I struggle to maintain some fragmentary understanding of my memories from this phase of the experience. It is hard, though, and most recollections fade away; I cannot remember whether I felt it was my mom there in the kitchen, or if it was something entirely other, but what I strongly realized was my ever presence in the dream-state and not in the “real world”. The slow-motion everything moved in was a harrowing thing for it reminded me of this prison and it reminded me altogether more that I have no clue how to exit it! I realize strongly that I have not woken up yet. I am stuck in the limbo, in dream purgatory. I think I walk around a bit in our apartment, and I am scared. I remember that, the darker a room got, to the larger extent I had trouble separating what I felt as “reality” from what I felt as “dream” or even “wrong”. For example, when I gazed into the living room, I found myself almost falling asleep standing; the darkness of that room almost seduced me back to sleep. How many days I have spent in that living room! But this night, and in this state, it was not our living room. It was a portal to something I could not understand at all, not even in the slightest. What is interesting is that I have no idea if I am really walking around in our apartment at this point, or if everything actually happens in my head. The thoughts of psychosis are growing strong, the worries are burrowing like worms into my head. Suddenly I awake in cold sweat, scared out of my heart, slowly realizing I can move ordinarily. Everything feels again like “life” and I succumb to a feeling of great, great relief. I start to smile and even to laugh at the sheer absurdity of what I have been through. I slowly realize that this whole ordeal I have experienced as a nightmare playing itself out over 4, 5, 6 days and nights, happened in my head somewhere between ca 01:00 and ca 05:50.

## **MEN HAVE DIED OF LESS**

i regret and i will cry. we shall both suffer:  
i from tearing—you from being torn.  
i attack everything i want with my words,  
nothing is safe nor holy. this is what i have  
become—a failing system of emotion,  
the purity of contradiction and irreconcilability...

*fuck you*—cringing, cowering victim with your tears and false innocence!

i cleanse in expiatory holocaust the human family,  
whose commitment to utopian idealism is so mediocre and unimpressive to me,  
even though i partake with ardor in their rituals  
and i sob with my own breaches of its code of empathy.

call it my Achillean heal... i contemplate these agonies—  
and I rend this palpitating flesh with the bull's pizzle before I return to denial!

i strike it with determination, it ought to last into the sempiternity of it all—  
a definite scratch on the astral body of being...

*(some scars last forever)*

when i am all done and when the blood of children wet my hands  
i will turn this dagger towards myself—i will die of resignation  
through a personal victory of cynicism, rancor and abjection—

*men have died of less*

## **IT SEEMS TO ME IMPOSSIBLE...**

it seems to me impossible to refute the mythological substrate and the fundamental metaphysics of Judeo-Christianity once you understand it properly. however, it is possible to refute some of its ethics even if you understand it properly. and it is from this insight i take the next step in the direction towards my redemption.

## **THE PASSIVE-HEDONISTIC REJECTION OF GOD**

elude, endure or seek to overthrow or overpower  
the ever-beckoning escapism of self,  
how it calls, summons, and strikes the clangor;  
the weak minds orientate towards heavy, loud noise !

resist, prolong the surrender to pantheistic absorption  
and the evacuation of existential agency – it is a spiritual capitulation total



but it is a bug that we cannot squash ! and it lives on yonder  
out there in the wilderness as well as in here,  
a universal human fungus :

under rugged carpets,  
in the hollow, gnawed-out walls,  
in our bed-sheets disgustingly  
and as rootless parasites in our mind...

you must recognize the chasm  
between yourself and God  
as if two great mountains separated by an unassailable eternity,  
but between whom you could be a tightrope, the tightest rope...

but it is a Wrestling with God...

you must recognize that chasm  
before you can even begin your work  
of washing away the sins  
which clove that ground and separated those mountains in the first place

human – you clove that ground !

human – you clove it solely through the cursed virtue of birth !

my message reaches out  
to sinners of all faiths  
of all creeds and denominations  
to shed skin, to evolve, to leave the pupa

we are all like insects trembling, scattering, swarming  
upon the cadaver in the red hot sun; reaching for, clawing for  
something Divine, something Teleological, something Absolute  
or something Terrible – four faces of the same mystical force,  
we may call it God

we have become the bug we earlier merely could not squash

and what then is this bug that we failed to squash ?

we call it

the virulent promulgation  
of unhinged self-appraisal  
and the passive-hedonistic rejection  
of the one Holy God !

and now it has become so ingrained,  
we just call it by the name, modernity...

## **A THOUGHT GLAZED IN TRAMADOL HYDROCHLORIDE**

is the purpose of entertainment  
to simply interrupt the reality  
between the person and the world ?

and is the purpose of religion  
to further the divide between them ?

is the purpose of fiction  
to combat the loneliness  
between the person and the world,  
and the purpose of true art –  
to radicalize that very loneliness ?

## **TO PHILOSOPHIZE WITH THE AK-47**

Life is a palindrome and as you hit your peak, you start to regress and you start to die—warm, fizzy, cozy thought, is it not nice? Perhaps you belong to the type of people who could believe that they are the unstoppable one, the unconquerable one, the mountain-climber having ascended to the top of everything that has ever had a top, with arms raised in victorious exhibitions of personal triumph... perhaps these folks can believe this, hard as it seems. But I, for sure could not, for the longest time. If you reach your peak, you will also reach an unambitious wooden door – of future, inescapable decline! In this sense, not much will matter. The law of entropy burns everything to ashes and is omni-compassing. But perhaps you will not even notice the door in its obscure and shy modesty? Perhaps your self-affirmation over being a fucking winner will be too strong for you to disconnect from. Well, either way, the door will be there and you shall enter it – that is but a matter of time. As you realize

this and as it opens awide, the emanations out of it shall shake the spiritual constituents of you: doubt, hopelessness and nihilistic hedonism will be only three of the thousand-fold terrors on the other side of this threshold: you shall need to lie down, you will feel shaken – pigs rest a lot, it is okay, don't worry about it. But nevertheless, you shall die. You are given birth to and you are given death to – but in between, you can be like a God.

At least almost. Don't you understand that?

Everything is up to you and to no other person. Every excuse is an excuse and nothing else. The Lord does not care about you (although the Lord exists; make no mistake about that). Your dreams of Divine providence are more Freudian than spiritual, in nature.

Your own ignorance, the crown idolatry...

You may well keep on weltering in the dirt of your nakedness, intermittent in your bloated and sullen repose, shame-filled and self-loathsome...I hope you are happy now, as you roil about porcinely with your wretched kin in your sex and food orgies while I and my kin maintain the steady course across a hundred storming seas in search of glory and God!

I shall persist across these waters, and I aspire to iron discipline! And I shall beat this tormentous scurvy (my teeth fall like September towers!), and I shall continue with pace to cut across the oceans of the world... and when I reach my coast, I will find the trail I shall embark upon inland. The emerald scimitar of the dragon, the best of friends, firm in the scabbard on my left, and the unfiltered alcohols of the warrior-poet bottled in the found flask of an old shipwreck hang to my right. I have laid with Comandanta Ramona, beautiful woman; I have admired her body in the light of the Chiapa sun! I have slept with a goddess and I no longer take any prisoners – fuck your quiescency, your serenity, your passivity: this blade is sharper and hornier than even the Devil's tongue which I often dance upon with abandon! The noble *daimon* by my side, I have cohorts: madness, spiritual intifada!

Heed my strengths I shall, and hearken my weaknesses I do... believe it... I am no self-praising fool, like all of you. Through my ability to swell my ego in a blowfish-like manner, I am the enemy of the smallest of needles, how they can burst my beautiful bubble... I cling my sword in victory, raise my glass in the successes of bloody battles and I pay prostitutes with the bounty of pillaged gold... and pleasuresome as it is to me, now harlots and sellers of lewd company walk streets embellished with the luxurious jewelries of blue-blooded duchesses, and I have granted them the dignity of kingly courts with the touch of my steel-bearing hand! – shall not the woman as archetype stand on the holy

pedestal erected by the beaten hands of godless thralls, given that she is the daughter of the Divine?

*Today I drink the blood of Eve!*

*I smear the menses of Holy Roman empresses as war paint on my face!*

## THE SATI WIDOWS

Remember always that your soil is yours—you may fail, you may succeed—but it is yours nevertheless. Surely, the murder of oneself is surely just another means of harvest... the reaping of yet another human life! A few people care about for some time but then time swallows it and that's that.

The reaping, threshing and winnowing of this vast soil will be useless in the absence of an absolutely godlike effort, and this insight alone begs the question of the worthiness of it all, and it puts on trial even the very notion of an intrinsic honorability to existence we have been fed with the milk of a mothers' love.

Scorch the earth and your dying fields with lightning and with pesticides. Strike the mills and the guilds of workers with the furor of an aggressive and despondent tyrant, and let loose the livestock to graze, mate, and walk about freely in the shadowlands of the world. Let them be amongst the werewolves, the frowned lepers, the limp freaks of the thorn-lands and the vengeful spirits of dark-woods—ravenous, and as fierce as love. The fields are abundant with rye, and every straw is as sad as children.

The crops sing like sati widows the most depressive tune of all, and the rotting forage bear witness to the coming of hoarfrost holocaust.

\* \* \*

Sati – in Sanskrit, सती – is a Hindu funerary custom which, although now banned by authorities and fallen into social and cultural obsolescence, is rooted as far back as at least the 4th century CE and probably even further back. In the Sati ceremony, a recently widowed woman would immolate herself in the flames of the funeral pyre of her deceased husband. Even though the practice has become outdated, a rather famous modern case would be that of Roop Kanwar, an 18-year-old woman from Rajasthan, India, who immolated herself in a Sati ritual following the death of her husband in 1987.

# EBIH, THE GREAT MOUNTAIN

During the time of the Sargonic Dynasty of Akkad, in and around the 23rd century B. C., En'heduanna, the great religious poetess and high priestess, had Inanna proclaim:

*"When I, the goddess, was walking around in heaven, walking around on earth, when I, Inana, was walking around in heaven, walking around on earth, when I was walking around in Elam and Subir, when I was walking around in the Lulubi mountains, when I turned towards the centre of the mountains, as I, the goddess, approached the mountain it showed me no respect, as I, Innana, approached the mountain it showed me no respect, as I approached the mountain range of Ebih it showed me no respect".*

Furthermore, in some rather obscure pieces of Sumerian sacred literature, and especially in a poem called "Inanna and Ebih" (also known to some scholarly circles by the title "Goddess of the Fearsome Divine Powers"), Ebih is a great and vast mountain, or even a mountain-range, possibly located in, or constituting the whole of, the Zagros mountains. In the poem, En'heduanna describes Inanna's confrontation with Ebih: the goddess journeys all over the entire world in pursuit of the mythic mountain, until she, after tormentous strife and ordeal, comes across the great and silent mount. She becomes infuriated with the mountain and she considers its very existence an outright insult to her own divine authority. She scolds Ebih with an arrogant and offensive harang, criticizing Ebih for not having proper contact with and insight to the world of the humans down on the ground. Inanna then petitions to the God of Heaven, An, to allow the destruction of the mountain, but An warns her not to attack the mountain—a warning she proceeds to naively ignore, inflicting an attack on Ebih so ruthless as to make it fall and crumble to gravel.

I think of Ebih as a mythologem of sempiternity and primordality. But the Ebih myth also speaks of the indifference and aloof nature of the human existential conditioning. This arouses the passionate and violent Inanna. However, Ebih is not bothered to muster a response to Inanna's agitated lamentations: the mountain ever stands—cold, bleak, tough—like life.

Ebih is that which is unbothered by all human happenings and it is the mountain which stood at the very first day and stands today... and it is the mountain that will stand tomorrow and even beyond the end of the world. Ebih becomes, to me, a symbol of the great metaphysical absurdity out of which everything rises into posture and shapes into form.

Human life is always lived in the shadow of Ebih, the harsh and unaffected monolith of the primordial. It is the symbol of the irrelevance of human life in the face of nature and cosmos, our perishability and the cold and mechanical perpetuity of everything around us... Ebih symbolizes the wholeness of mystery around the seed of culture, which over time nurtures it and makes it grow. What it is, we cannot know, but we can know that it makes the flower grow out of the soil and into the air of this world... in principle, humans follow this pattern as well, and we are too rooted down below, in the mountain's hard undergrowth and in the subterranean tunnels of thick, fossorial quietude running like veins of the finger in every direction...

Down in the dungeons of holy Ebih we form: its natural oubliettes of wet rock are the chambers of our birth, and swarming all around its entrances like buzzing clouds of fireflies are the passions we feel in our deep hearts, those which are bridges or like the strung piano wire between Ebih and the summits of her sister-mountains, upon which courageous line-dancers walk their elegant promenades with dire arrogance!

For beneath these dare-devils there is nothing... and it is through this nothingness us ordinary folks must navigate in order to find the entrances to Ebih...

\* \* \*

The unhappy person is sometimes prone to smile in public as a mechanism of defense, as is the socially anxious to some degree. And he who feels outright fear, and also inferiority, in the company of other human beings, in my experience, is prone to adopting some look of spite or anger as to defend him- or herself... as to affirm him- or herself in Hell—the hell of crowds! This echoes Sartre's poignant statement; *hell is other people*.

These, the personas and the shallow social deceptions, are human tendencies—but they mirrored with, and complementary to, the countenance of the very earth upon which we have built our worlds. The earth is often calm with repose and seeming serenity, as can a human be, but the human has a face of flesh and sinew, while the earth has a face of mountains, of stern and solid rock and myriad soil and farthest ocean—but something burns red-hot and scolding beneath this world... and sometimes, something awful makes itself present from the beneath! The lesser gods and Marduk himself called her by the mythical name, Tiamat. I do too.

She sends uproarious tsunamis and sets aspark the wrath of Scylla and Charybdis with their maelstroms and sub-aquarian volcanoes spewing spit and foam from the depths!

I curse – or rather, adore in terror—this magnificent deity of the depths, whose spit and foam vaporizes when hitting the surface as to abscond like the mockery of fire-demons, and as to laugh in silence in heinous accord with the toothless mouths of viperfish, for they sing psalms of tremendous beauty, and the ocean is a great paradox!

As a compensation for being so God-damned ugly, they sing psalms of tremendous beauty!

And they vibrate with the profound baritone of the she-dragon herself, which lubricates their fish-vaginas so as to become dripping with the secrete of slimy, spineless desires...

There is a whirling of all kinds of bottom-feeders around the hoof of the sleeping one, the mighty one, which performs oracular missions, guard ships and operations of spiritual reconnaissance amongst the gods in the sky and amongst men as well... some men may become a lucky leaf in the strong wind of life, and some may only hear of Tiamat in the distance, or in some horror story or as a mechanism of terror in their deepest and most cavernous nightmares. Seduced by religious propaganda as to never breach existential virginity! But we know also that some people live a whole life eye-to-eye locked with the burning face of the serpent itself.

Life is surely unfair, and I think life is a design for the one willing to grapple with unfairness: for example, where I have lived, where I come from, it has been very calm. The surface of Tiamat's ocean—we call her Jörmundgandr here—has been merciful and peaceful, and, given this climatological composition of my surroundings and the circumstances of my upbringing, it has lead men in my social and cultural milieu to uncare her, make dull their stance toward her, even forget her! If they saw her, they would smile politely! They would not understand, it is to fearsomely awe, they should! But I know that it is a mistake to entrust a dragon of the absolute bottom with but a smile... I know this, for I have felt the naivety of seduction, the she-dragon shifting shape into a most beautiful woman...

I have always asked: what gurgles forth, as if sulphur and child's bone in the cauldron of the witch, from the vast waters? What is it that she sings, these words and noises spat from the larynx of deepest sea graves? What is her wisdom as she lies there, right there on the bottom, this Holy fleshly monolith slumbering on the icy floor of the very depth which outdeeps all other depths? There is something which displaces the tectonic plates on the bottom—is it Tiamat in her disturbed hibernation, trembling the core of our earth by her reptilian and primordial movements? No one knows, but Ebih hides the secret: where Ebih ends, the other begins: Ebih slides into the ocean, and her mountainous feet is the dwelling cave Tiamat has chiseled for herself out of the mighty and watery rock: Ebih is the foundation of the earth, and it is the

mountain which reaches all the way to the Gods in the heavens too—but no mountain may outreach man's vain pursuit for holy canonization without, as well, outreaching man abyssward, into the Irkallian continuum we sprout in every direction like a carrion flower bent to repulse the whole universe. Death-lit passageways and ancient sea-labyrinths, nefarious burrows and twisted, damp catacombs of ore and gold are slithering like snakes.

They reach in every direction down here at the base of the mountain, and it is this ore and this gold which men seek and continue to seek... but as shovels cling and hoes crack to the sound of brothers brawling up there on the surface, with the gold being *present only in its absence* on the outer and higher layers of Ebih, the hands of hopeless miners discolor with the soil and dirt from their tunnel-digging, as if termites in honor of some glorious queen or like rabid dogs cured from their bestial curse, paradoxically, in their hunt for water... and they continue and continue evermore in search for their gold-veins, the treasure of Ebih, the great mountain!

And really, what else can a man become, but anxious a seeker of gold?

Their tongues parch by the second with the miasmal salt of abjection, the salt of the earth's core which oozes from the heart of rock and fire below the crust, down therefrom the flaming and magmatic center...

Ebih amazes with her scenic beauty and instills the passion of amazement while Tiamat paralyzes with the depersonalizing dread of schizophrenic exponential escalation, and, being confronted with these both forces, their subjects here on earth, us humans, soil ourselves on the mud-stomped floors of our huts upon hearing of it! Crawled up we are, in foetal positions like humble, tearing babies, and words run out in lumps of mucus over the bibs of existence hanging around our necks, having been hung around our necks as if ordered, as yokes of shame or even as yokes of indifference and shamelessness... or maybe they feel absolutely both, coupled as if tethered in a paradox-hell of emotion, Kerberos of fear, confusion and angst...

Yes, the passions we feel when everything at its most bright, and the actions they drive us to commit in the wake of them, conscripts us into the legion of men: wealthy, ordinary, average men; ecumenically accursed men alongside hideous, beautiful women, many rows of them... as many as one could count, and in every direction: men and women, a cyclone of averageness which is a bitter and amotivational repulsion to the ascendants and observants of these human hierarchies... and within these pyramids of humanity walks as well our happy and abused children, and, fearing the closed fist from the below, they beg instead for the open palm from the above... we are all *żołnierze wyklęci*, and we become this Legion for we are many. And as a legion we march, solidaire with each-other and bonded together with our *Malheur* as our only common



denominator but drawn asunder and each one of us from the very center which defines us...

I ask: what is clawing us, dragging us to each extreme, tearing us from the epicentral pulse of everything ecumenically human? God responds: our passions! We die in honor of them, or in resignation of them, on our feet or on our knees, on mountain-tops or in rat-infested sewers, and we indeed try to imbue our passions into the physical reality as to materialize them, make them real... it is the kindling of our very special and personal candle... and we try to sculpt them from the clay of our own *thrownness* (in a Heideggerian sense). We try to drag them from the abyss, out therefrom, as if saving drowning children from the river-flood, and sometimes we do so regrettably and with the naivety of a spiritual pacifist; sometimes not!

For sometimes what our drogues gather from the depths and what our fisher's net present to us, are things we unknowingly wished to stay right on the bottom of the depths forever...

The deep is scary, for life is an abyss of moral non-origin, in the absolute sense, a void which is original to all origins of coded morality. Therefore, intrinsical morality becomes a vine rooted in value-emptiness, and this vine has grown only with the cultivation of human hands, for it is the hand of the human which tends it. It grows not only with the ground-waters and with the irrigation of nature, no: it is tended by our hands, the hands of man—the same hands which have clawed and clustered on the walls of the Ebih-mountain to the responding alarm of an acute and brutal silence...

Dare you enter the queen of stone, she who slept through the age of centuries in her blessed, sound repose? The goddess in eternity, steadfast through the rolling of the great sun and through the *Fimbulian* wintery cosmos alike? And did she not remain silent in this mythic sleep of sempiternity? And! She remains silent... she has remained silent. While all the miners and explorers and the speleologists and amateur spelunkers screamed until their lungs collapsed under heavy boulder and rock, and even afterwards, when only the ghastly cacophony of haunted tragic memories misted along the mountain-sides, she remained silent. All the climbers of the east side who fell out of arrogance, they got no answer. The climbers of the south-side who fell because of greed, Ebih did not care for a lament. All of the ones on the north-side, who fell out of folly— Ebih rather giggled. And the ones to the side of the west, falling to the soil of the earth with the impact of an asteroid as if made of flesh, breaking to the ground-rock in an explosion of brutal defeat and pinkish slabs of viscera cascading brutally? Ebih sighed in boredom and went asleep! – Ebih has been around

forever, and Ebih sees all, for it is the mountain which reaches heaven, and which is rooted on the bottom of all other bottoms. Ebih is eternal; she has seen all and she has gotten tired of it; by the time the Batak massacre happened, she started to question her own interest in our human violence; when Nanjing happened, she got even more self-aware. When Kristallnacht, and Katyn, and Babi Yar and then even the psychologically impenetrable horrors of Auschwitz and Treblinka came around, she began to become cynical, pessimistic, sad; trepidated by the nature of the humans, and she started to distract and preoccupy herself rather with people who showcased different talents than in the Mephistophelean and grisly art of malevolence... and by the time My Lai, Halabja and Srebrenica rolled over the threshold she had become so distraught by the human capacity of anti-empathy as to alienate from them in bitter spite and foresworn those who carried the horrors out... and by the act of doing so, she did not longer weep for the humans, nor much care at all... and so the ghosts of all the men who had fallen from the mountain-sides lamented even harder, because now they had gotten their receipt for hopelessness, a slap across the face from Mother herself... what an abrupt end to a purgatorium eternal but in ever failure! And at the realization of her cold aloofness, they wailed spectrally like funereal children! And the crime of their downfall? Love. Yes. Simple, pure love. They fell from the mountain out of brotherly love – that was their culpability – but what about love is a crime? *It depends*. If you view the world as being fundamentally constituted by (some kind of) Law as the highest common denominator, then surely love is a breach of this law, a crime. Many takes on this view of the world, a world as an arena of fair and judicial law governed by the *something-which-orders*; an ecumenical and universal foundation to right and wrong, basically... and if there is surely such a law, and a correct and harmonious frequency to everything, just it becomes found and calibrated, where everything lies or at least *should* lie, what then is a crime if not the felony that every passionate man has raging in his heart! Which is to say: to act a crime against the law (law being the indisputable and unalterable governance of everything material and preternatural by the *something-which-orders*) is to love without restriction nor regulation and it is precisely the sum of all this unhinged passion that is gnawing and clawing holes in the raft of law out there alone on the watery wastes, attacking that unstable thing with rancor, how it tumbles around out there by the rugged shores of existence, scraping against the cliff and stone! All around it is the ocean of eternity, cold as ice, silent but roaring... like an angry autistic child: screaming but never responding!

The raft lives a hazardous life: the coasts are treacherous and all over there are stones and rock sticking out from the surface, and the lighthouses have been ruinous for centuries now... but while as we count on the raft for our sustenance

and survival, we count likewise on its destruction, and parts of us anticipates it, indeed for the sake of our own independence, but we may nonetheless hope that we shall mature first so that we may endure the freezing water, and during the meantime while we wait for final day, may the fierce beast of the water never take us down, we pray! It is however a hopeless prayer, at least in terms of sheer practicality, for indeed no-one will answer, but maybe it can have a soothing effect on us in spite of this, lest we become too rational and stiff in the way of our minds: no, prayers are left unanswered, but I am not sure that being answered to is the point of praying in the first place, for the esoteric dimensions to authentic prayer are richer and deeper than that. Perhaps Mother Avila may teach us the proper way so that we may persist through our curses and afflictions this long and weary night.

The raft floats on.

Lines 49 to 52 of "Inanna and Ebih": *"Like a city which An has cursed, may it never be restored. Like a city at which Enlil has frowned, may it never again lift its neck up. May the mountain tremble when I approach. May Ebih give me honor and praise me."*

\* \* \*

That which is described as being paradisaical in nature carries within itself the genome of slow but sure perdition, for it is by mythic law a precise vehicle of this very perdition from which it tries to self-purge. Within every spark of beauty lurks ugliness in the color and contour. Within every walled garden slither something serpentine, and nothing is beyond the bounds of entropic dissolution, not on this earth nor in the aether around it... and not in this soil nor in the aureole which makes it come to life! And it is a very basic constituent of the paradisaical, which recurs everywhere as if bacteria in every abstraction and in every concept, this agent of purgation and tempestuous transformation, we call it entropy: as if a strain of venom in every stream of blood, carrying within its flowing the plasma of damnation which corrupts the glucose and the blood-cells into decrepitude and sows therein the seed of its own demise: yes, *perfection fails always*, and life dies every die a thousand times! And gardens rot, ... but! Art is eternal. And art is as if a centre within the evanescent impermanence of the nothingness around it, which changes endlessly.

Everything changes meaninglessly unless you put meaning, art, in there, and yes, my meaning is the light I kindle right afront of me: yes, as if a viperfish, I have kindled my own light, it dingles right in front of me, and it is HOLY even though bystanders scoff it somehow as unreal, because they do not understand

it, and they struggle with grasping the violent subjectivity of it: some by sheer spiritual insufficiency, some with a nescient and frightful ignorance, and on these very grounds they discard it, repudiate it as a shallow self-importance... What was the garden for Adam but not a world of self-importance? What is paradise but a projection of Freudian fantasies? In paradise there are as many lights as one can count, and all the fair botany shines in its splendor, all the cornucopias of heaven abounds in illumination – nothing drowns in darkness, yet there is a darkness, but it has adapted to the light of clueless humans as if a microbe having grown to resist antibiotics due to careless and lenient abuse... the parasites, the filthy worms and the unpure pathogens of the apocalypse have adapted through the centuries to bite and infest the lowest hanging fruits in paradisaical utopia, for they have indeed overcome the barrier of antibiotics, now the fruits of Eden are no longer fruits of knowledge; fruits of life and death, but of cowardice, of opportunism, of anti-heroism, of hedonistic ignorance and of victimage credentialism! Corruptions of the soul...

Yes, where one suppresses oneself, there is tyranny present, a tyranny stronger than the collected sum of tyranny all genocidal totalitarianisms ever could ecumenically muster, for the only thing these totalitarianisms can offer, which I can example by Islam, by fascism, by communism, by egalitarianism or any other absolute schemata of morality and purpose, is conformity. But I say: to remain oneself within a world that is constantly trying to make you into something that you are really not, is the highest virtue of mankind, it is the ethos of the warrior hero, the valor of art and poetry, and I let it be known that every hero knows that conformity is but a pathetic mimicry of genius, and that politics is but a failure of self-governance; and they indeed know that ideologies are mere depravations of philosophy, and that normativity is only some failed imitation of heroism - and paradise... that dying utopia of fools... over there they say: you do not need your own light, we can share ours! But no, I insist, I shall need my own. What is subjective light if not the only light by which I may outline the hideous one? And what is not subjective light but the very torch with which I may discern the contours of the beast rearing in the shadows? For me, there is yet a darkness, it has not coalesced with light as has happened within paradise... and I want there to be a darkness. But they heed not.

They engage me: what is your sole light amidst a billion others, they say. I say, it is everything, precisely because it is subjective, and it is with this subjectivity I stake my path of heroes through all the material and ecumenical truths swallowing like quagmires whole battalions on the existential frontlines! Your shared light grow like weeds or thistles around my feet, slithering like vines of anonymity around my ankles, paralyzing my bodily system with the nervous toxic agent, rendering my mobility useless, lest I move and move about with every second, lest I jump up and down as to stretch my tendons and loins as to

not get blinded by the radiance of common light, as to not grow stuck in the maroon swamp of its indifference, the one colored by the ochre of all life and living and with the blackness of all death and dying...

I ask myself, what is the most suffersome of all perditions, if not paradise itself... how it shimmers and glistens like a mirage in the distance and on the horizon with its sacrosanct plenty, with its faux abundance, with its hallowed promises! Promises who gleam golden when uttered, ideated, dreamt of and envisaged, but has slowly but steadily turned to muck and dirt by the hour of morose and final expiation, when the day of reckoning stands by the door, knocking heavily as if it is Janus himself wishing to enter! Whom is the blessed - the crown prince of paradise or the pilgrim everward seeking it? Yes, blessed be the wanderer finding paradise at the very end of roads and cursed in malignance be the prince who calls nothing but the comfort and eternity of it a home.

I believe the human being is only free insofar as we nurture the freedom by which we define ourselves. Leave it to the machinery of democracy and even thereout it will be snatched, as if a beautiful pearl from a dying mollusk! It makes me think of the Scorpion and the Frog, the powerful fable. I will describe it, a rough re-telling of what I think is its central idea: A scorpion asks a frog to carry it across a river, but the frog is hesitant and fearing for his life, naturally afraid of being stung by the scorpion. The scorpion cleverly argues with the frog that if it did indeed sting the frog, they would both drown. Considering the apparent solidity of the scorpion's argument, the frog agrees hesitantly but with a kind humility. Midway across the river and to the very dismay of the frog, the scorpion indeed smites the frog with its poisonous barb, dooming them both to the death of drowning. Despairingly, in the last minute, the frog asks the scorpion why it would do such a thing, whereupon the scorpion replies cynically that it is simply in its nature to do so, and that nothing else but the statement of this profound fact could be said about the scorpion's behavior. It just *is what it is*.

And what do I want to say with this? Well, man is no more than the freedom heavy enough to cram him down, as if a huge boulder, to the ground, to the sediment of his primordial origin. Democracy is a frog; human nature is a scorpion. But lo, for man may tamper with his natures, while as, as to the extent we can know of such a thing, the scorpion may not. Man can assume the posture of a scorpion, we too can weaponize its venoms as for utility in combat, and we too can deceive and stab backs and sink our ship of kindness – out of foulness and nothing but foulness!

With the strength of heroism, may man become the modern Girtablilu? And by that time, why do we even need the frog? The heroic Girtablilu traverses every river as he pleases! And by the grace of his heroism, no frog shall thereafter be required for any river-passing! Mighty scorpion-man Girtablilu! But there is

one thing he does not, however, do, and that is taking his powers for granted, for he is surely a powerful synergy of man and beast. But not even a scorpion-man is without enemies... if they are not leering behind their backs as he sleeps, then surely, they are nesting within the inmost dens of his own heart! The hero believing to be complete in his development is the hero caught in the morassy malaise of the maddest faith, a faith of failure ultimate!

*And art.* What is art if not a mockery of this paradise, the artwork of a single human life carved *in situ* from the rock and dirt of existence! Art—the accumulation of the finest human efforts, there are three of them: to create beauty, to identify it when one sees it, and to remain from resentfully—or carelessly—destroying it upon the realization that it cannot be understood with reason! Reason and art are at each-others throat all the time, like two combating primates, or like vultures and hyenas fending each-other off over the rotting cadaver on a savannah... and the human being is a riddance between these pliers of art and reason, as if mere navel-dust. However, ultimately, there is only Truth— the *ne plus ultra* of human utopianism! And what does indeed this utopianism mean for the individual, but a curse? It is a dirty helminth in the brilliant body of the True God!

Your utopia is corrupt by definition, and it is inimical and hostile to the essential spirit of art; it is leprous to the marrow of art... the great transformative artwork! Is it not the final and absolute peril of man? For art is abridging summits of hope and beauty, it must not become a bridge of trepidating and hopeless sighs...

Indeed, the planning and the drafting must fall not into the hands of fools, and the hammers and the spackling knives must fall not into the hands of cripples... Art is the bridge above the gorge, its mouth of silent, echoing cacophony...

Art is the soteriology of existential absurdity, which means to say: art distills meaningless defaulted life into a fine and old wine, a wine of value. I make my life a piece of art, I grapple with life, I meditate on entropy; I kiss the white cranium of death. I lick the lung-wound of Christ and I suck my oxygen out therefrom, and all the while, the white-robed ones sit on fluffy clouds in the heavens, eating perfect grapes, fingering perfect harps, esteeming the aesthetics of tedium, and taking meaninglessness for granted as salvation... what does grappling with absurdity mean to the people down on earth, and what does it mean to me? And the ones sucking wine from the nipples of the naked and innocent cherubim – what does it mean to them!? And what did it mean to Christ? The acceptance of personal mortality precedes always any tolerance for human existential conditioning, for the very moment of this realization is the phenomenological *eureka*-moment of existence, a moment of surging wakeness and of yet another puzzle-piece of clarity – and it is for this reason that I have cut myself open with tired knives... and that is why I spat cursed poison in Saint

Peter's face when he welcomed me! And it is for this reason I have pondered the act of total suicide! Romanticized it. I think I deserve to suffer. And that is what Saint Peter cursed me with, as I left paradise, my personal *Casus Luciferi*... He said to me: "Now you may die and now you may suffer"! And I said to him: yes indeed, fool – don't you understand that it is the very point and meaning of my departure?!

Lines 116 through 126: *"It has poured fearsome terror on the abodes of the gods. It has spread fear among the holy dwellings of the Anuna deities. It has poured its terror and ferocity over this land. It has poured the mountain range's radiance and fear over all the lands. Its arrogance extends grandly to the centre of heaven. Fruit hangs in its flourishing gardens and luxuriance spreads forth. Its magnificent trees are themselves a source of wonder to the roots of heaven. In Ebih ..... lions are abundant under the canopy of trees and bright branches. It makes wild rams and stags freely abundant. It stands wild bulls in flourishing grass. Deer couple among the cypress trees of the mountain range."*

Is life astronomically rare, and should we therefore, as a matter of the principle of rarity in occurrence, care more for it? We can decide for ourselves, but in my heart, life by default seems overrated. Well... the proposed sacrality of it seems so at least, and in this proposed sacrality there is something which makes me want to belch! And as a measure of bitterly assured hostility, I rip the virginal cloth from its face, the cloth which veils it with the shroud of embroidered and beautified dread... and beneath it reveals to me a dead body, for life is a corpse dolled-up for funeral... Beautify that ugliness and see how long the surface holds before it will crack like the tendons of an old ballerina!!! By tomorrow it will crack and peel, believe that. All dies, everything falls into death; horror to some, relief to others. Life is weird, and one may conceptualize biological life as a rarity *in extremis*, the odds of the cultivation of sentience and organic life being, in presumption, unfathomably rare, astronomically small –but does not rarity, the practical happening of it, exist in inevitability given it has as much time and space needed in order to cultivate it, trigger in it a response? Yes, if you have enough space and time to allow for it, rarity becomes certainty... in fact, all kinds of rarities are bound to happen, if they become enclosed in eternal and endlessly proliferating circumstance: given enough space and time, everything grows, everything happens. What some see as rare, I see as inevitable. We are inevitable, as inevitable as we are rare—we had enough space, we had enough time—we happened. And this, my reader, is the living pulse of existentialism—the philosophy which puts a dagger to the back of all other ones! Are you burning purposelessly *ad infinitum*, *Darvaza*-like? Or are you more of a piece of blackened coal?

Predatory eyes leer in the dark night of the soul, in the dense forests and the aura of primeval mists... and in the centre of it rises Great Ebih... the sempiternity of stars in the sky is glowing with the lustre of something mysterious, and I can see the fire tumbling in the steppes of this sky, how it is mighty and vast beyond fantasy, and the fire heats and burns slowly my skin... the frame to this scenery, of the mountain, is the frame of a divine mother, and the smell of deadwood is absconding like an aureole around her; the pillars of smoke around her rise like riots to the tranquility of whatever is above... the mountain ignites and illuminates with fire, and all is so beautiful and serene, but to approach Ebih is to approach the holy flame – and whom understands its origin, as to partake in its containment or cultivation? A perhaps even greater question though, is, who is drawn to the fire? Acquaint with the fire – maybe you should – for those who do not understand the roots of the fire, its properties; the intensity of the flame, the poisonousness of the smoke, the combustibility of its subject material, et cetera, will surely be devoured by it, and that is merely a matter of time... as with the cave-explorers and climbers: an ounce of arrogance... and you are stuck. "Forgive them Father, for they do not know what they do". No, you don't get to play that game. I know it is very alluring a shortcut or a route of retreat, for with the children of Abraham, life is considered an act of surrender and submission, and it is in this sense I cannot procure my passions to the systems of faith they have built around themselves and for themselves.

Lines 176 through 181: *"In my victory I rushed towards the mountain. In my victory I rushed towards Ebih, the mountain range. I went forward like a surging flood, and like rising water I overflowed the dam. I imposed my victory on the mountain. I imposed my victory on Ebih."*

## **SOME OLD ANGSTY TEENAGE STUFF**

Roots undo themselves like love never does  
in the disorderly sub-terrains of the world  
as the trees grow higher and weaker and older  
out of the ocean of the grounds' veins and dirt.  
The roots firm their grip on the cold of the earth  
ever tangling like two hearts in bondage—  
one for love, one for deceit, and with every breath the crown takes  
The bark shivers, the twigs cower like abused children,  
And every horizon it leaps forthwith through  
Is another scar on its picturesqueness:



the woodlands autumnal are mirrors to men;  
it is getting harsher, and colder, and darker,

the minutes seem like years lost in aeonic stasis  
sweeping slowly mist-like over caverns, cliffs and  
moors as the hours pass eerily like stupid faces on  
other sides of bus-windows: collapsed psyches pass  
through the portal as the stillness of the forests  
disrupt with the absurdity of being.

Even nature now crouch under fists of discourage  
And leaves fall in a moribund waving-goodbye to hope itself.  
The countenance of the greenest ocean became death  
And all the growth of life grew backwards along with all of culture  
And all our men and women walking with the barrel of a gun to the neck

## **A COLD PLACE**

The world is really not a cold dead place—it just seems like it because the people that are supposed to radiate the heat, they must be found, sought for, ventured for. As it is now, there are not enough people here radiating heat. I wonder where they are? — i will go about and find them so that i may not have to amputate out of existential hypothermia the feet i carry my body with and the hands with which i hold my staff of the magi and my sword of the warrior.

## **STD (SPIRITUALLY TRANSMITTED DOCTRINE)**

Hearken, lepers! the spiritually transmitted doctrine  
Of love, hate, peace, war, life and death, in fusion  
In fetters welded, apprehended, captured, locked in,  
Tucked soft like a changeling in the crib of confusion.  
Where's your hope? – in the furnace of life it is burning,  
Ashen, with your culture as Oswald Spengler concluded,  
Your utopian gospels and wet dreams and your yearning  
Cried by children igniphobic mouthing prayers deluded;

Plow patient your fields; you'll find your Nag Hammadi  
Treasures and chests under the throne of Great Athena

though the West's still alive, I smell the rot of its body  
And I scour in patience, hungry like the mother hyena;  
Perplexing like life, yet clear as a hindsight  
I unearth the apocalypse like Tell el-Muqayyar,  
Like an awkward social phobic caught in the limelight  
But trembling with true will and scolding like fire...

You are Iraq, you are Syria – I am the fury of ISIS  
Carrying AK-47's, planting IED's of ideas  
I am the randomness fated in the roll of the dices  
The paradoxical conclusion; the essence of Theos  
I am a Nietzsche and a horse in a yin-yang of nothing  
Sobbing over each other on the back streets of Turin;  
A child stillborn, arisen, leaving vacant its coffin  
Baptized with shit and anointed with urine!

Life's an HIV syringe, and Sartre was right;  
All humans are veins and I have gone lost in Bouville,  
**Hopelessness IntraVenous**, angst, a slow burning kite  
Against a backdrop of darkness, the horizon, nihil...  
Spiritually Transmitted Doctrine, egalitarian hate speeches  
Mixing like venom with the rancid blood that is seeping  
From the wound left by the bite of the bloodsucking leeches  
On the blemished skin of old Mother Europe weeping...

## **ETERNAL YEARS ON THE PATH TO THE BLACK TOWER OF NIHILISM**

I am a man of shroud and I wear my trinkets of alienation, not out of pride but out of necessity. I preach never, though I spread the bacteria of existentialism consciously. Otherwise, I wish not to speak to you, nor of you. You disturb frequencies you do not even understand nor recognize. Adieu, I will delay you no longer; it is not of my aspiration to do so. Let me not inspire in you any act of piety, courtesy or anything else of the sort... save me this, and I shall accumulate courage!

Leave decency at the door and I shall shake your hand. I do not want to be the influence of some falsely motivated virtuous transience! This is no sermon; no preaching; no passionate allocutions from the woodcut pulpits. No speech of

inspiration is it either! And nor do I intend to stir the glorious upsurge of transformative motivations in any of you...

I will say this: I scream only of individuality. That, and of the paroxysmal and sarcastic, eventual and total disruption of human society. That is my dogma which disarms and dismantles all other dogma, itself included. When you smile at me in the pettiest of compassions I cower like a dog, but when you spit before my step, I resume a mighty posture...

into the darkness of certain entropy.

## **I SHOULD KEEP QUIET ABOUT RELIGION**

We cannot tell anymore: not even the oracles are able to, nor are they willing to even try to discern this mystery, which is: do worthless people feel predominate shame or do they rather feel indifference as the prime emotion, when subjected undeniably to the cold aura of their own shadowry, and when forced to reflect as if under gun-threat to the face, the mirror of their own decadence?

The heart of the human, of the useless and of the heroic alike, is a heart of shining gold encapsulated, embedded in an awesome shell of rock, which is the mountain—a parasol to the light of sun... and it is surely a world of darkness in there, a world of silence down there under the cover, this spiritual panzer... and the only light bright enough to luminate through the panzer and into its thick blackness beneath is the light which emanates from the Divine, and if we pursue these intuitions of heroism ardently enough, which make themselves present as flashes of electrifying passions and meanings which we cannot delineate the nature of... if we follow them, we might find this Divine thing. I try and try, but the paradox is obvious and existentially in situ to me: how can one find the fire and warm oneself by the Divine flickering without having the light of it around one's own torch in the very perilous pursuit of finding it?

In the views of the average man, who seek religion just as much as the spectacular man, this paradox however, is not persuasive enough it seems... for it is a hoax of truth coated with sugar and honey and spat from the confession-booth of the almighty and ever-benevolent himself. The judgement is hard as diamond and the verdict is flammable like a heap of drierst chaff, but we carry to seek out the advice of the judge still, and we carry our cross Nazarene-like to the booth of confession every day—the paradox has been, or at least *is* by behavior, discarded. So, then: how is it that we may find God without being guided *by* Him, *to* Him? There is a silence about it. For this cause, I will not fall to my knees in sobbing genuflection, nor shall I pray for forgiveness—I need none but that from myself. I am afraid of submitting my soul to the mortal might

of some phantasmagoric effigy, so I make up mind instead to grapple only with truth where truth so can be found; may it be that it is a truth of a subjective niche, nearing and approximating a Kierkegaardian epistemology, but whatever it is, it shall be grappled with—I shall grapple with it nevertheless! I will find out how one finds God without burning off in the midst of God's fearsome aureole, like a small comet impacted with the atmospheric layers of the earth? A worthless insect to the fly strip! To be honest, and to, for but a second, leash the hyperbole: at least, *I really want to try*. Maybe I shall fall on some autumnal dawn like a crisp leaf to the hoarfrost ground and maybe I will come to the very end and exhaust my resources to desperate depletion on my merchant's route? Will I fail way before I am developed enough to reach the gate of the forgiving and jubilating embrace?

But alas, even if so, that is no excuse for me not to pursue it, and that is not a reason enough for me not to *pursue* the very *pursuit* of it—for this is the nature of all heroic nether-journeys: they have not known the end, it has been an known unknown for Herakles, and for Gilgamesh... the successful individual may not see the goal of his passion but may nevertheless be aflame by that passion itself, yes, despite this discordance with basic temperamental and behavioral tendencies... for it is up to each man to go against the nature which defines him. You think you know your path beforehand—you do not! Throw certainty and life-long happiness in the pile of thrash like a used condom or like an infected syringe of impure heroin; throw safety out the window, yes! Let safety become defenestrated as if the son of a mad and disappointed king throwing his heir-boy from the royal tower! For indeed the perils of the religious person are adventurous... a refusal and repudiation of safety and certainty it ought to be. I know not the end, but I know at least that there is something there to find, there at the end: yes, there is something out there, I can see what it is, in part, in my dreams and in my passions of the night: yes, where they flash like a light at the end of the tunnel—but the light at the end of the tunnel is not some holy Christ's embrace, some relief from all burdens and sufferings, some blissful orgiastic ecstasy, an endless state of peace—but a freight train speeding towards me! And it is not even honking the horn, tooting, slowing in, whatever, because it cannot see me, and even if it did, embedded therein the darkness of mountain tunnels, it would not care to stop the deafening engines...

The great shark is predating its accursed victims, it is what keeps it alive; likewise, the tunnel of this train is too feeding on its victims, for it is what drives it—and in this, it becomes a part of nature, the cyclical holocaust of nature, but this tunnel is like no other, because it connects the mundanely absurd with the awesomely insane. It connects the physical and the metaphysical: life is a conglomeration of the material and the transcendental—at least for human beings it is, I can tell from experience and spiritual empiricism, that the tunnel,

as if a language, a *lingua ignota*, is a mediator between material reality and the ever-morphing chasmata of abstraction which lies beyond like an enveloping mist, and it with this language, this hidden language, we try to reason with the absurd, converse with the mad, debate with the fanatic, grapple with the transcendence engulfing us...

## THE DARK KNIGHT OF THE SOUL

The exhortation to fight courageously is self-explanatory to the slave struggling in the arena of the festivals of ancient Rome, for they are but pawns of a divine game, and in the presence of God, in combat or in civility, you fight. The slave overcomes himself with the thirst for freedom, autonomy and justice (for such are the claims of the *übermensch*, and the slave *more often than not* dreams of emulating these claims). When this has been acquired properly, the slave runs the great risk of overcoming himself thence with the thirst to rule over men, a kind of megalomaniacal hunger that may be fostered in the silence of this newfound liberty takes root.

This is precisely when the slave becomes again a slave, having redefined himself observably and clearly futile to the power of corruption—a subordination like any other. If a man cannot confront the freedoms that he possesses, then he will not amount to much: no free man seeks or purports to seek the complete dominance over a fellow man: this is existential thralldom in itself, the irony, for these exhibitions of dominance are merely projections: the man who wishes to rule over men lusts after it in order to compensate for his own failure to rule over himself—a rule, which, in its complexity of constitution, can rarely be mustered and maintained:

are you a lazy, careless ruler? There will be a slave rebellion. Are you a despondent, malicious tyrant? ...there will be a slave rebellion!

It has been said over and over, and it echoes true: it is easier to reign a city than it is to reign yourself! It is easier to reign the collective with simplifications, generalizations and rationalizations, and it is the captive of this prison of the collective whose life tends to gravitate towards simplifications and solacing reductionisms: he is thirsty for belief, sure, but he clings not to the pursuit of it, with all his strength, even tries to... no, because he only can muster to dream about the wealth and pleasure that comes afterward—for he is a slave. I would expect the accomplished one to take greater care of his liberties, but by the same token, I expect from the rat-person and the swine-person the rallying for, and the rejoice over, the hollow compensation for belief which he has instead cultivated for themselves: they do so because the thirst for belief is parching... and absolutely the drought of doubt which provokes it might be quenched not

only with the sacred aquifers and the oases of the dunes, flowing with the water of freedom and the angst of meaninglessness, but, alas, as well with dirty, toxic energy-drinks of fast relief, of unhinged hedonia, of self-appraisal, of victimage credentialism... yes, this is my point, my truth: the person whose life tends to simplification is thirsty for belief, but no more than he is scared of it, because he do not know if he believes that there is something to even believe in! I propose: belief is the quark of fact acceptance—an epistemology on the brink of madness! And it clears the way for sadness of the heart, crisis of the spirit, and abjection of the soul... but nevertheless, also of great achievement, of peak experience, of dangerous art and the true heroism!

The person whose life tends to a pattern of slowly accumulative simplification wants to have both, but simply no person can have both: there is no happiness beyond compromise, beyond sacrifice, beyond hardship and beyond ardent, laborious work, but these people try to negotiate the terms of existence! What arrogance. You have neither resource, discipline nor charisma to do that. On the other hand—the person whose life evolves the pattern of advancement, of slow and steady mastery, of the unlocking of great and toilsome achievements and which, in doing so, perpetuates the promotion of an heroic ascension of the individual, with its awesome heights of experience and all of its tenebrous nether-journeys... yes, that person may truly know what life is, for when you have felt the breath of the dragon rousing the hairs on the back of your neck, you know, you just do—your path is empty and it is obvious... but praise though this dragon with offering because it can withdraw without forewarning. Yes, if I have anything to say to you, weird reader of this failed grimoire, it is simply: no, do not self-simplify across time... it is a spiritual pathology! Or rather: you may do so if you do not care about dying the death of the hero. Want victory? Never stop the relentless offensive, never dismantle the iron defensive, do not become encroached by a besieging army, never suffer involuntary humiliation—but do not complain to the world when it becomes hard, for the world will not care (it *should* not care!).

However, it would certainly be advisable to do so (that is, complaining) in the warmest company of your loved flock, which I have done many times myself, and I feel it in the gale and in the soil that I must again seek comfort and quietude in the warm hands of my companions in order to capitulate unto their very embrace – which has added already so much to my suffering! Their fingers touch the skin of me slowly, which breaks at impact, scratchingly like a rip in the coating of thin plastic, for these are the hands which tie the noose of the world to heaven's beam – yes, my verdict is death *by paradox*, because I love my flock, but they suffocate me—and the moment of this heavy announcement, my verdict, was a moment of a spiritual power-outage: in static noise my life enclosed on itself, and yes, it yawned too the thirst for belief! I am no more than

the leper or the beggar, because if society is home, then I am like them—homeless! There are too many answers out here, too many homes to visit...

Yes, I cannot, in fact *shall not* find an answer with anchorage in certainty, for I am a paradoxical character, and paradox is central to my philosophy; I try to solve the insoluble by calculating a moral science which rests on nothingness, and nothing but nothingness.

I try to plough my soil as to find the fossils and the bronze axes. I plough deep and my labor can only be concluded when all our terrestrial paradigm has lost their charm for good. It is indeed utilitous for the one bent on learning to escape the grasp of contemporary intellectual tyranny. The academy sucks you dry of true knowledge. Do you want to know yourself? Beat yourself. Crawl in the sweat of time through the slough of seconds, strike firm the door of the Samaritan and be advantageous and cunning with his whatever offerings—but do not forget your Thesean thread—for the catacombs of history are dark and perilous... and if you pursue these limestone pathways for long enough, you shall find, like me, the fossil and the brazen axe!

## TAKE YOUR IDEALS WITH YOU & LEAVE!!!

Are people even worthy of values and ideals if they are not ready to fight and die in defense of them? The highest ideals and values people hold, consciously or unconsciously, are, in practice and in effect, the gods of the people... or rather, they appear to be—the bizarre mimicry.

They function precisely as gods and people behave with them as to assume their holiness, consciously or unconsciously, and people genuflect afore them, and they cower like animals under the ivory cane of their judgements and implications...

*“God is love”*

*“God is peace”*

*“God is bliss” ...*

It is almost as if people invite them in personally, those spiritual *cymothoa exigua* which replaces disturbingly the tongues of our children, their bridges of words: it is almost as if people do not want to get rid of that gross thing which sucks the life out of the hidden language and leaves the word of God dying in the circle of a decomposing blood-letted rhetoric.

Transcendental reality—reduced to oblivion!

True numinous experience—a forgotten polaroid photograph left in a mountain of trash somewhere... somewhere in a midden of worlds lost in the space-time static of some distant future utopia!

## **THE SLAVES OF EXISTENCE**

The people of paradise are the slaves of paradise. But not even the slave can be morally pristine, pure of heart, even though the slave is a total victim. Who amongst us could ever have believed that the slave of all people would transmit his own sufferings onto the other, and in the same cruel and malevolent style as the perpetrators of his own diabolical torments had done? There is inherent a seed of willful submission in the constituency of man, and it is there to manage, to get a handle on, to face the catastrophe of our existential conditions... but do not weep the story until the ending has revealed itself, for therein is also a seed of heroism in incubation there. Man has the prerequisite of heroism in him, but if a man cannot confront its authority – be that an authority willfully submitted to or one tyrannically and reprehensibly imposed – he will not amount to much. It has been said that it is easier to reign a city than it is to reign yourself, and that seems to be as truthful as anything can possibly be. It is not the hero which yearns for authority but paradoxically it is the slave who does so, and this is a nature of man.

The slave cries out for freedom and for democracy, but not because the slave wants true freedom nor true democracy, but because it is within the slave to be as content as a slave could ever be, and slaves find their solace in authority: democracy, fundamentally, is a cesspool of slave morality, and almost only the awry kinds of people would aspire to utilize its concept and to paint his or her life-pictures with the brushes of it!

Only servants of slave morality (with some rare and spectacular exceptions) would be willing to exercise might over their fellow men, because no free man seeks or purports to seek the complete dominance over others, this is existential thrallldom in itself, and not domination – the irony! The only righteous domination is the domination of yourself and of your enemies. There is no solace for a hero in controlling and subjugating his kin. Do not force yourself upon the neighbor, the acquaintance, the strange commoner, but if they confront you wrongly or incriminate you on falsehoods, make violence on them.

The man who wishes to rule over men lusts after it in order to compensate for his own failure to rule over himself. Whether the man is aware of this or not is a completely separate question. Yes, slaves we all but the very few are, and we



may indeed imprison the petty criminal whose mind is great, and we may put on a pedestal the tyrannical criminals whose minds are evil and sinful, and we do so because of the freedoms of stability and illusory self-reliance they offer. Some sell domination with democracy, others with totalitarianism. For the clear-headed individual, these are just different degrees to tyranny and different styles to collectivism, despotic fashions. Mere different stages of the Machiavellian disaster. Both despotism and democracy corrupts the individual over time: in the case of despotism, it takes a fortnight; nothing corrupts like tyranny... in the case of democracy however, it may take a whole life, it will generally be a much slower process, as if a poison growing in toxicity and in strength with every false claim to autonomy the slave has the conceit to utter... and for both cases it is a very truth that many people are captured by the lures of their propagandistic machineries of indoctrination – and then they believe they are truly free! But perhaps they are right... who am I to justly define the tenets of freedom? Perhaps none am I to do so, but I have learned empirically that, if taking freedom for granted, granted becomes only the curse of its most hurtful and paradoxical aspects – and nothing else of it.

*And I will speak of freedom!* We are so spoiled by the freedoms we have acquired that the pursuit beyond what we already have does not feel worth anymore, because what kind of freedom is left to be acquired when we have already conquered the shallower but more obvious ones we came out to look for in the first place? Freedom of speech; freedom of organization and of publicization; the liberty of general suffrage, equality afore our judicial courts, the freedom of constructing identity and that of sub-cultural and aesthetic-artistic expression... what is left to acquire beyond these authority-sanctioned liberties that I, and we, have already acquired? The slave is content with his crescent smile, for the answer is nothing! Nothing is left to fend for... but I am not slavelike, and I feel that the world does not care for democracy, for general suffrage, for individual freedoms in the long run, not on an individual level, not on a collectivist or societal one, not on a global one, and sincerely not on a socio-biological and evolutionary one. And when the spoiled slave blots his neck to this world expecting to be dealt the kiss of grace and mercy, the Beast strikes him, slashing the throat of the slave, ripping the head off its torso and drinks the blood-pour out therefrom! The head falls to the ground with a noise. The Beast puts his foot on it, and proclaims that this fool, yes, he was only the mocker of freedom, an impostor, a believer of false truth and infected with a most foreboding *mauvaise foi*, a malaise that is like an evil cancer – unnoticeable until surely fatal. Man may do whatever he wants with his life, but the world does not accept the tampering with the conceptual and philosophical realities of freedom. The world will strike down those who try to.

Now the slave is dead and the Beast remarks proudly that there is freedom left to find, but it is of a kind that is not at all merciful in its every turn, not ever-joyous like some precious MDMA from heaven, and it is not ever-liberating from darkness, ever-encouraging to bravery, ever-benevolent to your needs and wishes.

No, rather what is left for us to acquire is the freedom which harrows every mind believing to truly possess it, and that is the freedom of personal authenticity; not a legislative freedom as to control the collective but as a subjective freedom and a call to personal heroism!

Our sanctioned freedoms have gotten so luxurious that we recurrently drown in them even! And we recurrently fail to appreciate the mercy out of which these freedoms nurture.

We were never taught how to swim its dark and churning pits of fire.

We have failed to recognize the origins of our own luxury, and we cannot, indeed want not trace back to its genesis our strong and Thesean thread.

Only the utterly spoiled can afford the dubious luxury of *uncaring* history.

## THE SOMETHING WHICH TRANSFORMS

*This is nothing more than a two-part poem, quasi-philosophical cannabis drivel basically. When I myself read it, I do not get what the fuck I was rambling about, but it surely made some sense back when I wrote it. Maybe it hides some kind of wisdom? I don't know. Probably not... But I couldn't exclude the possibility of it. You may skip this, it is only included for purposes of completion; it is not great, yet I think it is too good to be rendered a storage-piece of mere archivation, or to even be deleted entirely. Even though the meaning is obfuscated, there is a poetic quality to the language of it.*

### I

We can observe the world and realize  
the *changing-ness* of all things,  
but whatever is changed—  
must it be changed by something,  
or can something depend on itself  
in order to transform actively, in essence?  
that something which transforms seems a necessity of existence,

but what is it?

what is it that throws all dead bodies  
into the maelstrom of life and soul,  
where the corporeal becomes the infinite  
and where the dead matter conjoins  
with its divine substance  
whirling deep in the waters of the holy?

May it be that existence itself is one giant abio-genetic abyss spitting out  
countless numbers of just...meaningless but self-transforming worlds,  
and that we just so happen to inhabit one of them?

## II

The existence of the soul is self-evident not in itself, but to us. The existence of god is self-evident in itself, but *not* to us. For god is the gravitational pull of the soul into the mysterious—but the soul of the individual does not seem to be necessitated by anything: rather, the soul is the vehicle of random spouts of individuality spat forth from *that something which transforms...* But the soul is not the prime mover of the flow of this roaring river—rather, all individual souls are waves and streams in it. *Not everything must be necessary, although something must be:* this is the logic i apply to my reflections...

I am not sure whether that something which transforms necessarily can be equated with my concept of god; they may be separate. Rather, that something which transforms may be the human in the void, and that which is transformed, that is indeed god.

I am compelled to suppose that if once there was *nothing*, which was unnecessary and causally independent, then, that nothing would have remained without transformation in its nothingness, and, by extension, our world would not exist... this is just a thought though, one like any other, and i surely remain my humility: *I have probably misinterpreted all of it profoundly.*

## RELIGION & ATHEISM TALK...

It is my personal opinion that most mainstream denominations of most Abrahamic faiths are not religious in practice but rather psychological, cultural and socio-political attempted bulwarks against the deluge of involuntary

freedom which screams and roars on the other side of the dam. And on the other side of this dam is the waters which crush all ships and drowns all pastures, and it is the chaos which they desperately *en masse* try to define and organize themselves against. Yes. Most mainstream denominations of most Abrahamic systems of faith claim the scepter of religiosity but fail however to grasp it when it is so given unto them. It is too heavy, they cannot muster... for it is within the mission of every religious person to handle the scepter of religiosity, and none may do so for her... for the path it illuminates is a path on whose trails she should meet no other wanderer nor any other pilgrim or traveler. But it is a beautiful path, it is tranquil as if dead in nature. Be forewarned and advised to seek God in the veils of quietude and contemplation. Reject the theaters, arenas, pulpits; scoff at the congregations of the Church for they are *social*, not *religious* institutions. The divine matter of religion has been washed out of it like dirt! For example, Protestantism is just Christianity without asceticism, as much as the chasm is ocean without water, or the shadow is life without its sun. Yes, Christianity itself is just religion without rebellion and this is a concept which turns on itself and dilapidates.

You would be wise in not trying to mold together life-long peace with life-long faith, for they are the irreconcilable prospects of this same life... these ideologies and shallow systems you promote as religion, as faith—they are designed to protect you from the very faith you claim to seek, they are not encouraging you to confront with it! They say: rear away and weep into the bosom of a loving, careful Lord! What a fucking disgrace and what a sarcastic paradox! I say: these are eggs without life in them but with the cold embryos in them instead, which might never have lived in the first place... all these ideologies to subscribe to, and all these flags to wave proudly, all these package deals to buy and welter in, these values and meanings, the concepts of self-absolution, self-denial, religious idealism... these are surely the ideals of the masses, and they are existential utopias. They are trains of thought, and like trains they have become lost in the endless tunnels that run through the mountains, they have lost contact with everyone outside of it—the mountain of Abrahamic faith is so thick it cannot let pass any signal of communication, and the electricity shuts off in this great shadow of the sun this blind spot of all energies—and as much as this mountain is nothing and everything at the same time, so is the train of thought travelling through it, it is itself nothing and everything at the same time, a potentiality which carries capsuled in it the eternity of all possible outcome... it is these possibilities, the hopefulness of them which vibrate the human heart, the heart which is weary and over-worked... alas, for it develops within itself the need for the psychological scaffolding such as, for example, these shallow, materialistic religions, so that the heart may pump on through the mundane bitterness, and so that it may walk the path of loneliness, so that it may stand strong as if a

lighthouse amidst rain-storms on cliffl coasts... but the heart needs not only stability and certainty, but it needs faith, it needs the iron of faith lest this lighthouse falls into disrepair and lest it crumbles into the dust of nostalgia and fallen brickwork, with its shards washing out to the sea, with the tide of life and death, perennial pulse of the ocean, the aorta of cosmic eternities...

*Christianity was the first creed in the world to exterminate its adversaries in the name of love*, which, in practice, perhaps, after all, makes Christianity a rebellion — one against natural law, a protest against the inherent barbarism of unrestrained nature. Taken to its logical extreme, dogmatic Christianity implies the systematic cultivation of human failure, since the human cannot live in detachment from her nature: eradicate the constituents and the predicaments of human nature, and human we no longer are. Nietzsche said this: man is merely a bridge between the ape and the overman. Whether this is an intrinsic malignance or if it serves some sense of utility for the individual, I cannot yet say. Sometimes maybe, and sometimes not so much—there is no point in generalizing something like that with a typical or mundane explanation which may fit across some conventional spectrum of matters. No, there is no point, and rather choose I to observe. At least for the time being.

Furthermore, it is to me not absurd to propose that man can outgrow his nature, but such a proposal is viciously counter-intellectual have we not defined well what human nature is beforehand we undertake the argumentative battle over it. However, note well that every religious idea, every political creed or every social project pretentious to this cause, the elimination of fundamental human reality, have all failed, or shall fail—violently and embarrassingly. Mainstream European Christianity and Soviet communism are two great examples of this. I should mention too the social justice ideology of our day, seeing as it is founded on the total idiocy of this utopia, and how it welters in the resentment towards the basicities of human nature—we call it today post-modernism, we call it post-structuralism, whatever: I do not blame the originators necessarily (although I have some bitter vitriol with Foucault—I shall not speak lies of mercy and empathy on this matter), but I do have some questions for the promulgators, those whom often lose the epistles of their host while carrying them across the waste-steppes! Ordinary people cannot comprehend their obscurantism, and this river, with its open stinking sewer-lines of contemporary social justice absurdity, it seems to just want to reach its end, it seems to want to flow out into the sea of madness and coalesce with the salty currents and with the unhinged truth of it as to be devoured!—but this absurdity cannot have bounds, lest it would not be an absurdity! An ocean cannot fit in a tank! Yes, it must exist absurdly or it must not exist at all. It must expand as to burst, but how many years or decades will this take? Has this ridiculousness reached the peak of absurdity? Soon enough, I believe.

*The process has been commenced:* the machinery of decline has started up—and that's why one day its structure will collapse. Perhaps the ethos of the Hero has already impregnated humanity anew, just that we cannot yet see it, or sense it—heroes as we are not! Consequently, to this, the more this grotesque fad, this contemporary little utopian prolapse from the cunt of bad ideas will cling to its mothership, and the more its adherents scream higher and higher on more and more ridiculous and mediocre matters, the quicker it will decline. History provides examples that should make us cautiously careful: it is up to the contemporary whether to heed or not to heed these fires of warning which glare hostilely on the coasts of the unknown tomorrow, the coasts toward which we approach with our ships of discovery and exploration. What will we find on these beaches save for the sum total of human failure, if anything? Are not these beaches the future of mankind, must not they be, given that we left all our old lands in ruin, poverty and despair, only for the street-children and sewer-dwellers to fend for? I ask you, is this not the logical apocalypse of the style of our times, as well assured as the strength of spirit, the responsibility of action, the prowess of discipline and the ideal of the Hero is a definite and seemingly irrevocable past of them, our times?

Christianity was the simplest house of a mightiest Lord! And socialism? The golden castle of the proletariat... and both got devoured by their own paradoxes... not even these behemothic monoliths of human culture could be erected sturdily and durably in the marshes of untruth (that which for spirit does not work) without piles of truth to underpin them! So, they sank. No building can sustain the treacherous lava of falsehood, it erodes and melts the founding stone: if you aspire to build the house of your dreams on marshlands, or on the tundra, rife with its ground-frost which is permanent, you need piles. The house may not rest well on the direct ground, for the ground will give way, it will cause your building into falling into disrepair and it will become ruinous because it is not symbiotic with the surface upon which it has been erected...

This is Christianity; this is communism; and this is your post-modern hippie shit, whatever you want to call it, however you wish designating it. I am convinced that any pact with Christ (and Christ only) can offer only a provisional benefit; alas, it cannot be extra-mortal. Sooner or later mortality itself will reveal itself and disclose the true character of existence. Thus, if you give yourself to Christ, the Modern Christ, you will have based your spiritual existence on a foundation that one day will collapse: if you are abysmally unlucky, you may realize this a minute before your death, the agonizing angst... however, the lucky ones will understand it with adolescence, with the maturation of their integrities, as if inborn in them and as if the stork came with them on the first day already imbued with the insight...

Or maybe the really lucky ones will never even come to understand it at all! What do you think? It all depends on from where you observe the problem, for it is surely a matter of perspective: is it blessed to remain happily in ignorance, or is it cursed? There is no objective answer to be found, and mere intuition echoes its place. It has crossed my mind many times that a man of faith would say that it is indeed cursed to remain happily in ignorance. A man of mere ecclesiastical community though, blesses this ignorance with a sense of meaning, preferring to call it bliss rather than ignorance and they bow in circles around this bliss as if the golden calf itself...

Nevertheless, a man of faith retains the sense of the mysteries of nature and bows before the unknowable; a man of faith is often an educated man, but he throws his education down the deepest abyss when the abyss so yawns for it. You shall not care about your academic credentials in hell, yes, for in your infernal unbecoming everything but your soul will become irrelevant: the fork of the devil will cleave your anus in half and imps will tear every hair one by one from your nude and well-bruising body.

Yes, to be in hell is to swim the unknown ocean: being weighed down by a superstitious past which anchors in the archetypal, men are afraid of things that cannot or cannot yet be explained, or in simpler terms: man is still the beast in fear of the night, for the night is the unknown. Man is still the child in fear of the devil, for hell is the torment of the unknown. When a man has come to realize that the stars in the night-sky are not mere sources of light, and no mere playful phantasmagoria of the firmament but entire and absurdly remote worlds—perhaps worlds more similar than ours than we want to imagine—then this man can simply say: I cannot understand this, but I can choose my reaction towards it, and I can ask myself verily: is it a crowning achievement of science, or of religion, the discovery of extra-human intelligence beyond the stars? Most are inclined to say that it is a discovery of science, but I am not sure of this. What if, for the sake of this abstract argument, this intelligence exercised serious influence on us, perhaps with means of parapsychology? An extraterrestrial entity exercising para-psychological influence on humankind, a matter of science or religion?

From this strange conundrum, the people shall feel intuitively that the border between science and religion is not a border very well defined anymore.

*God created the world through means of self-delimitation.* Because we suppose that God is originally all, God must indeed create through withdrawal. God created man by ripping up a void in the cosmos, a void which we call the holy spirit, a restless presence bundled in flesh and sinew as to roam and vibrate with experience. Since we are these products of the withdrawal of divine influence, we are as well beyond the reach of divine providence: we are born into a sort of damned existence, a position of inexorable responsibility, for as we are nothing

and as we possess no experience prior birth, we do not owe to original sin our sinfulness but to the actions we carve as if chiseling solid rock out of the void of inaccessible stars into a most precious figurine—that of authenticity and rugged self-overcoming!

Since we are a product of divine withdrawal, we are not holy, we are everything but holy by default, for if creation is indeed conceived this way, as necessarily containing the potential for evil since we cannot be holy, given the very absence of it, and therefore excused from evil—then there is no paradox of Theodicy, because the human being is the entering-gate of evil into the world which was perfect before she found it lying around.

Additionally, this does not constitute a breach of God's omnipotence since God is not within the human being, and therefore having essentially detached its own energy from it. A potent question arises: might a perfect God create an imperfect thing? I would say yes, but only through withdrawing out of the thing which it creates. God does not afflict suffering upon the human soul, God merely appropriates the proclivities of the human soul to detect it. God does not afflict; God merely reveals. A poem wroth with love may reveal to you the wisdoms of romance, but it is never the poem which breaks your heart and leaves your soul in weeping; likewise, a God wroth with love may reveal to you the fullest trepidations of passion, but this God does not create these delightful angsts of the soul, rather God breaks the mirror between worlds and forces your eyes open to sorrows of man—but God never creates them. This is not in the regulatory nature of the metaphysics of God as I conceptualize it.

It seems only some human beings are capable of endurance of angst... the angst is there for everybody, but only the toughest soul chooses to see it, unveil it from the cerecloth it shudders beneath! There are very often these human beings who are precisely the least deserving of this angst, for their hearts are often strong and authentic, and their souls are gapes of *kenosis*, an emptiness which magnetizes the dread and horror of existence, both ephemeral and corporeal, since they are quintessentially prone to these phenomena of spiritual realization. Such physical and mental anguish scourges the very soul—but it is said that not even this torturous affliction of the lone soul may give an echo vibrant enough to reach even the ear of some far, far away God – which, even if possessing the utility and the power of the divine providence, would not come to use it for the reason of putting to peace the screechings of a simple, tortured human.

Religion is faith—for religion is not fact nor is it truth by default—it is only an inducement and a means to search for it: always has been, always will be... if, until we find an answer. But! As of yet, religion is not the answer—only a question. And man and woman ask it together. “Life is talking to you — allow yourself the luxury of formulating a response.” The human experience is indeed a toilsome apophatic theology. We are lost in everything that is transcendental



reality; we carve an idol out of it, and we call it God... and salvation is where our passions point, into the badlands, where all Thesean threads vanish in the darkness... we are self-affirming creatures weak with natural instinct and infused with all the calibers of the animal: given these circumstances, we like to think of ourselves as in control, and we aspire the mythical dominance hierarchy but we do not exactly choose our passions, do we?—thus God is not subject to the beating of our cane. God is no dog cowering and cringing, begging for scraps at the table, and we are no masters in the house of worship but lost and vulnerable kittens at best: often it seems, passions even choose us, and we do not at all understand when and why it happens: given their numinous power of influence, one drops to ones' knees and one starts to worship; it seems so important: they direct you, and you follow them like the fish follows its bait—for what else could one do?

Not worshipping your passions is the same thing as turning your back against God—the hidden one—and I do not even know if that is possible given the contradictory nature of these fundamental terms. How can one turn ones back against oneself? For surely, God is within... and all the while the theologian conduct their warring with the outside, the anti-theists swing about their intellect as swords, just like theologians, like children they dismiss what they do not understand—indeed, unlike theologians... they stress the believer into believing in not to believe, which is obviously a model of pedagogy failing with every second it is utilized. Do not tell me that there is no trace of faith's cement holding the brickwork of science together!

No, rather, I tell you: belief always precedes the acceptance of fact. Before you can conceive the algorithm, you need to believe its numbers, and according to a similar principle, before you can feel God, you need to believe in its esoteric transcendency: the belief in this transcendency is to religion, what the belief in numbers is to mathematics.

I get very tired when I think about how insipidly people play with the idea of God, and I think the Freudian analysis of religion has great argumentative and reasonable force when it comes to describing the surface level aspects of religion: the dogmatic layers like a crust on top of the meatier parts... the exoteric shells of social community; the cultural traditionalism in praxis and in ritualism; the codices of moral and ethical commandments; the soulless ceremonialism by ignorant default; the tendency of tyranny-perversion in strict ecclesiastical hierarchies). God is not just what we cherish the most, or some omnipotency ever looking out for you—it is a common misconception, or rather, a wishful imagination. God is not merely what you want God to be, or what you hope God to be.

No. I suggest: God is the profound metaphor we use when we attempt to describe reasonably the abstract infrastructure of the metaphysical, which is real

but unknown... and it is a large silo of the outer philosophical void which engulfs beyond the horizon, leaking with uncomfortable truths and intrusive truths and offensive truths, spilling over like a civil war, rolling like thunder over heavenly parapets... and for the sake of spontaneity, I will suggest a piece of advice, and you should take it for what it is worth because it is only after all an advice: if you want to be safe, you should not set foot on the path of the religious! For in that case, you will die from fear.

And on the topic of a “personal God”, and on the idea of divine and heavenly providence I can merely proclaim: God has no person; no ego; no will, no conscience; no self-awareness. To believe in any of it is to hold, quite frankly, a theologically laughable conception of the Divine—and that is what I choose to believe and to claim. Of course, I cannot know this for sure (for objective rationality is not a Religious concept). It is in the nature of these questions to be seemingly unknowable.

Seemingly, yes. But I choose to exercise faith as a measure of magical intuition, rather than believing God to be a cloud of falseness or a mirage just because I have no data to point to, nor a graph to show with scientific enthusiasm... yes, no, this is my truth: God does not—cannot, in paradox—care about your human problems, and God is not to be conversed with. You open your mouth – God smacks your face.

Rather, God is everything we do not know about the world, the never-ending *apophatic existentialism*: yes, God is the physically unattainable and that which is incomprehensible to us, and God is the otherness in the aether and the disturbances on the stranger wave-lengths beyond time, and it is on some different plane of reality God exist, not on our plane exactly but above it, or beyond it. The Divine is a Thesean thread running through the labyrinth of all the knowable and unknowable unknowns... I speak up: God is what the Palamites sought in prayer and what scared the shit out of Barlaam. Yes, laugh it away with mockery all you want, bitch atheist—surely the tactic of a mole rat, fitting of someone like you and your kin... but remember this—we are not talking about some silly man on the clouds here, but we talk of your future and your past; your essential identity; your potential for happiness and we talk of your deepest shames and secrets.

I argue that the fundamental constituency of the personal life experience, and your never-emptying potential of rape, murder, malevolence; gratitude, love and adoration, is one of phenomenal nature, and it is foolish to believe that the highest human common denominator can be explained via *noumenon* and not via phenomenon. Do not believe you are Godless, for you are not (only in death you may, but as long as your flesh breathes, you live in relation to God, however unbeknownst to you it may have become over years of bravado and ignorance). Science is but one effigy in the holy mirror of the Lord, and there runs a line

straight through the world dividing people into two separate categories: ones understanding this, and ones not.

## ...WHILE I SMOKE SOME MORE HASHISH

There is the sensible world and there is the spiritual world: they are negations to each-other, but at the same time complementary to each-other, and they overlap over great and influential domains.

They are mended in wholeness, the mysterium coniunctionis; it is time for me to break to pieces worthless and false dichotomies with the Herculean power...

Everything that is not made up of stuff has within its genealogy the energy of the numinous... that is, the abstraction we call Divine; the metaphysical; the transcendental reality: the soul, the love, the angst; the passion, the jealousy and God; every one of these springs out of the great paradoxical sinkhole beneath the sensible (in other words, physical; material; *Malkuthic*) world...

Although the mundane is certainly limited to the confines of the physical world, the sacred is not limited to the metaphysical one, nor is it halted by the bulwarks of the modern world,  
be this as it may the fundamental axiom of the technological age; God does not care, and the Divine continues its mindless and eternal astral machinery...

And sometimes the hymen breaks between worlds and it seems so obvious a phenomenon for the one experiencing it, although such phenomena are increasingly with every turning year parallelized with madness; we can observe amongst modernity the emergent conceit and the arrogance of scientism, and in its wake, the garbage culture of extraversion which leads to nihilistic hedonism and pathetic existence...

but I know this: sometimes, waters stir in the sinkhole and rise to the thresholds, and maelstroms will whirl from beneath on really bad days, and when that so happens, the tsunamis of the incomprehensible unknown will whip the coasts and shores of the physical world with the ferocity of the nine-tailed cat: when such a thing occurs, the fool will close his eyes, the weak shall close his eyes – and scream for mommy; the smug will try to weigh it all on a scale and analyze it under the magnifying glass, and the ecstatic or manic, well... he shall call it revelation!

*I think metaphysics are always original to physics; the void original to the space,  
war original to peace, and death original to life.*

\* \* \*

Did not Tiamat, the glistening and the chaotic one, gnaw her tongue in the depths primordially, and at her death have her scales and her flesh assembled as the heavens and the earth? Did not her beloved son, Great Kingu, have his blood drawn from the fierce blade of Marduk, giving life to the first human beings?

Something to think about perhaps?

I'll leave it to you to make your mind *while I smoke some more hashish.*

## LETTER TO MYSELF

What would it take for you to even notice the spiritual civil war that is raging on inside all and every single human soul? And would not that be such an artwork, so destructive, so beautiful, so hopeful, just we recognized its buzzing and burning below the thresholds of routine, tedium and dullness?

A length of days you shall not acquire; a fortitude of spirit, but an ideal in your heart! Nerve, guts, gallantry – but ghastly spectres haunting your house! The gaze of a hero you have not, but on your back, burning, as you turn away from challenges!

You shall be led to an abyss of fire and you shall be contained therein until but coal and shame remain there down. Like a maid brings cloth to the river you brought the golden mystery to a creek of waste and pollution as to let it rinse, wash therein!

but what soiled holy silk  
can be cleansed with filth-water?

Encased into the stone of history you are as an immortal pig amongst men: immortal, yes, but what pork does not rot sour in infinity?

# FIVE THOUGHTS

1. Some people never go crazy, and have never gone crazy, or broken a boundary: what tedium must constitute the whole of their lives!
2. I want to be so strong i can muster to admire every any talent in this world without getting embittered by the fact that it is not *my* talent.
3. You cannot reach the farthest of extremes without exploring, traversing the grey areas.
4. Every human being thinks of herself as tough as cool until she finds herself on the wrong side of group pressure. That is, and has always been, one of the defining tests of the human soul. Withstand and endure the pressure of the many – the leering behind the back, the subtle or open ostracism, the self-important judgmentality of their eyes, their attacks on honor and integrity... it is a feat of heroism if there ever was one!
5. Is good good and just just because God wills it, or is God willing it because they are good and just in themselves, essentially, originally, intrinsically, fundamentally, in-themselves?

## ON HUMAN NATURE & ITS TELEOLOGIES

When we live under very rough and primitive conditions, intuition becomes utility because a lot of unpredictable events are bound to happen – a subconscious compass of subjective searching which we do not understand but nevertheless heed to. When we however live under less strenuous and more comfortable conditions, intuition vanishes, reason takes place, logic assumes the throne, God disappears and leaves a black hole which it will be filled with atheistic hedonism and moral immoderation for that is the logical conclusion of logic itself, if applied to human nature and some of its teleologies.

*Logic is a weapon which kills and defends equally.*

The strong man's logic is favorable to the world and to himself, for it can build a fort of hard work and diligence, while the weak man's logic simply redeems his own submissive and excessive indulgence in the world, therefrom enforcing his position as a helpless and self-cossetting little pork-faced bitch.

Both are “right” according to their own impeccable logic.  
But only one has God by his side.

## Squatting on a Headstone

mother nature gave birth to us squatting  
on a headstone risen atop  
that old and mossy opened grave  
in the name of someone forgotten.

our archaeologists dug it forth  
with bare hands and on bare knees  
as they sought the answers to the riddles  
that have fucked with men  
since the dawn of faith and reason  
and since the very first of all thought thoughts.

*their spiritual mercury cowered in retrograde  
at the thought of ever becoming gold.*

## RELIGION & ATHEISM TALK... AGAIN

Religion – insofar as it is first and foremost a source of kinship and togetherness, social identity and consolation, solace or any variety of these themes – is no religion at all. This is only the tsunamis of the surface roused by the cataclysmic deep-sea explosions of its subterranean volcanism. And these things have become a hindrance to all true faiths. I tell you: the degeneration of religion from personal spiritual fervency into some materialistic community of tradition and ecumenical morality is one degeneration to pick from a bundle of many such, that is true, but it is a particularly strong one! And it stings my eyes and it burns my mind with offense! And it developed with human urbanization and its subsequent industrialization. And modern atheism and its post-industrial naturalist rationalism, this abomination of philosophy, is an even further degeneration of this process.

Religion has undergone centuries, if not millennia of transformations and re-packagings – and the promulgators of this new and re-packaged modern “faith” become so intoxicated from the fumes of their own insipidness that they find within themselves the audacity and the hubris to call this abomination a purification – and not a soilage!

*What nerve! Yes, it has come that far.* This atheism and all that comes with it – the incredulity towards the mysteries which is often times not motivated by anything greater than some childish and allegedly immutable principle of scientific materialism – is something very shallow and pathetic in its very structure; the atheist sounds the trumpet of victory and he blows futile the flute of his contentment; he lets the shrill wines of old, old things echo in rooms and chambers neither made by, or for, God in the first place – and they call that triumph! But it is a doomed enterprise... and in the eyes of a human being herself unspirited with the Divine, the religious person becomes only an agent of the oldest of superstitions; someone emptied of a rationality seen as the highest hierarchical constituent; someone unable to grasp the scientific axioms of our day and age... and this is of course a great self-deception and a rationalization... but nevertheless so widespread! And by the same token, in the eyes of a soul ignited with the spark of something mysterious, and in the eyes of someone having been traumatized by the authentic religious experience, of course the atheistic person becomes the subject of ridicule and frowning; these people speak different languages and they rarely meet on common soil.

They inhabit radically different existential habitats. I must say: regarding these people in which the mystical part of themselves is rarely contended with, and for these clueless demagogues whose spiritual faculties have remained padlocked since inception with the keys to them having never been bequeathed nor even stolen – who can blame them for their atheistic sensibilities, their rationalistic infatuations? It is not their fault precisely that they have grown up in a habitat devoid of God, but it is nevertheless their culpability. In some cases, it is not precisely their fault but it is God-damn surely not their victory either. But I cannot help my irritation: listen to their intellectual rumpus and their hot-headed babbling and preaching the religionless religion – it is like listening to an autistic kid explaining the beauty of a painting! An autist may know the brand of the colors; he will have known the width of the hairs of the brush; he may know the producer of the canvas, and he will understand the theoretical techniques the artist has made utility of! But he will not be interested in the weird darkness from which the motivation to create it – and the unexplainable appreciation of it – grows out of from the very first place... yes, listen to the maundering of the atheist, a cacophony of dying hornets falling from faith's sunset! Watch him stomp the grapes of mysteries into a fine wine of not passion and ecstasy but of arrogance, a viticulture of intellectual hubris: yes – listening to the *holier-than-thou* atheist speak of the nature of the world and listening to him give his due to the experience of being is like listening to a young child speaking about how children are made, about birth and about the metaphysics of procreation, and most importantly: why mom and dad kiss and hug each other... how can a child possibly explore such territory without being damaged

for life? How do you explain that to a kid? You cannot, it is something you either understand *nor* understand.

Speak about greatness with greatness or keep your shitty mouth shut. Some things require phenomenological agency. Subjective experience. If the numbers are not understood the algorithm becomes nonsense. If the language is unknown, the beautiful poem is just a long row of garbage-words... and if the sacred is denounced, the Mystery is just some Freudian psychological phenomenon. But explain to me consciousness, the human mind, without retorting to rationalist scientific neurology – brain cells, synapses, the amygdala, the hippocampus... You cannot.

You retort to your standard defense: matter upon matter upon matter; *things, stuff, matter, matter, matter...*

you explain what is happening in the brain from a scientific, technical, clinical, and theoretical viewpoint, which is fine and very important an endeavor, but outside the realm of measurable physics broods a something you cannot explain – at least have the dignity to confess to this, the undeniable and eternal truth of man: classical mechanics have never been, and will never probably be, able to explain the marvel of consciousness – maybe quantum theory can have a shot at it and may it dissolve some axiomatic truth of our time... but that is a matter for the future.

But consciousness, here and now, is a horror... and this horror is amorphous and undefinable, but it is also a pathway to glory and meaning: the efflux into the material world it becomes when it is embodied by a human being is something absolute. We are distilled, pressed like grapes of aether into the bitter drink of personalities out of the great metaphysical something we through the millennia have called God, and surely the mythic gods drink us as if wine, and they get drunk with us, as we with them. An effigy is worthless without the human directing its spiritual effort in its way. Dominance and hubris aroused the gods and we had to feel it too, indeed witness it; we have been disturbed by its vehement terribleness so many times and it is hard to say that it is not a reciprocal relationship...

*Atheist.* Your conception of God is so tragically narrow-minded. Science cannot explain laboratorially the mystery of religious experience. You atheists are at war with Abrahamic dogma, a war you of course win – often the weakest apologists carry crosses around their necks, and mostly masochistic and terrified souls surrender authentically to Allah... the front religions reap victims in the hundreds every day, that is true I agree, but you never take on the real enemy! Religion is not defined as dealing with the "omnipotent personal God on the clouds" truthism. Do yourself a favor and do not debase it to something it has never even meant.



Abrahamitic dogma is merely a (Jungian-type) *persona* of religion. A foolish, shallow attempt at presenting something to the world that cannot possibly be presented without exercising faith... which is to say, the exercise of faith – the miraculous ability of the human creature to set her apart from her beast ancestry! Okay – Dawkins, you are right - there is no evidence for "God", but Kierkegaard, you are even more correct, for it is precisely that which lays out the epistemological nature of the Divine! It is logically absurd and totally oxymoronic to even talk about hard scientific proof of divinity and religious mystery – it must not be any evidence for the Divine – it cannot be! Only in the soul of Man is there such “evidence”; the experience. If it becomes explained, it has detached itself from its nature and become something else.

When a miracle becomes explained in the laboratories of modernity it is no longer a miracle: it has become dethroned and profaned: a miracle can simply not be explained but only experienced. This is because absurdity is embedded in the metaphysics of the miraculous as to become a phenomenon of intuitive, spiritual, subjective and irrational revelation beyond the scope of all mundane human systems of logic. This is not only a mystical matter of metaphysics and phenomenology, but it is also a most straightforward illogical contradiction of terms. But there is no objectivity or intrinsicality to this absurdity. It just exists in existential neutrality beyond all judgements of value. To itself, it is not absurd; it does not self-represent as absurd. I abstract the reality I experience – either intuitively, mystically, or sensibly, and I do so with self-centeredness and I do so in solitude, but I do it not in accord with some kind of humanist anthropocentrism... I want to be clear about that. No explanation and no factor analysis of this may be found in the dark cellars beneath your beloved laboratory where the dark history and phenomenological realities of mystical experience has their root, simply because you deny the very existence of such a cellar beneath the church of light your very self is worshipping in every day! One after another like lambs and cattle to the abattoir... do not fool me – you have your God, I have mine.

You worship rationality as a god. Atheism is a myth — all men have their respective gods because antitheism is a violation of what you are in principle, and I have no trust in these cyclopean eyes of yours, how they leer holes in my back: you have eyes of greed and you have eyes of insolent pretention; your gaze absconds with the sweat of arrogance and of your false intellectual superiority there is a puddle on the floor beneath you... I do not believe you are in power to define or properly assess the ancient secret-clusters that squirm like pits of venom-snakes at the roots of the Kundalini tree... you know nothing about the realities of our innermost organizations — I do not recognize the professed authority by which you claim to do so.

You may call this a leap of faith since my highest aspiration is to mantle the glory of *adoubement* through God.

*Kraft durch freude!* I want to abscond like a smiling and happy flame into the rite of the accolade; I shall feast with the knighthood of faith around a great and round table and we will tear the hymen of worlds! Tell me: is the thought of *something grander* so grand for you? Too grand? Is it not almost, in the very abstract, paralleled by what we do already know? Is the belief in mystical *gnosis* such foolery in context? I mean, amongst quantum physics, nano-technology, ultra-advanced medical procedure; advanced space exploration? Is the thought of something akin to *God* so very spectacular next to the disturbing colossus of the wholeness of the void that comprise our everything? Well, yes, it is – but is the merest thought of religious mystery really such absurdity compared to that which we already know?

We inhabit a material space of total mystery with some areas lit by a flickering, dim bulb of science as the only illumination. You are being a dogmatist — possessed by Orwellian demons! I understand your atheism, I believe I can grasp the rationale, but I cannot relate unto it, anchor in it my emotions and my intuitions and passions... your thing that you do, in my honest estimation — it is a mediocre finding, a poorly written lab report, a failed thesis all from the start, and I am deserving of better!

I tell you, tender science, try to rape the life out of life — *french my burning throat* — but be forewarned! My tongue is rancorous and bitter with the gall of skepticism!

*And science is a foetus but I am no pederast!* I see science for what it is: the observation of natural-material reality, and is this not how we define it in principle? Let me then propose that natural reality is folded in layers which lie within patterns that may be embedded within structures which can in turn be embedded within perhaps *nothing* as we know it; reality is complex and layered in unfathomable weirdness, and, besides, science is and was never irreconcilable with religion or the profundity of mystery. Reality is the *unknowable unknown* — and the Socratic paradox dissolves in my mouth like ash... but I have grown accustomed – I often have ashes in my mouth, piling up from all the old dogma of yours I throw on the pyre of the abyss!

I am the *Aghori* of the funeral pyre of modernity, for I smear the ashes of contemporary degeneracy on my pale body under each and every moon, that yellow eye of the sky-wolf... and with each and every dawn that follows in the shadow of its grey-haired, Behemothic astral flesh, I put another blade to my body... for I am the philosopher of the dagger, and I both hurt myself and hurt others with it: the ghost of atheism haunts my room, it is no longer present in any actual sense because I murdered it violently. Instead now the mystery of

religion swells therein, and I welcome this ephemeral presence – but I choose not to tamper with the energies which whirl in its wake, breathing all around me now as if a cloud of a gas of guidance, because I know that man so does at his peril: the fire-flies of possibility have begun to flutter and buzz all around me, and I sense a whiff of victory; I have beheaded the atheism Medusa, and from doing that, truth now imbues me as Jibril imbued Mohammad, with visions and with revelations; with trepidations and with awesome seizures...

I receive the commandment which says: there is no commandment at all! And my anointment is to be done at home, privately and in seclusion... the booth of confession is the bed of my very night's sleep, and in that obscure badland I teach myself the ways of administering the freedom that I have not gotten as a gift from even God but rather from no-one or no thing: I have had it thrown at me, yes, because life was thrown at me with a cold indifference, and just as I have shocked at the phantastic implications of this freedom, I have embraced it and also rejected it. I make this clear: I am a philosopher, for I love wisdom, but I am as well an existential diagnostician, but not necessarily because I love existence, no... I am an existential diagnostician rather because I try to put my finger on the pulse of the day and I try to discern something about the tomorrow of it... and I cut wounds in the soft fats of life with a sharp knife of this wisdom, which I so professedly love, just to taste the blood-spurt therefrom, as to manage to say something about the nutritional value of the plasma; a jet of blood pulsates in short bursts out from the wound of life itself, and I, I am eager to drink it! Why? Because I want to see whether it is fresh or not, the existential plasma of blood: the glucose, is it sweet enough as to sugarcoat existence? And the hemoglobin, does it carry oxygen enough to the lungs of existence without having become tainted by drugs and impurities of all kinds along the way? And if so, or if not so, what can it all tell me? What color might the iron-stench blood of the world possibly drench me with, except for its obvious crusty, vermilion redness? May there be some black in it, as to evoke a melancholia? May there be some white in it, the purity of heart and of spirit? Some purple, brown or yellow perhaps? I don't know really!

But that is why I make it clear that I am a philosopher, for when I so do slice the fat of existence with my sharp and edgy knife, and when everything falls out therefrom in chunks of purtenance and offal (how it falls out of the flesh-wounds like lumps of death in disarray!) and what comes from the ordering of this visceral disarray, and what drives the aspiration towards it, if not wisdom, and the love for wisdom...

... and what would be the reason for calling myself a philosopher if not for my Spirit to taste the bitter iron of life's' blood running down my dagger of philosophy itself?

# SOME QUASI-NIETZSCHEAN STUFF

Mainstream Christianity — the spiritual miscarriage! Sculpted out of fear and trembling, split in half by the cleaver of false dualism, separated like twins at birth from its origins — great tradition of Orthodoxy! — and then tossed to packs of malnourished vultures (clueless humans) scouring the steppes for abandoned life, which, if they are lucky in their searches, they contort their tongues around, attempting like cats or like dogs to suck out whatever is left in it of value, meaning, passion...

This is, of course, a metaphorical conclusion, although the capillaries of pragmatic truth pump their blood all through it; I have been in stern contact with the Christian and Islamic miscarriages of spirituality (and I have tasted their socio-political afterbirths; the placenta is rancid and the umbilical cord is chewy like the sinews of an undercooked hog), and it will not be fitting of me to weaken under the pressure of propaganda; my door-bells can ring for eternity for all I care: they will not step over my threshold, and their evangelism will burn with the last bridge out of my nihilism...

No, my life is a tapestry of endless and depthless metaphor I weave with the yarn of phenomena... tell me: in what theological womb did the sperm of Abrahamic doctrine cultivate its egg? It happened certainly inside a womb pregnant from a heinous rape: the bearing mother hid her growing tummy for the longest time out of shame and fear of requital: she remained in the dark with her unborn... because she birthed something deformed!

The mother of monotheism is the subconscious and the mysterious, she represents the dangerous and ecstatic; in stark contrast, the father is culture and order; law and morality. And the father beats his spouse; he won't let her wife outside alone, alas, for his fear is real: his dark jealousy empowers him in malevolence, he has lost control over his need for control... and as an inevitable effect, the feminine became the subject of brutal repression...

And it is the greatest shame and futility of mainstream monotheism: religion without the sacred feminine and the devil-principle...

what is that to follow? The Holy Father is great and strong, but he is tempered, humbled by womb and darkness!

# THE NIHILIST

all it takes for intrinsic morality  
to fail, crumble, dilapidate  
is the resignation of only one single person—  
whomever person that may be,  
from the copper fetters of the tyranny  
of ecumenical ethos.

the whole idea falls  
with the one digression from it,  
and i, i find myself in a Mexican stand-off  
between me, morality and society.

i stuck my fingers  
into the anus of existence  
and now they stink  
of the refuse of freedom.

# TO ACT RELIGIOUSLY & IN ONES BEST INTEREST

I would not want to veil my own darkness in the hijab of denial, and I would not want to cover my impuissance and my frailty with many panicked spades of soil—

but at the same time, I do not trust myself to act religiously in the very best of my own interests.

# RADICALIZE YOURSELF... NOW!

Radicalization is but a dysphemism for uncompromising individuation – because society cannot tolerate uncompromising individuation. Society is founded on conformity. Why? Because it can otherwise not exist. Society must to some degree oppress individuality in order to function – and from this compromise, we get civilization. Society cannot handle the full bloom of individuality because it is a potential threat to the stability of its very foundation. Because by the point the truly personal essence has become manifest in the warrior human, and when it has begun working for its own

completion, there is no stopping to it: with every spade of soil the human digs, a larger and larger heap of rubble accumulates, as if building a barricade against the world, and with every spade of soil, a deeper and deeper hole of introspection emerges, a hole to hide in, a mole's nest, a *Hira* of the soul.

As you build your bulwark against the world, you erect your own mausoleum in the process.

I dare say that the maximization of individuality breeds fanaticism, and there can be almost no stopping to it given it is authentic. Authenticity constitutes the strongest human capital and it is its worthiest resource, but four basic, potential banes I can identify that might stop the authenticization of the individual in its tracks. You, as a soldier of existence, must be weary of these:

- a) one can regress existentially through suicide. Either a heroic one, a tragic one or a pathetic one (or likely some multifaceted combination);
- b) secondly, one might become killed, destroyed by some kind of stronger enemy;
- c) thirdly, one can submit, out of weakness, to willful capitulation. A submission to simple and comfortable conformity (a slow and exponential bloodletting of the spiritual body);
- d) and as for the fourth, some debilitating misfortune of accident may strike your path (often beyond the scope of your direct control).

But only from these obstacles of existence might the monolithic Panzer IV of the Lord's army get stuck in the *Rasputitsa* of the world!

So, when a person has realized what she is, what it is in her life that she wants to uphold and what it is that she wants to tear down, her creativity and her pride over her own creation and accomplishment may see no bulwark! And so, becomes also the case of her destructivity and of her hostility towards the other. And she will wander beyond negotiation; no pleading and no wailing may well stall her in her pursuits, for indeed, the need for spiritual purging has by then become stronger than even the want and strife for social communion and for shallow comradeship! Or for hedonistic materialist acquisitions and debaucherous gluttonies of the sodomite behaviors all around her! When the warrior human makes his world truly free and authentic, its world starts to threaten to over-wash everything beyond it, for he has surely become a prime mover of spiritual elite. An autonomous King. Like flood-waves unhinging its destructive water over the crops and the pastures along the river-bank the true human explodes... and this is why radicalization is treated as if a pest (even though it is merely, by definition, an explosion of subjective potential, of hyper-individuality).

For many a folk it sounds great, and it feels good on the tongue, and it is a trend of the zeitgeist this individuality and this uniqueness, but many a folk indeed do not understand what real individuality and real uniqueness would unleash – neither do I, and that is my point. To treat the concept of human freedom as if omnibenevolent in nature, just we love and just we are free and jolly enough, is to poke a hideous beast which sleeps in the secrecy of night with a hot iron rod! But you, you become instead jubilant and optimistic about this, rather than to feel the fear and trembling you perhaps ought to feel – maybe at least in part – about this great inward and personal revolution, which, if successful, creates a fission between the self and the other, between authority and individual... and it can stir havoc between class and class, between race and race, between muscle and blood, between spirit and flesh! For this is the nature of human authenticity... it divides as to unite; the *mysterium coniunctionis*! Alchemy of the human soul! For what comes with radical individualization if not the segregation of societies, of cultures, and of whole ethnicities into the fractal nuclei of a billion exponentially fragmentizing and separating entities? Listen – I am not an opponent of this development *by default*, I am not against it *per se*, not at all, but I need scolding you and the culture you represent, for you do not seem to understand it...

I smite your idols into gravel as an expiation for your sin of idealistic solace! This is your monumental delusion, you garbage human, and this is the Polaris by which you compass your travels and journeys... and, worse yet, you have even managed to find somewhere within you the audacity and the self-confidence to even suggest and promote and live out this unbound individuality yourself, or indeed what you think of as individuality, and you do that as if a pioneer! But you are rarely what you think you are. You say you espouse individuality but when the true individual emerges on his eight-legged horse, you scold him as weird; you live a lie where individuality is a euphemism for colorful conformity, and you sell and promote this as if a product on some shelf somewhere, a lifestyle, a fraud. But you pitch it as an essence of individuality's aether trapped – but then I must think, this is how we ought to do it in this age of capitalism, is it not? The spirit of human heroism... captured as if the ship in a flask of glass!

I can't stand you, false individuals; errand-boys and maid-girls all in service of the great and holy sameness of this conformist mediocrity-behemoth, sluggish as it is, and stupid!

You let many people touch your body and you call it empowerment. You succumb to your habitual disinclinations of spiritual exertion and ironically call yourself spiritual. You wave a banner high as if the victor or some glorious and ecstatic battle – but it is colored with a sludge of cultural excrement! And by

the way, food, sex, sleep, death – is this the dream of the modern man? This is surely the individuation of our day, is it not?

Then, by all means, idiot, package it as if an ideology... promote it, commodify it, good luck to you. Surely this cowardly way out of the underworld must stink up these grottos and caverns with the fogginess of human weakness. But yes, you carry on getting out there like the unimpressive figure you are, flaunt it like a peacock your faux individuality, your vices and excesses... Your life is sugared with a coating of hedonism and gluttony “because its nothing wrong with living life”, as if “living life” ever meant something akin to what debauchery you try to sell as it! And all this lures the dispossessed, the perverted sinners, the libertine-types and the socio-cultural progressivists to it like flies to a fly-strip.

What happened to our ways of yore? How they sank in the morass of tomorrows uglier than any day of the past! These days the traditionalist has been driven to the cliff's edge because he stands in opposition to seemingly everything, and no longer is he content with life in spirit for he is an adventurer by heart. When people are shot and killed on the street he watches in confused content from his window, and when natural disasters hit, he laughs in pace with the whipping of flood-water. When wars break out across the globe, however far off or close, just he gets the whiff of them, there is a silly side to him, a silly person within him who could not be happier... the traditionalist is a fish on land in modernity, and he is so bored by the current world that anything which might potentially throw it out of balance will be rejoiced and welcomed in principle. This is what it has become, our modernity: we have filled our heads to their brink but we have emptied our hearts in the meanwhile, and we depleted our sense for wonder and awe and traded it for a bargaining with the great wisdom and for the adoption of an easy, ecumenical morality... it is simpler that way. The human reductionism into hedonism. We scream so loud and we prosper and we develop in what we think is eternity, but we do so without realizing the inherent fallacy of endless growth. We have become swine of bad standing and we have lost the nobility of ancestry and of honor. We replace tradition with decadence; we replace modesty with whoredom; we replace strife with technology; we replace the adoration of heroism with the martyrization of victimhood. Every day our finances grow in concord with the shrinking of our phalli and we boast with our sophistication as our bellies swell in disgusting obesity and as our spines weaken in pathetic fatigue. We brag and boast about the idealism of philanthropy, humanism and egalitarianism, but as we do just this, our children are clawed and ravaged in the darkness of the very negations of these concepts. We have created a culture where – by design – people turn out "nice", "pleasant" and "comfortable", but we have completely forsaken how to nurture and foster



a hero. This is a culture of mediocrity, where mediocrity is lauded and awarded, and where self-constraint and the *will to power* have become some ideal of history better left in the mass graves of some past and primordial primitivity... and this disgusts me... and I have never before heard or seen of such abuse of the coming generations save for what I witnessed of the mass-rapes of mothers and daughters in Lwów and Smolensk during the war!

And again, about radicalization, let me tell you: when society claims for its citizens the freedom of expression and even urges its population to make the best use of it, it comes with a tremendous *caveat*, yes, for we are free to express our individuality but only until it becomes dangerous for the other, which is a suffocating limitation for the courageous! You may only push so far. And that is why these things themselves (freedom, human rights and this freedom of expression – abomination of demagoguery) is an intellectually dishonest phraseology at best and an outright dogm of deceit at worst.

*Do you value honesty?* Then, by all means, anabaptize it, rename it, rebrand it. You do not talk about individuality. Perhaps it ought to be called what it really is, instead of what it failingly aspires to become, your concept of freedom. But what is it then, this freedom of expression, in honesty, in reality? I would say: *a tolerance for certain mild expressions of shallower, greyer, more colorless and more timid varieties of our personalities.* Something like that, and really nothing more than it. That is the true face of this freedom of expression you talk and talk about until every life-form around you yawn from tedium... your freedom of expression is an artificial fabrication created outside of the actual human experience of it, for it tolerates not expressive freedom *in extremis*; rather it promotes a hoax of individuality, as if a mind-trick – it is just a fancy concept, a judicial term, a socio-cultural empty value of the herd, mostly unnoticed, unused, under-appreciated, discarded as taken for granted... but yeah, I suppose you may throw your freedoms under the bus as you wish, that is your decision to make, but what I want to say is that freedom of expression in its most honest and honorific embodiment would mean the same as radicalization to the point of even becoming interchangeable in terms of phrase – and this is something which every sophisticated society ought not to tolerate... and we might ask ourselves then, why no tolerance for it? Indeed, for the sake of society's survival! But heed though that every one of these societies aspiring to this idealistic falsarium of utopia have a hinterland, and the beasts of radicality hunt at night... and these wolves hunt the lamb and the cattle in the outlands, and they do so not for the sake of food but for the sake of uncompromising individuation at the behest of others' innocence, which is a diabolical uproar against all, the only logical conclusion of individuation *in extremis*, and which, taken to this extreme, becomes in essence radicalization: yes.

It has become clear to me: *radicalization* is nothing but a dysphemism for *uncompromising individuation*.

## LOVE IS HELL!

i write in order to escape hell, but even hell with its impuissant torments, its punishments and its debaucheries, is bearable with passion and with meaning in it

and hell burns with a fire, but it is not the furnace of torture that lights up this hell for me, but my hell is aglow with the pharos-light of devotion, and as long as power is there, and meaning, life will glow and spark like the brimstone, or like how our fire flickered above all steppe and storm

the crisp mist of hugs we steer ourselves through vanishes like the fata morgana, or like frail and new-found love after climax

it vanishes surely in due time. be so sure about it. and you may wait for that to happen however you wish, but the truth is that the almost inescapable impermanence of romantic love must be dealt with psychologically and spiritually in order to be able to romantically love in the first place — and indeed, to love is to get lost in the insoluble and labyrinthine calculus of human relations : the hell of other people

the opaque mathematics of adoration and the ever parallax of love into nothing condemns man and woman to the challenge of loving with courage or otherwise dying failingly trying, but man and woman continues their pursuit and together they shall again and again slit the gut of love and together they shall lick with passion the membrane of its viscera, offal of disgust : liver; kidney; colon; they will eat it all...

yes, they shall slit the gut of love for many more epochs to come, and they shall drag the purtenance of it out therefrom as to perform the ritual haruspicy so that they may hopefully understand what happened to them in the first place.

love if you want — like how Dumuzid and Inanna loved — mordaciously

try it : hold the dagger to the throat—of what they were in principle: for it is only these lovers at the brink of schizophrenic madness that may love beyond all boundary, yes, verily, as the Gods themselves intended !

## STORM OF FAITH & ABSURDITY

Yes, the world is *literally absurd beyond our comprehension*, make no doubt about it. It is incomprehensible thus mysterious. The world is a mystery – for the philosopher thus a playground, an eternal one. Our actions, no matter how meaningless they might look or feel or seem may carry consequences beyond our wildest and most imaginative fantasies. That is an axiomatic practical truth of human life, and here there is an existential butterfly effect at play beneath the surface... which is to say: people can have benevolent or at least good and perfectly decent intentions – but still fuck up the world. Take for example the people who invented the automobile, the modern car – of course could they not prophesize environmental fossil fuel disaster some 100 or 200 years on! No one could foresee what internet would do to the music and film industry; another example. You plant a seed of progress and development, or perhaps you plant a flower of humanitarian work or of social movements as to change it all to the better, but the seed may indeed grow instead to colossi of catastrophe, and the flower may wither and rot to a dark, puny thing. *Things are always more complex than what they seem*. The chains of consequence disappear into the mist of the past and they are fettered to the compact darkness. The grotesquely incomprehensible causal processes that chain events together in this world are so above our heads that we can barely scratch the surface to their magnificence of nature. The world is devoid of intrinsic value. This is *value nihilism*. Every argument against this absolute premise (this presupposition about human existence) is to me useless and I have never heard a critique of it that really struck a chord of intuitive sense in me. And here we find our task – it is up to the human to fill the void with meaning! Most, however, choose to resign their honor in the face of this *kampf* and choose not to heed the call to meaning... but they retort instead to a dull life of mediocrity and they fall back on social dogma: pathological virtue signaling, rampant materialism and, as always, this notorious and stubborn hedonism... Shallow but infectious group belongings, identitarian political pursuits and cute social clubs and organizations, “holy” communal congregations, all this shit. This is because they try to brush over the harrowing loneliness of being by living a life of instant gratification as an existential principle to emulate (even though they often think of themselves as living a life more demanding of respect than it really is), and I think one must attack the life-monster with swords and magic, not with empty words of

comfort. And one must aspire to intellectually, emotionally and spiritually deconstruct – devalue – all values and thence find what they really were in the first place... and in extension what they were really, once worth.

I echo Nietzsche in this, because I think it is a genial idea (but one among a thousand others).

One must open the door to nihilism (*the uncanniest of all guests* as Nietzsche put it) and let it in. Let it have its way with you: you must let it split you open and enter with barbarity before you can realize what the old values actually meant – to *you*. Inherited culture, national identity, racial identity, religious heredity, ethno-cultural identity, patriotism, national pride and similar concepts are in their hereditary form completely useless to the individual, unless they are discovered, felt, truly, by and for oneself. It becomes merely a compensation for the total existential loneliness that is hard-wired into very basic systemics of the human condition. People have the urge to identify with the collective because it is too scary to swallow the bitter pill of the existential conditions we actually face. Rootlessness is the worst nightmare for people, so as to respond to it they cling to their Bible or their flag, their tinder app or their meth-pipe, whatever... *as long as you do not lose your identity...* because that would be a catastrophe. And with all right.

As a general rule I would say: do not revel in the pride of something you did not do (although I can think of some exceptions where the matter is debatable; chiefly when it comes to matters of ethnic and national-cultural heritage; which, with measure, I see as legitimate). The world consists of seemingly barbaric and absurd injustice – you go and deal with it to the best of your abilities, but be sure it will crush you many times. Such is the monster of life. You can always commit suicide, that is a thing you could do. Do not forget that. I think it is important.

When your child gets diagnosed cancerous, this premise of existence will certainly boggle your mind and entangle you in existential suffering of rarely seen profundity. The worst part is that you cannot even do a single shit about it besides trying to cope with it yourself (how you do that in reality I have no idea about). How do you cope with the impossible ordeals? What will you become when you are faced with the impossible angst? It is the very test, isn't it? When your child becomes fatally ill with some demonic disease, your fate suddenly is left resting the hands of modern medicine – a miracle of sorts in itself, don't get me wrong, but hardly omniscient nor omnipotent in any capacity. And with this emerges a serious risk, a somber prospect from hell, that you must bury your own child! Why does the human being even choose to continue in the midst of the threat of that? This endless misery! It is damn strange. Why do not people commit suicide more often? Late stage cancer victims – why do you continue living? Well, they do not answer; they are barely people anymore. But they still

*live* for some reason. Cancer is a face of God, but as usual, the face of the Divine appears ugly as to scare away all the false ones from committing to it. So, why did God create cancer? A million-dollar question, isn't it? Well, he didn't. God *is* the cancer itself. And God strikes with mystery... we can see it quite clearly. You don't think so? Look – you will probably fail in most of the enterprises you commit to. You will ponder the great question of life and death, and if there is any morality in you, you will contemplate committing suicide or at least you will day dream about starting all over in some grandiose or spectacular manner. A man strives for victory; a beast strives for survival. Don't forget that, coward. In accord with existentialist principles, the individual has only one intrinsic culpability and that is the culpability over the crime of existing, and over the crime of having been indeed created in the first place – and at that, involuntarily! What the fuck! What is this? The eternal rhetorical question which lingers sour in the air of every philosopher's chamber and in every scholarly room of study! We are condemned to make up our minds on the question of continuing life or not. Most people answer this question highly passively, but a passive choice is nevertheless a choice indeed. Albert Camus proposed that *the only philosophical question is whether or not to commit suicide*. I think that is a very profound conclusion – a conclusive, logical extreme of philosophy, even. And of psychology too. I really like that statement. Through our instinctual want for life and with the choice of living on or not, a yoke is hung upon us – and it is a crushing weight of responsibility! It is heavy and it is made of led... but the oxen which carries it on its shoulders have veins which flow with the bright red blood of an eternal option of choice, for it is man himself which carries the yoke! The human being – the oxen of freedom and burden! Kierkegaard poetically added to the corpus of existentialist thought that human beings are effectively drowning in her existential possibilities and that it constitutes the human condition in its most fundamental basicity – yes, for we have extreme and absolute freedom to act in any given situation. This, of course, contrary to popular wish-think, does not mean that you will have a positive option with a positive outcome in any given situation: again, if your child gets diagnosed with a terminal and vicious cancer and you could trade it for syphilis... yeah. Both are horrendous, but one will grant your child life. It is a crushing thought but a rather easy dilemma; a dilemma it is even not because the answer is as obvious as it is heart-crushing. Choosing not to choose, in this case, between syphilis and cancer, is a choice in itself, albeit a cowardly one – it must be. This is a tenet of my existentialism. You must treat your every breath as if a choice you have full responsibility over. I find this to be the only viable long-term existential approach. That is why Sartre proposed, told us we are not blessed with freedom but rather condemned to it; you decide what you become with your every action. You create yourself – and that is a burden probably more

so than it is a gift. It seems like it to me, at least. The burden of freedom. It is a tough life, bitch. We have no responsibilities whatsoever except for that over one's own actions, which is everything we do and every word we say. You are always responsible over your actions. Everything else, every other responsibility, is a choice... because man is condemned surely and without mercy to freedom. It is our lot. And every day people drown helplessly in the oceans of possibilities! A few can manage to swim and to stay afloat by other means, but mostly there are dead bodies all around those waters of treacherous existence.

\* \* \*

All laws and rules that are shoved down your throat are to be considered acts of aggression and they demand rigorous spiritual counter-measure. Maybe you are a very comfortable, conservative, orderly, conscientious and emotionally stable and relatively uncomplicated person who respects and wishes to adhere to the laws, taboos, norms and rules set up by society and by your general proximal community; if so, then, by all means, go for it. I don't care. We have our freedom. Use it. I believe in the free will of the human being and by this, I mean the condemnation to action in every situation – *every second*. The more you become aware, the more you can steer your future. By the way, as I have stressed already and will stress a hundred times again: God is not good. You see more a real God in your own piss and vomit and in the shit-stains of a public bathroom than you will ever see in your church amongst your peers, praying altogether for absolution, forgiveness, luxury and prosperity... Fuck your solace, fuck your Abrahamic existential extrication. God is not loving you because there is no personalized, self-aware God (meaning God does not exist within a human psychological framework). The Lord has no conscience because the Lord has no ego. God is not a person, that would kind of undermine the whole idea of divinity. The Abrahamic, monotheistic tradition of *anthropo-personalizing* God (constructing a concept of a divine essence that exists within a human psychological framework and that is supposedly subject to the same existential human conditions we face, embodying itself in expressions of humanlike character and showcasing behavior typical of human beings; the *humanization* of God) is a spiritual disaster and a failure. Abrahamic doctrine tries to tell us that he is somewhat of a human being, only Divine and transcendent, or at least that he (apparently its always a man) possesses the possibility of integrate himself into a framework of human psychology. They ascribe to him very human emotions such as jealousy, grief, will to power, destructivity, murderousness, etc. But God, or what we have called God throughout millennia, is not a personal, self-aware, self-conscious, emotional

entity: I think that is the great misunderstanding of major religions as they have developed through the turn of the centuries: they have become more so social and political enterprises, carriers of material and dogmatic culture, more so than vessels of sincere theological inquiry. The absurd is the fundamental criterion of the mystical divine, and faith transforms this category of negativity and impenetrableness into a dimension where carrion-flowers of nihilism photosynthesize the lily garden sprouting with its flower work, the scandent vines, the thin and crispy petals of eternally proliferating possibilities... the absurd is the lowliest criterion with which we ought to define the divine, or rather, the subjective relationship with the divine, since we cannot factually obtain intelligence on the divine as intrinsical phenomena; it is for this sole reason that we call them divine; the divine ought not to be clear to us; the phenomena of miracle must indeed remain enshrouded in the primeval smog of esoterica, lest it turns on itself in an implosion of definitional self-contradiction; although the absurd is thick and with the robust density of impenetrability, the faith of the individual transforms it like chaos is morphed into order at the fierce sword-tip of the hero, endowed as he is with the muscle of the personal divine: yes, the passion of faith is one thing that will impose transformation onto the absurd, for it cannot withstand it with even all the arduousness of sheerest will-power: the passion of faith is a javelin, sharp and long, to the gut of the absurd, and when the javelin pierces it, the blood seeping from the flesh-wound absconds as if smoke to the sky: if faith does not have in its nature the ability to transform the mystical absurd, then we ought to call it not faith but some failing aspiration for factual knowledge... for faith is passion in oneself, and faith elongates the subjective individual into the ordersome chaos of objectivity... and what happens there, only the knight of faith may know, since he slain the Absurd Dragon, and he is no longer the courier of existential mediocrity.

Existence is an absolute that is asserted without reference to anything else nor anyone else existing... and it is the personal discovery of being and of self-awareness, as molded within this framework of the absolute metaphysical unconditionality of existence, which fissiparously reproduces mystically into the everness, that may never depend on the reference of anything else – but only on the magic of violent subjectivity, that which good people call religion, and which bad people never call anything – because it has gone like the vapor of a dying ideal over their heads, abscondingly like toxic smoke! This existence cannot be dogmatized, restricted, well-defined... as if founded by a founder, exclaimed by a prophet, as if carved in rock or smudged with ink on the papyri of the ancient folk! Because such a clear foundation of existence and such a concretization of its incomprehensible implications would perilously undermine and limit the freedom of subjective experience upon which it builds!

And, more precisely, the existential experience lies beyond all constraints and limitations of society, of dogmatic morality and of everything else we can accurately measure in our laboratories of modernity: yes, the personal magic of transformation is in constant conflict with the systems and paradigm of the bland and dull collective, for only through this magic may life remain meaningful, and only through this magic it will hatch, breaking the shells of its existential indifference. A world devoid of it, this magic, and instead with the foetus of rationality put therein these eggs of life, will not only ever crack and break, for the foetus is stillborn, but it will remain untouched in existential inertia forever... and by witnessing it, in boredom and waning hopeful expectancy, it shall suck all meaning out of us with its nothingness of hope and faith... or, I should say rather: at least, out of me! For I aspire to meaningfulness and heroism – and I shall aspire not to the indifference and to the sludginess of modernity which approaches this transcendental magic as if some fossil irrelevant in its primordiality or as if some prehistoric piece of amber with some Jurassic insect stuck in it!

We are condemned to coffles of rationality... coffles, which are in turn attached to the absurd! Pandemonium of paradox... yeah, and we are let loose like grazing cattle in a world filled to the brink with all demoniac madness and all absurdity of being, and they lurk and leer behind the mirage of every vice and around the corner to every hunger of the soul... and it is set up as a false-flag operation in order to manipulate the masses from emptiness and despair into logic and into a sense of communal and intrinsical existential meaning; yes, it is my serious idea that we are condemned to the absurd, our manacles are golden, and we do not deserve some sacred revenge — since nothing is inherently deserved; nothing is per default deserved, nothing is per default sacred: sacrality is the spoils of a war against oneself and to counter the absurd is to act upon faith: to choose not to counter the absurd is to act unauthentically, but to so do is to kill an ignivomous dragon within (my respect for Camus is depthsome, but here, I feel my intuitive disagreement). Time flies and there is nothing you can do, and all the while, the universe is cold and silent, and will remain cold – and silent: you become old and you become grey and there is not a thing you can do to counter the entropy of flesh, but how can we assess the phenomenology of aging; how, and when, does one become old? I say, when regrets, bitterness, and nostalgia, seizes power of your heart-fortress and forces out all dreams and aspirations from there, rendering the court-yard a market for impuissance, then you have become old (by this token, some young people are old and some old people are not old), and by then the hoof of the king once a sanctity and a shrine, has shrunk into a horticulture of the insidious bitterness of regret.

A vision occurs: the man is naked upon a rugged cliff and he is grasping blindly, rabidly his hands into the nothingness in search for the meaning he cannot find



out there, is losing the last drops of life from himself as the elixir escapes his canals of perspiration as crystals of sweat, crystals of despair and crystals of unfulfillment. The absurdity of existence arises like a chemical reaction between two uncomplementary substances; the universe, its physics and metaphysics, contra the human mind and its inability to grasp the former. The contradictory nature of them both sparks the fire whose flames not one can know nor see, for it is surely the flames glistening around the very fire of the absurd.

## **MORE RANTING ABOUT THINGS I DON'T UNDERSTAND**

I shall hereby rant: there is no true objectivity in morality, for there is no moral “truth” in the eyes of the Lord; only in the eyes of Man is there such a thing. I think there is universal moral truth, but no moral Truth. Or something like that. Subjective dictums (*dicta*?) of value, which may concern morality, aesthetics, politics or whatever else, are really subjective dictums of emotion (or: they are *experiences of personal passion*). This passion is as mysterious in origin as everything else: you sense the whiff of the putrescinal cadaver in the forest, you say: this is a disgusting smell! You ponder the fjordscapes of western Norway, the breath-taking natural scenery, and you proclaim: this is a beautiful view! Given these two examples, the overwhelming majority would be inclined to agree with these two general emotional responses which I afore presented – however, indeed they lack objective truth. It takes merely one freak example of digression and one flash of human irregularity from the path of intrinsical morality in order for the path to become benighted (or maybe spared?) from the punishments of the sun's warmth, for it is the sun of truth the path has been shadowed from: to call out an action as evil is merely the edict of the individual trying to opine against the strange and the other, and, through that, change the fabric of the reality around him or her...

Hypothetically: when the small town is terrorized by the serial killer and the mob of people cry for the intervention of Divine authority, and when they curse the scourge of murder as the eternal malevolence and when they condemn strongly the evil which is static through all times and by all measuring-rods, when they curse this malignant phantasmagoria of a devil usurping the stage of a theatre of harmony and peace, making an extravagant and chaotic entry into the colosseum of the mundane, it is merely the sum of many subjective passions electrifying each-other into mighty bolts of thunder, a storm of hysterical human weather: threatening and perilous it may be for everyone involved, but

let it become clear: one million subjective passions never amount to one universal truth in objectivity.

There is an axiomatic resistance to homicide *en masse*, but nevertheless it is not enough to make it an example of some objective morality. Moral judgements lack objective truth as they function emotively and not rationally, which is to say that moral judgements are in essence mysterious passions spurted out into the world like the fire from the bellows of an ancient dragon. Moral judgements are subjective engagements with the world, and they are no observations in aspiration of objectivity at all. Furthermore, you cannot derive a morality from objective truth for the morality must be ignited by the match which hits the world with friction, and no match can behave like this lest it is not in the hand of an individual undertaking the action of igniting it... which in principle makes the ignition not spontaneous in objective void, but crafted rather in blacksmiths – those of individual subjectivity.

## **A SMALL TRUTH BOMB**

There is no true empathy  
without selfishness;

they stick together,

they are interwoven.

## **THE *THEOBELLUM* OF PALAMAS & BARLAAM**

By the end of the 4<sup>th</sup> century, in some circles the crucifix-image of Christ had turned into a caricature of God. God was now Man. Pressed into a dense mass by weary hands and uninspired minds, it had become the seed that would grow into a tree, a totem of human refuse more so than one of human excellence. The failures of Nicaea and Chalcedon had rolled over the horizon and the True Faith lived on but in the shadows. When dogmatism replaced the *gonzo*-style theology of the early Christians, something rotten happened. Over the beer-wet tables of simple wooden taverns, over the festive dinners at the royal hoof, in the gutters with the prostitutes and the lepers and the syphilitics and whispered in the foliated garden-corners around academies of our highest learning... everywhere established itself the idea and the religious offer to become granted perpetual and ever-granted consolation for the culpability of a crime you did

not *commit* but rather *became* as a mechanism of natural cause and effect: a concept of individual innocence and equity before the court of the Divine, across every spectrum, permeating every hierarchy.

Barlaam worshipped the idol of these ideas whilst Palamas passioned his *experience* of them. And *worship* constitutes *submission* while *passion* never presupposes so but rather denotes *dependence*. for Barlaam, the *hesychasm* was a spastic irregularity in the corpus of Christian dogma, but little did he understand, that every cell of everybody is renewing itself with the turn of the micro-second in order to prosper into future of things: dogma must always sacrifice the present for the future; to not regenerate cells is to corporeally decompose... yes, I say: for the fearful and the passionately destitute, the silence of God is horror but for the courageous and the passionately fervent, no clouding on the sky could possibly block out the light of the sun for more than a passing episode of foredooming nigrescence – naive or not? You tell me... but it has been said, and thought: the knight of faith can see no stormy weather and no bittered grey horizon out-dimming the light of Tabor perennially, for the light shines through even the iron-darkness of suicide; even the walls of the monolith of nihilism, said to be constituent of meter-thick stone as to keep the promises of meaning firmly out, is radiant with the resplendent and merciful light emitting from that mountain, the holy mountain of the transfiguration...

Only solace-preachers and apostles of dishonesty would scare themselves over the absence of the Divine because they extrapolate their own impuissance and failure onto it, and they drag their own anxieties, misconceptions, shames and self-hatreds like a mask of hot wax over the invisible face of darkness they cannot at all grasp with their senses, but may only blindly assume is there... not only do these fools misinterpret and wrongly equate the phenomena of the divine with the aesthetic representation of it; their synods, their patriarchs, their congregations passively and actively not even disregard the matter, but encourage this theological revulsion!

As the wax have dried onto the face, decades have passed like moments and the flags of kingdoms have been replaced by new ones; as centuries have collapsed into millennia, and the technologies of the humans have advanced beyond the thresholds of the future, all the preachers of solace, spiritual servitude and self-denial have withered to corpses; the saw-teeth of history have grinded the bodies to morbid testaments of entropy, for they have fallen more to dust and bone than to pale and black flesh... the apostles of the religious oedipal complex and of the endless contentment in the humility of God; the evangelists of the all-forgiving penitence in Christ and the propagators of life-long alienation before personal authenticity... they have all successively died with their faces molten in the existential horror as the features of the holy slowly grew outward and outlined under the wax mask the unexplainable insanity evolving out of the

thick nothing which preceded this holy and terrifying miraculous aestheticization of the most potent and obliterating aspect of the divine, which is the macabre face of true love...

Tell me Barlaam, what was indeed the problem of hesychasm more so than it being acrimonious towards your silly, worldly hierarchies? For surely you never pondered the depth and thickness of its spiritual resonance, surely you did not pay attention enough as to perceive that mystical echoing, as if from a clangor or a churches bell tolling the hour of truth? Alas, as you failed to assume its axioms, you failed to comprehend the theology supporting it, which in itself is but a body of and a vessel for an even more profound and esoteric, archaic sub-structure of religious epistemology: God is constituent of everything we do not understand.

We know of its concept, we can understand parts of its abstractiveness and we intellectualize and cartograph the outer circles of it, yet we fail – indeed, we must fail – to grasp its essence, and we fail to traverse that uproarious inner core, the center-volcano boiling magmatic of the terrifying and sacred mystery... To confront it is to transform, and step out of oneself. This unknown outside-of-oneself-ness, the experience of it, is nested within the metaphysical; the preternatural; the mystical experience of reality: surely, it is almost synonymous to it.

Ecstasy (as it is, *ékstasis*, which denotes the state of being rapt *outside of oneself*) never comes alone, never in and of itself, and is ha not merely sensible and physical endings to its nerves: ἔκστασις, *ekstasis*, (“displacement; trance; out-of-oneself-ness”) is a phenomena of radical dissociation from ego, it can as well be a source of great trepidation and trembling angst; whether good or bad, it always demand your complete momentarily surrender unto passion... and when passions tremble, let me tell you, they shake in their fundamentals like New York towers; they rip sinkholes as with the claws of the devil in the boiling husk of the earth and their afterquakes shake the fiber of every living man and woman, and our cottages and granaries are bestowed with toilsome disrepair at best and utter ruination at worst by the winds which blow as if in its deathly procession... but it never dies; return is inevitable.

However, it is indeed true that when passions tremble and spit fire aloud and ravenous, they surely leave scars on every living body they come in contact with, like a hostile strain of syphilis or some necrotic bacteria of the brain; the senses are ravaged, and the flesh becomes bruised and tainted... but the shock-waves emanate from beyond the threshold, and it belongs to the unspeakable stuff on the other side of the frontier; the metaphysics of the unknown and all that which fluctuate therein... these clusters of sub-psychic energy and the metaphysics of their divine dimensions are nested within, but most importantly, outside the physical, permeating its wholeness like a system of arteries, vessels,

capillaries and veins as in a human body, pumping the blood that breathes and carries life through the microscopic tunnelways that lead paths through the flesh... thence vigorating the toe, the finger and the scalp together, binding them as a wholeness into the fascies of religion; the quantum vehicle of personality – and this is the fleshly husk of your personality, take care of it as you please; it is a potential weapon of the divine: inside this husk brews your personal energies, and therefrom they run aflow into the world, and they find the most remarkable ways out into our world; spontaneous glitches, passionate combustions; their constituents flee the source of the explosion like deer and all the fauna of the woodland flee the forest-fire...

The galaxy extracts pulsatingly into the void and it transcends the weaves of this void, always moving away from the original core of its origin... so do as well the energies of the Divine from its core of transcendental essence before they lose momentum in their trajectories and cool down slowly as to die off: this essence is not exactly immanent in the traditional sense of the term, which implies the God-essence being substantially omnipresent and omni-influential throughout the material dimension of reality; rather, when sparks of the essence leave its heart of this divinity, they reach the fathoms of the material, transfiguring them upon impact with the thick husk of matter, as to redefine themselves, what they are and what and how can become: they are de-essenced into energies, thereby losing its direct same-natured-ness with its original mass, but they nonetheless do preserve phenomenological and functional qualities which would pass the test of empiricism, and which would hold in the high courts of truth and excellence as evidential to their correlatory and original relation with the Divine essence from which it spawned. As an example, I can say that a single sperm is not the essence of biological life; rather, the sperm is an energy of life and a conceptual and biological “elongation” of the essence of life: likewise, the foetus is not the essence of the coital conception which created it, for it is rather the energy of its practical outcome: the small child cannot be considered to be of the same essence as her father and mother since the actual constituents of the child far outnumber the number of possible ways for a parent to consciously or subconsciously alter, corrupt, arrest or otherwise mold the developments and the essential nature of a child; the child becomes in itself an essence as it matures and does not self-identify anymore with the mother, nor with the father.

Every child knows in itself that he or she is not identical to his or her parent. Nor is he or she identical to the sum of them both; the child is part mother, part father and something altogether new (the miracle!), and this trinitarian constitution of the child is logically and intuitively irrefutable to me.

In the same way, the energies of the Divine we phenomenologically encounter in our most ascendant moments of love and accomplishment. Although I

suppose that the grey muck of our everyday lives, should perhaps not be considered as of Divine essence, our lives are imbued thoroughly with these energies which create life and art.

Beyond the human phenomena of these *energies* (which manifests as strife, love, devotion and passion) lie the domain of the *mysteries* of the essence (the Numinous). We can gain intellectual insight into the functions and mechanisms of these energies by studying the maps mankind has been outlining since the first the clay-tablets and since the first wax plates and papyri scrolls and probably since even millennia and millennia before that; we can gaze inward and internalize the experiential intrinsicity of its phenomena into ourselves, but we can never understand the wholeness of it, which is its essence, for it is paradoxical.

Lest we undertake the trepidations and the perils of the fervent life-long asceticism, we shall not seek God, for it would be a mockery of its whole concept... and I need to say: who am I to say that the Desert Mothers and Fathers did not know more about the mystical essence than I do? And what in fact did Barlaam vehemently criticize Palamas of preaching? They did surely live and breathe the same wisdoms of the same Christ, and they surely genuflected afore the very same cross; they both chewed and swallowed the flesh of the body of Christ as Eucharist, and the wine wettened both their tongues with faithsome bitterness; they knew their native cultures both as Christian, a culture which had spawned out of itself two separate yet similar societies with which they had become automated in many respects of their life... they had both been subject to the parenting of proud, strict and fervent believers of sin and heavenly redemption; they recognized and approved the professed authority of the same councils, congregations and synods, and they masturbated similarly to the same kind of prostitute at night when the doors were locked and the other monks were long sleeping: the impious and the sacrilegious ones!

They perpetuate the legacy of Onan into the lazy eternity of all tomorrows, and they do so with bestial and carnal imagination, focused on the very one thing they are trying to suppress!

Barlaam may be the bigger swine here, but no devil could fool me as to believe the hands of Palamas were clean and white in monastic askesis throughout the whole endurance of his life... who has not masturbated to the thought of a naked Mary Magdalene, the serene beauty? Yes, I say it! I am only human, I have flesh and bone guarding, carrying my Heart and Soul in the world! I whiff the smell of women! Not even Christ himself was pure! Do I blaspheme now! Very well, I can handle it. The naked Magdalene, the shadow-fantasy of the whole Catholic Church! Duchess and saint of all prostitutes they called her – a smear campaign... what dishonor by these churchly councils! And over the passing of Catholic centuries, it has continued! What a disgusting slander. Fuck all of you

blasphemers... weren't she the profound love of Christ? But you try to reduce her to some swallower of human refuse, a Tlazoteotl of the Christian Church? No. Take your pathetic misogyny elsewhere. I am in firm belief that the Magdalene was in love with Christ, and Christ loved her back... and as Christ is within ourselves, or so they say, surely her bosom is welcoming for us... in it we hide our faces and weep in the caress and embrace of a true woman, and we admire the contours of her voluptuous flesh, and we put her on the pedestal in fantasy, for she is the feminine archetype... for this, I can say: there are no "holy men", and nothing on earth is really holy at all – there are only men in different stages of transcendence, and the one holy man who seeks self-affirmation like a leper seeks the refuge from the sun, that man we may call a great fraud: no holy man would want a following of lesser holy men, for that is a foul trait of the flesh, not of God.

To affirm and to assure the sanctitious higher ground of one self over God – that is the Fall of Man and it is nothing but a project of egomaniacal self-indulgence... and to propagandize the gullible crowd on the square is another crime of passion, and, if possible, an even more gluttonous project of self-indulgence, but these fools never last long, at least not in the grander scheme of things, for as they chase sainthood with the sword, God answers with stone walls and moats of sewage as to protect it; yes, these people will be the ones who will first taste the dirt beneath their feet, for they shall lay the groundwork for many easily forgotten mass-graves at the final of our mortal days: surely, Barlaam revigorated himself in the eye of publicity with the self-accolading rhetoric of moral superiority, and as an initiate in, and promulgator of indisputable theological dogma: he was a crusher of heresies; a famed heresiologist indeed, and he took a great chunk of pride out of that.

He vexed, smeared and cursed Palamas for this dogmatic digression and he confronted his humility afore the Mystery with spiteful accusations of blasphemy... it seems safe to say that Barlaam feared his enemy more than Palamas feared his, and that surely became the breeding soil of his future collapses and alienations... you see, when these both men sought their God in prayer, Barlaam turned outward whilst Palamas turned inward... The hesychastic method of prayer sought an experiential connect with the divine rather than asserting the very unconnectability with the divine which Barlaam more or less proposed; he was not interested in mystical union with the divine, because he was not a knight of faith but a simple and foolish politician; a shallow bureaucrat and a traditionally nervous authoritarian: his eyes saw no revelation, his hand grasped for no sword of aether but only one of iron; he sought solace, and solace is the latrine of theology – a theology which, on the other hand, Palamas fed with dutiful plight.

Beatify and worship the idol; obscure and forsake the phenomenon – that has become the practice of Abrahamic monotheism, the central scaffold of its structure as it is, and that was the sense and motor in and with which Barlaam vigorated his personal religion; it was the ethanol and anise of his hard spirits, and the fragrant leaf on which he boiled his chai...

## IN EVERY ACT OF RAPE

There is a slice of spirituality in every act of rape and in every crime of passion, for the road to perdition and salvation alike is paved with tears and human suffering. The stones breaking the balsa of the raft of laws do not differ on this account: all stones connect. Every stone that peaks above the water and may damage the raft we cling to is the stone which attaches to the great mountain, yes somewhere, somehow, and by some system I cannot understand. They are long and manifold: must man follow them ardently if man wishes to reach their ends? Are there shortcuts through the mountain?

Ebih does not answer, but I continue my interrogation of heaven like a madman! It is sure, that when a raft of laws capsizes in the treacherous waters of existence, it is Ebih who is accountable, for verily, she works in conspiracy with her loved sister, water-mouth Tiamat, and together they crush and swallow all that may be crushed and swallowed: it is the cycle which is reborn with the birth of every day, and has crumbled in the fall of age by the setting of every single sun, and I, I am atop the watching-tower of the aeons through which the mountain has endured: north, south, east, west, I see all, I have seen all these deaths on the mountain-walls! In my naïve youth, I succeeded sometimes the throne and the glory of resigned tyrants; and by these momentums of personal power, I held the staff of kings and I swung the Aksumite spire – but it was a cheap knock-off copy. My nimbus has been that of the sort of the Cherubim – but ridden with the used-up tampons of street-dwellers. My self-confidence has been serene - and made out of heroin spoons and piss-soaked twigs! I have acted like a king, I have pretended to be one, played one, mimicked one, and in some moments, I have actually been one: the dimension of me that is amorphous and eclectic has been filled with light and with darkness taking turns over days and weeks and years, and it has been a vacuum of hope and smile and it has been an airless hollow at greater lengths of time - but my spirit has always burned with the blaze of jubilant holies, for it is made out of carnelian.

Yesterday, I was myself a servant at the hoof of humiliation, conscripted dutifully as per default by birth to the one big family of slave morality, but something exploded in me, and today I myself have serfs that wash my feet in the font of baptism, for today I feel strength – yet I weep tears of blood –



saudade blood – and they are wept and they fall on the ground, right at the base of the mountain Ebih, right where the meadow turn into stone... for today I realize her, today I feel her with my hands, her warmth against my palm and my fingers – and I reveal within myself: in the future I will be as if Gilgamesh and she will be as if my consort. A myth unveils right before my eyes – a vision of tremendous myth, yes! But what will differ me from Gilgamesh is that I will \*\*\*\*\* Inanna like a beast... That is what I shall bring to the altar-stone of Ebih! Yes, the memory of having slept with the goddess of war and love herself! Gilgamesh was strong but I shall be weak, I choose it to happen, consider it a tolerable frenzy of mischief, I have had many of those and I do not complain them as long as they are deserved honestly and powerfully... I ask myself: what is life indeed without drugs and naked women? I say this authentically, I am not smart or gleeful about this: what is life worth if it is not joyous? Not every second can be an act of religious worship. I ponder a question out into the void: what rationale would be able to discern me from sleeping with the she-wolf? I answer it myself: *many ones!* It is the wise thing to do keep in line, to bondage oneself in disciplinary restraint as would the iron ascetic, but my heart longs for it as if a dog longing for mating, and every choice cannot be wise lest one loses oneself in the fog of reason; out there everything is the same and there will be no emotion to guide you a clear path amidst the smog and smoke of sameness, a world so rigid in sense and logic as to crack like the desert from the heat... yes, what might I do and what can I muster in the embrace of naked Inanna that would not sow seeds of great bitterness and remorse in the afterward? If I sleep with her, I shall regret it; if I do not, I shall regret it. *Anten-eller*. The price is high, but I think I shall pay it, and not as if a ransom but as if a willful gift of admiration! After this communion of flesh however, no wicked arts of some divine *Shamhat* shall ever be erotic to me again, and no drug, not even meth nor morphine, nor ayahuasca, MDMA, acid or any other shit will ever be able to come close to a subtle resemblance to this, the orgasm of life, the seductive dance of Inanna, with her hips that breathe fire, her feline's cunt of quenchlessness, the trance of beast and man... I can proclaim: if worship must be done in my life, and if it indeed shall be done as if unhindered by a desperate suicide out of it, then I will find in my heart to submit to my only goddess, beautiful Inanna! And I will ravage her body in worship, and she will let me - and it shall be my great and holy sacrifice! For Ebih will devour it, Ebih wants it, she wants to add the transcript of it to her endless libraries of stone, catacombic archives of everything – therein stores madness and therein lie all the histories of human ideas, yes, every tablet ever carved, every papyrus ever written, every page ever printed and sold, given, and stolen... the establishment of culture and society, and thereof the establishment of modernity with its codified morality and ethics, have a dog in this fight, for they have a reason and

interest in containing the bubonic plague of knowledge, and they spread as well the counter-propaganda in the war of attrition for the human soul... do not be fooled, do not believe any of it – it is for sure propaganda, how they tell that the spirit of the mountain is hospitable! Yes, I have heard them say it to me more than once; I have been told that merely being around it will exude tranquility, a trance and bliss-like state morphinous! Alas, I have heard. What I have seen, and felt, is but another story entirely.

They have told me how easy it is to surrender to the Divine order. Easy? How many steps have I not taken in order to end up here? My feet hurt and I feel not morphinous at all! I love to fall into opium sleeps, and am no stranger to them – but this is not that at all! This is no analgesic against all my trepidations, no sacred remedy of relief, no, but it is a poison which potentialize these anxieties! Ebih is no bed of roses but it is a monastery of rock: this is a Nietzschean pilgrimage, and Nietzschean pilgrimages run straight through the Cedar Forest, that forest to the west which terrible Humbaba guards – and Humbaba is no fun. Humbaba is no salmon for the bear, rather, it is what a bear might be to the salmon – a great and terrible threat of existence.

Now the question which hangs in the air begs to be voiced out into the otherness: Ebih – how much will I hurt before you grant access to your sub-terrains and passages? I know it will not produce any response, a question like that. Questions like those remain unanswered. What, or whom, cares about my survival, and who knows how many steps I have toiled with? It is such a pathetic detail in the grander scheme of things, yet every one of those steps carried me further – thus, they bore meaning, every one of them! I know I have undertaken a perilous walk, but why? And yes, I stress: how many steps have I taken? I need to know this. A flash of unedited truth may be all a man needs to survive - and a tiny, filthy spark from God may be all the devil needs in order to light his torch... the world is one hellish equation, and I need to grasp the numbers in order to grasp the algorithm which builds on them, but the numbers are so vapid, so aethereal – and then, what become I when I cannot deduce this sorrowful arithmetic of existence, yes... who have I become to question the experience when I do not understand its phenomena?

Maybe I have wronged Ebih, have I given her some cold response, or have I not brought the offerings to her without enough ardency? What is her silence, her reluctance but an avoidance of granting my campfire a coal which may smolder with the fire of belief? I need that, the fire, for I would like to see my path, and clear it: I am bitter, for I have walked and I have walked on; I have toiled and I have climbed; I have been mean and I have been dismissive on my eremitic wanderings, even to the foe I heartedly fancied – all for the endgame, the last station, the redeeming quality in something otherwise unredeemable: I have lived for that paradox, and I have smashed dichotomies with the bluntness

of the heaviest mace... they have been blood-letted like porcine bodies in the meat-holocaust...

But this is no serene, bountiful valley. Where is the Eden we all are promised, as if by automation, by childhood and through adolescence, the eye of the storm of culture, the one we subjectively centralize by being aware? Where is the solace, the concession of peace, the burial grounds of ancient hatchets? Death is all around me, and I sense the whiff of panic - I cannot see any blooming flowers, nor can I rest my gaze on the beauty of trees ever-bearing: the eternal light, the bliss, where is it? Down here, at the mountain-base – which I have travelled almost twenty-three years to find – I can see a lot of anxiety, anguish, and self-contemptuous cogitation, and I can see the cursed children of raped women playing violin on arms with razors...

I see all kinds of unhinged hedonism gone awry, and the dams of decadence are cracking with the moral depravity of our age together with the accumulation of the moral depravity of all past ones! Yes, I see the beaten prostitutes, the dirty drug overdoses, the seizures, the pathological patterns of self-denial and as well the evil denial of others... which, I have seen, have led to brutalization, victimization, dehumanization and the malevolent sexual violence from self-loathing and rejected virgins....

The air is stiff and I can smell the whiff of suicidal agitations like the smell of puddles of cat-piss around these neighborhoods... down here, judges beg forgiveness to the executed, and fathers sell albino daughters to horny witch-doctors (I have seen it firsthand; the aftermaths of these grisly scenes I cannot rub off my mind, the image of it; the smell of dismembered bodies; the sound of tears falling heavy like stone, the dread surging in children upon hopeless realizations... no matter the ardency to withstand it, alas, it has transformed me and it has thickened my skin).

I cannot figure where to go, on what kind of clandestine untrodden trail I must set foot, in order to find the entrance to Ebih, the mountain Ebih, which have been described as leading to the very abode of gods, their harems and their palaces, where even the gutters are flowing with milk and honey! Countless many times I have heard humans from all castes of existence ascribe to the mountain, Great Ebih (as they venerate it), blissful and awe-inspiring qualities, and promises of happiness and solace are supposedly assured at the gates of it, or at least, so I have heard. People have said to me that at the base of the mountain Ebih, even the nights are lighter than our days, and the sun always shine in the valleys below... the crops never die, and the water never goes old nor could any filthy pollution rob it of its elixiriousness: yes, they say, Ebih – the original Eden, the fortress of peace at the dawn of man... and I have caressed this legend with the touch of affection, I seek it no longer in that detached sense but I have sought to seek it surely in stupider eras of my past, and yes, I have

read maps and I have stayed in the huts of the hermits; I have ventured to edges and coastlines, I have waded through swamps of doubt, I have kept all keys I have been able to find... I have followed instinct; I have followed reason, even logic... and, open as I have been tremendously, I have discarded most of it... my emotions have become my ultimate signposts...

I have followed elders, my mouth has been bent open and stuffed with forced language, and the soliloquies of lecturer's ring still in my ear... I have bribed, I have tried to cheat, I have stabbed backs, I have walked over corpses, but I cannot find it still! The Ebih of my dreams – symbol of perfect and unparadoxical harmony – a fraud? I feel fooled... This is a dream, the dream of Ebih, and it has travelled through the prism of space and it has continued below the threshold of consciousness collectively, archetypally through all the centuries of man, and it has been chorused by a lamenting dying off and constant rekindling of memories in the cyclical tragedy of time, the long opera, as it is, of death and sadness... Ebih is this opera, which is dramatic, urgent, grotesque and loudly thundering with the baritone of the socio-cultural, political, moral, religious, and, as a consequence, the very civilizational apocalypse... and in it, the actors not act but do, because here are no fictions, and here is no shallowness of mimesis or of skilled stagecraft: and in it, everything fractalizes with time exponentially: all viruses, all bacteria of death; all loves and all careful intimacies; all possibilities of life; all certainties of entropy. Give it time enough, and time shall be time enough – give it space enough, and time shall turn the space into an eternity of proliferating possibility... the continuum forgives all and nothing, it forgets even more than that, and the continuum surely punishes randomly.

Did time not procure the sons and daughters of the first couple but with fairness and justice? No. There is no sense of justice out there, and if there is, it is impossible for us to discern it, is it not? Ask Cain what he thinks of the divine providence, these ever-benevolent systems, the just mechanics of being as designed by the Creator himself! Eve felt the post-natal depression, that is for sure – what deformity she birthed to the world... she did not care for Cain, but by the time Abel came around, something had turned inside her. What harrowing terror of the soul to feel the love of your own not at all... God had as well been indeed able feel to it, as a human would feel it, had God been imbued with the sensibilities and intricalities of the human soul! But God is not. On this point I confess my hostility towards the Abrahamic foundational religious doctrine. Again, post-natal depression, your Creator must be in it as well.

Have you noticed how all mothers afflicted with this sickness are proclived to stare just out into the void, eyes sullen as if devoured by the chasm yawning beneath the meadows, layered only by its crust thin as the peel of apples? What

may bring the new mother to scoff so at the miracle of life? I cannot know, but it is within the womb of indifference and alienation that the corruption of all children is fecundated, not on the fields of burning life, the dangerous life... for war creates life! And so does strife, suffering, exhaustion, abjection, loneliness, defeat, failure... yes.

War creates life; a world without war becomes a world in perennial stagnation – and war improves culture with its purging properties, cleansing it from weakness and filth. Wherefrom originated the first atom, if not from its own desire to extinct, die off in strife, fall beyond the edge of entropy into the blank, white space of uncertainty? The world nurtures off our flesh, our deaths are necessary for the world: incubation, cultivation, maturation, death – all comes from the seed of the throbbing life, which, by the same token, is the essence of death. War pushes peace to its cliff, and war pushes the ideal of pacifism, concrete as well as spiritual, to the plank of ghastly galleons above the dark and cold waters... its crime? Mutiny! Yeah. Think about that for a second while I roll another joint.

## **PRETENTIOUS ZOLPIDEM RAMBLINGS**

*(This one is pretty pretentious and bad)*

There are no normal technical standards for spiritual health and there is no definite criterion or measurement for it; happiness is never a birth-right nor is comfort nor some easy equanimity our natural condition; there is also no single intrinsically correct mode of being afore the Lord and there is no evidence suggesting that the human is necessarily content and cheerful by nature. Rather, by mere fact of just being human and of being condemned to this unrelenting consciousness, we can conclude that there is one animal which is sicker and frailer than the rest of the lot, and that this animal is surely the human being... for what is consciousness if not a disease, a purulent scab in the side of histories and an inflammation of the nervous system of evolution itself? And what is consciousness really, except for a disease and a blemish upon this evolution?

The human is born with an amazing cognitive and intellectual ability and her soul exists with an overemphasis in passion—both of which do not fit into the design of the natural world. The human being is too skilled in understanding and she is programmed to pursue love and sensuality—traits which do not rather help the human in the forest but only further chasm the cliffs of man and nature from each-other.

Since human beings search for answers to questions we can simply not measure in the laboratory, we try with epistemological consistency to overcome the human in us by probing the mystical for answers and fishing the deeper deeps,

digging longer and longer holes downward. The human craving for philosophical and valual justification on matters of the fundamental metaphysics of existence is a prayer left unheard and ringing in the Divine silence of the night.

The human life is same for all but at the same time fundamentally different for all: a suffering which is relative in phenomenological terms but absolute in terms of the inevitability of its causality and damnation. *Weltschmerz*. The want to know about life and death cannot be satisfied, therefore the human is faced with a reality no other animal must grapple with. The human perceives this pursuit for knowledge with increasing absurdity, since due to the essentially paradoxical nature of everything, the closer one gets to the core of these questions, the vaster, the shadier, the greyer, and the more fleeting their answers will start to seem. It is a perennial and objectively incomprehensible darkness—that is the only fact we, as humankind, may join hands commonly in recognition of. There is no great common denominator: God pushes every man and woman away from each-other with their radicalization into the true, solitary fanaticism of devotion.

## **GILGAMESH, WOMEN & VIOLENCE**

We may all be taken hostage by the ruptures of disastrous emotion... how it grows terrible and weird in the face of our angst and as it becomes apparent, the futility and limitations of human ignorance. I have roamed existential Reeperbahn and I have even endorsed the self-indulgent adventures of the prostitutes, my favorites, which I have paid well with gold, and spoiled with foods, clothes and goods... and I do not even lie down with them, beautiful as they are, but I give them plundered luxuries because I want to tear the whole world apart and I want to turn everything up-side-down. It is true that never have laid I a finger on these women. Sex spoils. I encourage in them the freedom they compromise by the sheer default of their occupation. It is not that they are unattractive to me, because they are indeed couriers of eroticism, and I want to mount their young bodies with the heat of the werewolf, but I cannot separate my acts of love from those of blind, bestial lust. Also, it would disgust me morally to be just another man for them. The thought shivers my spine actually. When I walk about the streetways at night, in the aura of blue Winston smoke with the intensity of my pregalin eyes, and with the hunger for flesh and life rekindled by the matches of transcendental inspiration, those fluttering green flames and their scentful balsam myrrh, I cannot decide whether my lust for these prostitutes is the produce of love or rather, of loneliness. In the Epic of Gilgamesh, the namesake hero refuses having sex with the beautiful goddess,

Inanna. She commands him to perform for her, rousing every fiber of manhood in Gilgamesh, whom as with a flash of heavenly strength declines the glorious offer put unto him, the naked flesh of the sex-goddess herself... indeed only a hero of masculinity could turn down Inanna, for masculinity is as much the ability to contain oneself as it is to set oneself free.

Gilgamesh thence became a true hero, master of his own faculties, for he disciplines himself and he does not throw himself to the desire of any corruptive woman, not even the erotic dance of a goddess may placate him with weakness... but heed though that there is no glee nor is there spite or resentment fueling mighty Gilgamesh. He is not motivated by hate but by love, a glorious love for life... and, sincerely, as he does not want to strangle beautiful Inanna, neither do I want to strangle the women I appreciate and choose to love, for he surely appreciated exuberant Inanna, fierce goddess of sex and war and love, this roaring storm of untethered femininity! I for one would not like to carry the yoke of barbarity into the new century, and I would prefer to leave the heredity of unrestrained primitivity behind – lest of it I become a vessel: I am a kind and soft soul and I, to my own dismay, would not slash any throat even in the blackest of thunderous tantrums; no disappointment, no betrayal nor even the painful fading of love's flickering flame would prompt such murderous lunacy in me. I am not the fists of hatreds and violences. I do not respect undeserved violence and I am sickened by the molestations and assaults by men on women – in my dreams, I beat rapists to death with blunt objects!

I intensely loathe the haters of women for the sake of their womanhood alone; surely at the end of days before the tribunals of purgatory they shall have their mouths bent open and they shall drink the piss from the judges of the apocalypse... and these contemplations take my mind hostage – a trance which is broken with the merest smiles of my berry-picking cohorts, whom I forget and rediscover by the minute...

## **PARADOX MADE FLESH**

Hell. I am disgusted with human suffering to the point of wanting to sacrifice myself for the cause of reducing it. I have a great messiah complex. I am pathetic in my empathic structure, and I weep tears to people I do not even know exist. I could not easily torture the rapist of my own daughter in empathy of his corporeal sufferings... at the same time, currents strong with violence and death is flowing in my blood like alcohol flows in those of the drunkard... I am strung between protean ubiquities and I weep and beg for clarity.

Enigma incarnate. Paradox made flesh.

As the Islamic State chased away the Iraqi army from Mosul during the summer of 2014, I felt serious joy and excitement about the new and aggressive Sunni militant revolution, but I wept serious tears for the Kurd and the Yazidi, and for the authentics and for the dissidents and free spirits forced to live under them... as much as I loved the overthrow of power, I hated the ideology while respecting it in simultance.

I loved their rebellion, but I hated them. I was captivated by their project but I wanted to personally execute every single one of them. I saluted their victories and pissed on their black flag in the same breath, for this is my heredity, my capacity for human freedom: I can despise that which I admire!

The false *love-hate* dichotomy turns to ash in the furnace of my backyard, and love is the most important thing in war.

In war, bullets are important... but without passion even the sarin and the napalm are mere stock-goods on shelves somewhere.

## **A GLOOMY NIGHT OF PESSIMISM & THE MOST RANCID DISGUST FOR LIFE ITSELF**

I have slit the throats of my enemies, but in reality, they are my best friends. I hate them for their compassion and their willingness to help me, for I do not deserve any of it, and yet I cannot say to them that I do not want it, because something degraded and puny in me wants it badly still, and that person within me screams like a specter trapped in the cathedral evacuated in a time of dire war: I love my friends so much; I cannot renounce them, but yet I cannot anchor myself in them. Everything I care for seems to vaporize, like grey clouds, and I cannot tell left from right, or right from wrong, or love from hate. I cannot tell apart feelings of determination, self-awareness, character and strength from feelings of confusion, self-loathing and destructivity towards myself and others... as an example: I try to think of one serious reason not to do drugs, all day, every day – I fail. I seem necessitated by the criterion of existence to transform consciousness in order to be able strongly carry it.

I force myself to embrace the idea of post-mortal spiritual states so that I – even in death – can repent the wickedness of my life, and with every fiber of my being I vomit the purging emesis of my conscience so that it drenches my body and fills up all the orifices until they resemble volcanic craters clogging by the minute as the beige vomit stiffen like magma in the cold air...



Hearken! I have raped the ones I love! I have thrust with bestial force their naked bodies! I have raped dogs in evil debauchery, I have fallen in love with hogs of the filthy sty and I have played with the innards of gutted house-cats! My fists have collapsed the faces of dear comrades; my teeth gnaw my father's bones to dust and my words curse my mother's cunt... passionately! It has been said over and over: humans are given birth out of seraphic grace, and, sculpted passionately in the image of the most awesome and splendorous miracle of life as designed by the great Creator itself, they are beautiful... their smiles ignite the furnace of hearts and their acute sobbing calm mothers over ethnic and cultural and national boundaries: the birthing of the human child is conceived as clean, pure, untainted, even though it – in its more scenic and visceral aspects – must be the most horrifying and gut-wrenching physiological mechanic we know of – even more so than the very conception of it, the consummation, the intercourse – which, in its own right, is appalling on so many levels!

The birthing of the human child is the extraordinary repulsiveness, if it not were for its deeply entrenched societal, cultural, bio-chemo-hormonal and psycho-emotional-spiritual dimensions.

Visually, it is offensive to me! Bodily fluids coalescing and seeping into holes they should never have seeped into... save for in nauseating and unbound corridors of depraved fantasy... the revolting smell of a woman's innards blotted... red-pinkish slabs of human offal irritating the nostrils and the eyes... the content of a pregnant woman's belly prolapsed and expelled as if someone dropped a heavy stone on the swollen stomach of a gassy corpse left for a number of days bloating under Satan's sun: the human baby – a sculpture of flesh with a head too wide to fit the breadth of the strained vagina weeps and screams and twitches its fingers and clenches to whatever it can find in order to drag itself into the warmth of the womb again. And what a brutalizing trauma this must be for the newborn (the ultimate origin of the existential angst: the violent confrontation with the unknown. Traumatic thrownness in essence. The first funeral out of the two funerals of being, is birth – the second: death).

Horrible spectacle! The walls of the vulva tear and crack to the unsettling disharmonies of her agonized screaming and I cannot help but think, it is surely a funeral – not a celebration – for the unborn... blood spurts out in nauseating quantities, mixing with the feces of the woman forcefully expelled from the blotted anus after hours and hours of a self-control lost to compelling physiological impulse. It is an outright grotesque scene – yet the search for it continues. The appraisal of it seems timeless and never does it halt; it is the thread binding the woman together with her beast ancestors. Years come and years go; minutes and hours pass and melt into the disfiguring cyst on mankind's back, we call it history... and whole eras dilapidate into their own fatigue...

whole life spans of the most splendid of men just vanish into that magnificent maelstrom which is whirling incessantly, inexorably... and we choose to call it time!

Three days ago, we ploughed the soil beneath us with whittled stone; the day after we read and wrote and thought and wept over our existence and yesterday man took his first trembling steps on the moon orbiting our spectacular planet... Yet it stands monolithic – the woman's love for her ripe belly! Amongst all the biological debris and the filth and the stench and the diabolical and indescribable pains of a woman's labor, they kindle themselves an undying light that guides them through the centuries, which is the most iridescent beauty, and the light of the world... the birth of a child... the unsharpened diamond of a woman's life... But does not the human become a pig at the moment of birth, as the mother fail to wash its pink flesh with her beast-tongue?

No matter how sincere her gesture, her tongue cannot reach the filthiest holes of her baby's body: she tries, without success, to clean her child's rectum from the clogging meconium, and the throat from mucus and bile, which inhibits its breathing. You think of the child as clean, innocent, pure and uncorrupt – but is he not rather born filthy with the ability to lick himself clean, at best?

When the phallus injects its white muck of evolution, something grotesque takes place and the other women will flock around the love-making couple in awe: *Amen! Amen!* Tonight, we welcome a family member: carry out the ceremonies; roll out the royal carpet!

If human nature – of which the human child is the irrefutable symbol – was inherently, *as it is in itself*, clean, uncorrupt, a something of innocence and goodness, and if the human child was the ripe fruit dangling from those twigs, then you would need to celebrate murder, rape and malevolence in order to flee the guillotine of self-deceit and deception of others. And if you stand proud amid the echoes of your own words, this appraisal of humanness, this almost unconditional loyalty towards our nature... then revel in meanness toward one another!

Molestations and desecrations, wicked cruelties and grievous abuse, impetuous racism, weakness in the flesh and extreme and opportunistic egotism... unrestrained and derailed will of survival and hedonism spilling over into the crystal ponds of egalitarianism, humanism, solidarity, compassion... embittering them and making them a poison for all the children to drink... all of this barbarity, this spinelessness, inherited from the father (nothing more than a roaming beast, no better than the ape, with his roused cock) and his mother (puny, fragile, weak in her motherly instincts, indoctrinated in the church of the sacred semen) is defining the human condition as it is, as it has been forevermore, fundamental contract of sociality... and the conglomeration of

these bestial and complementary sides of the human spectacle is also the ultimate human relation: the final stage of primeval love-making; the mending of the opposite life-sustaining principles of man and woman – and what a loathsomeness it very often is.

A human is not beautiful by birth, no – a human becomes a piglet when it is pushed out of its mother and roils in the dirty cesspools, the aetherous sludge of being, and it will soon call the pigsty a home, a castle of nurture, where it will grow and grow and grow and grow until it is fat and thickened with porcine shame, and I think of it, really, as if the world was a cadaver, and all the piglets were maggots browsing in the sulphurous and rot-stenched decomposture of it...

I think of them to be in the exact same roles like those of the maggots disintegrating the carcass... they, though, are not maggots, and the earth is not really a cadaver, but these are just mere words, and we should not get stuck on them, because beneath the surface, the whole thing indeed looks very similar...

The curse of mankind birthed when the fig leaf was snatched from the naked body of Eve.

## **THE MORAL & SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF MALEVOLENCE**

We need others' evil to moderate our own. Sick as it may seem, we worship the Hitlerian archetype reversely but authentically.

We need Papa Doc, the madman dictator of Haiti; Matyas Rakozy the head of the Hungarian Communist Party in the Stalinist era; Lavrentiy Beria, Stalin's left hand and a Georgian with a passionate interest in raping little girls; Pol Pot, the exterminator of roughly a third of his own people; Saddam Hussein, who would deliberately destroy huge water dams only to drown the people living down-stream (the so called Marsh Arabs of the southern Euphrates-Tigris delta)... we need Tomas de Torquemada, the infamous and tyrannous Spanish Grand Inquisitor; Vlad Tepes, the war hero of Christendom and the Impaler Prince; Gilles De Rais, the war hero aside Jeanne D'arc (whilst sacrificing children in heinous sex rituals to mighty demon Barron), and Leopold II, the Belgian King who chopped of the hands of Congolese children who would fail to reach the everyday production quota of rubber out in the fields...

Yes, I think we “need” the Ed Kemper, the Richard Ramirez, David Parker Ray... And I hate saying it!

*What would our culture be without the great genocidal artworks of the last century? And all the sickeningly impressive, beautiful terrorisms?*

The unspeakable mass-executions of Treblinka, the *Norillag*, the forced extreme laboring camp in the Soviet Union where bad nights could reach -60 degrees... the *Holodomor*, how the Soviet authorities starved the Ukrainian people resulting in millions of bodies... or the so-called “*three years of difficulty*” in Maoist China... (those communist assholes sure love their euphemisms!) We need what happened in Rwanda, in Nanjing, in Wola, in My Lai, in Srebrenica and, God forbid, in Oświęcim... we need the sum total of all homicides to haunt us as spectres in our silent hallways at night: we need reminding that it exists so that we can recognize it within ourselves, and we should not fall to sleep afore this reality, lest we might dream of unreachable and hollow utopia... we need to be captivated by the darkest of raging fires – what can we be without them!?

We must feed the fire of hate, lest the foam of love suffocate us. Beware! Do not allow it, in its glistening and seductive light, make you see things that are not real. Yes, for the path of love unchecked is surely the path of madness and self-destruction, and it leads us to be mastered by the devils instead of becoming a mighty master of them...

Time shall tell, but there is a lesson to be learned in every second happening in this world... even the ones we want to ignore and run away from; hold our breath through. The Great Elk told me in visions, and I have chosen to hearken these words. I want to familiarize myself more and more with what lurks and creeps and with what dances madly in the darkness around the villages, these safe-havens – pads of valuable light amid weird, sullen eternities of mystery!

Yes, I think this is what the rapist or the lustful murderer brings to my table: he might regret powerfully his appalling actions, but no remorse and no contrition can recede the trauma of the victim; the rapist stared into the abyss – the abyss stared into him! He played a game with the demons of the inward, and it is safe to say that those demons went out of it victoriously...

The rapist and the murderer teach me to recognize human garbage and evil when I see it. And for this reason, I demand discipline and strength from myself, for what stronger a nightmare is there but the nightmare of having turned into the very thing you once passionately loathed?

# THE INESCAPABLE UGLINESS OF THE WORLD

It has become my life's main goal to never ever have to confess to some court of my tribunal and with the black sludge of shame and self-hatred having replaced my intestines that—"I was just following orders".

Yes, it has become my life's main goal to never fall victim to the destructive wave of the many, for my legs shall be steadfast in the morass it leaves when its waters retract with the tide of the black moon! Yes, it has become the purpose of my life to show myself—and the world—that it is indeed possible to do so. Yes, I repeat: If I ever have to confess to some court of my tribunal, with the black sludge of shame and self-hatred having replaced my intestines a long time ago, that "I was just following orders", then my worth as a human being has been irrevocably expended, and I shall be fated to a remorseless gallows... and the thought of this possibility, of becoming possessed by the many, is real to me and to everyone else, for it is a human possibility, and whatever is human in us is hard to scrape off with the blunt side of a knife—your knife, blade of impotency!

Humanity is not just a dog-shit smeared on the sole of our shoe, however much we may wish for that, and to admit defeat to the ugliest demons of this humanity is to admit defeat as a human being, and it is to become oneself a mere dog-shit on the sole of something greater; something sardonic, and something incomprehensibly Godlike...

Yes, I think to lose oneself is to become the many, and this has become, over the lapse of years, the most trepidating and anxious nightmare-prospect of my life, and indeed, it is the only existential prospect from which I feel tremendous horror... yes, that, and to die in a clumsy, accidental and humiliating way in front of people I loathe... thence, I shall do everything in my power to make sure that, if this day of somber reckoning really comes my path, if I truly find myself amongst the Echelon of the accursed and the weak, and if the judges and attorneys then smite me with the questions and inquiries whose responses I cannot formulate with a straight spine, then I shall recognize that I have failed catastrophically in my life. And then, hopefully, I shall surely have the power to kill myself out of pure and simple self-revulsion from uttering these words with a conscientious heart, "I was just following orders"!

For this reason, I absolutely hate parts of what I am and what I am capable of. I am disgusted – sometimes in a very total way – by myself and my own capabilities. I would want to commit suicide out of shame – but maybe things

have amounted, by then, to such a pathetic summit that I require fucking orders for that as well?

Who am I, even, to have the luxury of killing myself in my own debasement and self-hatred? Cattle are herded to the abattoir, and many people are killed or dead from forces and accidents beyond the scope of their control – and what can I say by this? Not all pigs cannot choose the glamour of suicide as their final statement to the world! It is a privilege to be equipped with the necessary faculties to commit the act of suicide. The dark tide of history tells us this, and maybe that option will be depleted for me as well! For by this day, when it comes, if it comes, and afore the tribunal of my damnation, I have surely erased the lines I have focused a whole life to draw, the lines between the one and the many – and cowards do not deserve suicide! I am coward! Suicide as an existential option will not even occur in the mind of a coward, for cowardice is to be a single drop of water in the roaring flux of the waterfall, merely moving along, thundering down with a million others into the great and clamant noise of the river below...

*But there is, though, hope* – for it has become the goal of my whole project of self-improvement, indeed the focal purpose of my very life, to be able to, when the hearse comes my path, the phantom carriage of death, to be able to say, that in all my life, I never followed an order or a motivation I knew I ought not to follow.

Rudolf Höss could not redeem himself from his personal history of grotesque and repugnant atrocities by recognizing his submission to hierarchy and his indoctrination into a system of radical authoritarian collectivism, he tried that even as the pyres of his victim's ashes were still smoldering as he regretted and tried to repent himself before a world watching!

What a fool. But he was an interesting fool worthy of study. He was indeed a slave, but a willful one, because a slave of totalitarianism is one insofar as he is, by the same measuring rod, the slave of his own responsibilities. Remember: the perpetrators of the most barbaric and heinous cruelties more often than not evoke authority as the mechanism of their personal corruption – because they do not have in themselves the shame to recognize the true and premier of corrupting mechanisms, which is conformity – and not authority! Top-down authoritarian coercion is not a sufficient model for explaining the sickening crimes of the past and of the present... rather, it is my stern opinion that it should be explained fundamentally either by motivations of sheer psychopathic and/or sadistic malevolence, or by the socio-psychological mechanism of conformity; yes, I acknowledge, that sheer authoritarian pressure accounts for a great minority of the acts of malevolence, but it is hardly a foremost and sufficient model of analysis and interpretation in itself.

For example, I can tell you that there is not one single documented case of any German military or SS personnel during the Final Solution who faced brutalizing and grievous penance for refusing to execute whomever regarded subhuman. Even more abrasively – an astounding number of these perpetrators were voluntary in their participation of the systemic and industrial extermination of European Jewry. If that does not scare you, you are either totally stupid, ignorant by temperament, willfully blind, emotionally crippled, or – worst-case scenario – a vicious combination of all four of them.

## ON THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZA

We should remember that the great Khufu pyramid reigned unchallenged the throne of all tallest buildings for 3,800 years—before some English church could finally top it with its spires and mediaeval crenellations... *3,800 years*. Let that fucking fact sink in. It is completely insane. And I want to ruminate a bit around this, I have a theory: the true reason as to why the oldest of the seven wonders of the ancient world is also the only one still extant—roughly 4,500 years later—is the very elemental fact that, upon review of every observer of these astonishing artefacts of human ingenuity at Giza, not a single person could muster within herself to (in any way, shape or form) even think the thought of sabotaging, razing or otherwise defacing the Great Pyramids. I say: perhaps the numinous awe shook the flesh of every traveler with a weird kind of mystical electricity, and through the centuries, it amazed every admirer, every archeologist, every pharaoh, every conqueror and every king visiting it or conquering its adjacent lands.

With regards to this, I think we can talk of an activation of something transcendental within human nature. An archetypal arousal over beauty and achievement, a rooted predilection for aestheticism and excellence. Wars have been fought; campaigns of conquest have been undertaken and the landscape around the pyramids has been burning, wailing and sobbing for millennia.

The river Nile has overflowed a hundred times with the blood of tyrants and the sweat of slaves has flown all the way to the turmoils of its outer, brackish waters... the cries of convicted criminals have soared above these eternal days like some wailing eagle of mourning and even memories of kings have been forgotten in the necropolis of the endless sands—yet, what withstood every year and with every moment of every year were the pyramids.

Great Khufu pyramid, the feat of architecture to dwarf all other ones!

I think the great pyramids will count amongst the things we will boast about and romanticize when our planet tries to shake us off like a bad case of the fleas with the typhoons of the heavens and with the quakes of the earth... for there, and in similar things, lie the redemption of our cultural history. I say—not even the most unhinged of our human destructors, not a single one of our annihilating warlords and not one of our resentful avengers can stand to fuck with these pyramids—not even Hitler would. Would the Islamic State have done, if they could? Yes, actually, maybe that is the exception to this golden rule. But that is because they are actual devils from hell. Perhaps only the SS can outcompare them in this sense...

## TWO PATHS

*This piece is inspired by the schism between Orthodox and Gnostic congregations in the first centuries Anno Domini. It is in remembrance of Basilides, Valentinus and the Sethian Gnostics and in critique of Irenaeus of Lyon, Tertullian and Ignatius of Antiochia.*

There are *as many paths as there are human beings*.

How can one know which path to go!? These bridle roads of victory and conceit...

We walk the landscapes of absolute freedom, and we walk the landscapes of absolute stability and safety. All paths lead in desolate directions but will nevertheless end at opposite shores of this same sea...

The sea of self-destruction and corporeal finality. The seekers of freedom on one shore, the seekers of stability on the other.

Maybe, they will wave at each-other, and relate dissociate passions—but probably not.

Some lead to death-camps, while others end in false pride. Some lead to the ruin-cities of ancient kingdoms while others fade with the towns and crop-fields into the obscurity of unquiet, ferine woodlands...forests once perhaps having been subject to the exploratory campaigns of humans, but has now been left to their destinies of ultimate rectification through the meaningless natural entropy.



There is a polarization to be recognized between the value of spiritual anarchism contra that of spiritual totalitarianism, and the tempests of their complementary yet inimical dichotomy blow chillingly with the uproariousness of the human spirit through the choices we are happy to make, as much as through those we are condemned, crestfallen, to just having to deal with.

And what drives the individual to voluntary genuflection? What drives the collective to shackle itself to monolithic rigidity?—surely, a force of motivation to which i cannot relate: ignorance; cowardice; fear of angst; fear of freedom and of responsibility: the want for absolute autocracy as in heaven so on earth: the dream of psycho-emotional stability, ethical routine, codification of morality—the deprioritization of honest and uncensored freedom as an ultimate value, a virtue carved in clay with diamonds and on display in all walled gardens of the original

*P a i r i d a e z a !*

I proclaim: the purpose and prime mover of willful submission to authority must always be to surrender to it out of absolute spiritual necessity... But it must be a feat that is anteceded by a strong-willed aspiration to grow out of it. The willful surrender unto authority must always be the means of a passage or a transformation—such as through the military or a religious cult—a threshold to step over, or a wisdom to listen ardently to: i advise however never to start identifying with the authority—lest you shift into it, transmogrify psycho-spiritually.

You will take for granted that "the universe" wants good for you—bad move. You like to believe that something somewhere somehow has got your back in the troublesome times of your life, an existential Stockholm syndrome. You start to identify with that which rules you, and you rationalize through the filter of solace the motif behind that which rules you into being benevolent for you, or lucky and powerfully meaningful.

But it is not. It is a slaves' lot in life; this kind of religious bondage does not sound like a particularly powerful idea to me.

No, personally, i shall never identify with—but i shall *take good advantage* of—authority...surely, they are deserving of it! Smite it with gullible language, the spell-craft of words and wisdom... deceive it; drag it through the sunlight and to the tribunals of its own darkness...take from it what you need and leave the rest like wildfire...

Because only in the dust of their own dilapidation will the authorities be revealed the shallowness, weakness and corruptibility of their fundamental structure...

## THE TEMPEST OF THE HUMAN CONDITION

*You are not a mere victim of physics, as say, the ball becoming hit by the racket is—you do not get to play that game. Why? Because you do not have the same excuse the ball becoming hit by the racket has.* When the ball is hit by the racket, it becomes subject to the aerodynamic physical predicaments of nature: the ball, whose movement will be absolutely determined by the fact of it being hit by a racket, will fly with a fundamentally foreseeable trajectory. This is a direct consequence of manifold factors, such as, but absolutely not limited to, the material and density of the racket, the power with which the racket has been swung and the aerial weather conditions through which the ball will steer its trajectory. The ball in itself could never decide in any way to undertake or not to undertake this trajectory, for it is inanimate and it is the mere pawn on a board of chess—and the hand that is playing we know as natural reality... nothing more and nothing less! I think of the human as a breacher of this relationship between physical reality and the laws and dicta that govern it, for the human has in himself the power to outplay natural reality on the chessboard: ours is the hand that play the king and queen, and the rook, and bishop, and we may do so with a wit and a stupidity combined—yes, that is humanity: human beings are no rackets and they are no balls, but they hold rackets and they throw the balls up into the air and they then swing their rackets onto them, hitting them with various degrees of force!

Yes, this is it: the human being has in its capacity to initiate sequences of events—and it is with this observation of human reality that we may understand the concept of freedom, as it throbs and pulsates at the heart of its outer shell, we call it existentialism.

We are humans and we initiate causal sequences—the racket, however, does not, for it merely a factor, but not an agent, of the initiated sequence. Yes, we have a very distinct, and as far as I can outline, unique way of being in this world. The essential task of philosophy is to embody and to stir, as from the shadows, the violent uproar of the personality, unique as it is, which is dormant in you. This is the spiritual extreme of philosophy and the finality of it, a concluding epitaph to it! Yes, I say: the vein of existentialism runs through the body of the individual, which electrifies the violent subjectivity of the individual against everything else—and that is art! And that is philosophy...

Life must always seek to imitate art more than art seeks to imitate life, and the same goes for philosophy. When philosophy aspires to soften the conditions of nature over man and therethrough aspiring to a position of responsibility in order to enhance man's place in it, it is a castration of philosophy... it has gone awry, for it is not the task of philosophy but of politics to render man's relationship with nature easier: no, I say verily: the task of philosophy is not to abridge nature and man, but to abridge man and *madness* (which is *God*)... the heart of philosophy is throbbing with the chaos which transforms order through the grotesque electricity of genius dwelling at the root of it. To philosophize with courage is not to say: let us conjoin the island of angst with the continent of utopia... for I say it again: it is not the task of philosophy, but of politics, to render man's relationship with nature easier, and I say with power: the task of philosophy is not to abridge hell and heaven as to reach heaven, but to rip the chasm open between them even more, as to become swallowed by the gape and the void between them!

But you losers will never understand that!

Oh, well. Should I live? And if yes, why should I live?

This is the aorta of philosophical inquiry.

And if I can muster a reason good enough, then, how should I live? That is philosophy to me. No, bother me not with these false intellectuals masturbating over their own theoretical whims aloof in their tunnel-visioned fantasies, how they bask in their own ideas like fat swine in the first rays of spring! For that is what he does all day, the intellectual, and I do not think he stops even in his dreams at night...

I conclude:

inapplicable philosophy is just mind-garbage which burns off  
like deadwood in the rays of the indigo sun,  
that orb of light on the endless otherness...

The light which gives us eyes to see;  
hearts to love; spears to hunt...

# TO PROVOKE WITH DAGGERS OF FIRE & FREEDOM

Palamas chose a life in the shadow of Death, whilst Barlaam, he from Seminara, chose one in the lustre of life, and I have managed to carve out, in hard rock chiseling the surface of a thousand hours of thought, two primary types: people who live and people who die. People who live, breathe, smile: make comfortable their tubby bodies under the warmth of opulent suns and behind their parasols of pacifism, these domes in the sky of hedonia and unconditional solace in the life and thereafter! They cry their tears of philanthropy as to give their symbolic accolades from open hearts like Simon the Cyrene or Saint Veronica so wept over Christ's bloodied head, the boundaryless forgiveness and the fetishization of mercy!

Death for these people, along with all the pain and suffering sprouting out of it – is not important enough pieces of the life's puzzle. These things are not colored well with the sweet colors of happiness, egalitarian idealism, the idea of divine omnibenevolent providence, gluttony and other kinds of refuse pushed out from the greasy bowels of hedonism and spiritual self-slavery! But! Opposing them – inborn, undeniably, or by sheer force of will – are people who live restlessly in the sunless shadow of Death, not seeking to flee it: life on death's terms... oscillating between war and love – majestic pillars of existentialism – and not between damned ideals of weakness, this peace and love...

I will not walk alongside the stoics of faith because their sloppy processions seem rather pathetic to me. They cannot remember where they started off and they have no idea where they will stop their ridiculous debacle.

I say no. No. I tread the darker pathway, and when I march – I march for war. Stoic of faith – as you denounce the vital component of strife and turn your eyes elsewhere, to the right or to the left, or to the below, into caverns of self-deceit and rationalization, I pin my eye-lids wide open with pliers... but you, you look wherever you have to in order to flee what I see *a priori*: life in its fullest. When the carrion-flower opens awide I slowly fade into the opium-mists of its putrescent whiff. You rear away from the face of terror, I want to kiss it: the slightest opening or potentiality for any kind of transcendency or numinosity seems to scare all shit out of you: like the arrogant fool stranded on the desolate island, you see mere ocean to the east; you see mere ocean to the west; you see mere ocean to the south and you see mere ocean to the north... eternally proliferating and identical nothingness! And the sun fades in its lustre and power by every goddamn hour... the light – which you certainly curse as suffocating darkness – has ceased to glow, and left are remnants, a hollowness,

humans, flesh vessels, like muscles with pearls snatched; bestial shells of food and sex; of cravings, lust, hunger, uncontrollable impulse, *destrudo*, *libido*... Of course, you would not admit it... but beneath the collar and behind the closed church-gates, it all looks the same to me. Barlaam - that cloak hides nothing, and virtue glows with absence all around you, aura of spiritual hoax... have you ever gazed aloft your Calabrian shorelines where the ocean swallows its lands like the panther swallows the chunk from the side of the gazelle? Could you see the ocean and can you rest on it with your gaze, or is the absolute nothingness in front of it and atop of it too hard see through? Can you see this splashing on the surface, far out in the distance? Only outright retarded children would take a swim in shark-infested waters merely because they do not see a fin wobbling at the top of the surface... only blind children is comforted by the deceptive *gaslighting* of the pederast offender... only the cretin maniac – a primitive loser amongst rapists, in lack of finesse, an embarrassing blemish upon the already tattered art of rape would leave behind cold clods of disgusting semen inside a vulva of innocence, invaded and torn, for, alas, he would not know his time would then have been cut short... he committed the heinous act stupidly; now he shall fall subject to the gnarling teeth of the law... which will grind him to dust or worse, after leaving behind such a stupid trace! But he felt like the alpha when he committed the act, and that was the highest value for him. What a repulsive and hurtful idiot, yes, but he won his personal battle and he claimed the spoils of a transient lust: whatever happened next seemed a trifle... I would diagnose this rapist with the lack of responsibility, and I would prescribe a lethal dose of Kierkegaard, as many milligrams of fear and trembling it would take to surely kill a man... I want him to understand his malevolence: I want him to assume existential, spiritual and ego-personal accountability, and then I want to rid the earth of his scumlike presence, a bullet to the head is not enough, he needs suffering... but heed though, lest we put in too rigid folders what is good and what is bad: does not everything have nerves of gold running through it, for aren't we the embodiments of dangerous and life-threatening ideas? Yes, we are, do not forget that... and besides, humans are masters of perspective: we can judge with value; we can contextualize; we can pick ripe cherries from rancid ones: everything is not black or white, right or wrong, good or evil. For example, it so happened that the Islamic State (ISIS) sometimes cared for the poor and delivered the absolute necessities to the starving and the wretched... and the Soviets made sure *everyone*, and not just a majority, lived and dwelt in fear, anxiousness, paranoia and demoralizing suffering. The Nazis loathed animal cruelty and thought of it as a barbaric digression of self-respect and from the inherent rights of the animal, and an impious blemish on the corpus of Aryan morality...

What may we do in the name of justice and peace? Hiroshima? Nagasaki? My Lai? Were the killing fields of Cambodia a means to a just end? They threw children against trees until the screams silenced! That is barbarism... but the atom bombs? Can anyone believe the argument that the thermonuclear devastation of the two Japanese cities were necessitated by mercy and human solidarity? Shit! A humanitarian effort to end the war as soon as possible, and by doing so saving lives countless? I have certainly heard it being proposed. Maybe, who knows, really. It was surely an inspiring factor, at the least. If you are cynical, you would call it a propagandistic argument, but if you are idealistic, you would call it a humanitarian argument. And, while on the subject of the greatest war, I must ask you: was there a higher degree of common *evilness* amongst the Germans of the Third Reich than what could be found in for example the United States during the same historical period? A hideous question, but it is burning with hideousness like a light: when the collective goes insane, how does one assess the criteria of culpability for the individual? If you, as an employer, refused and discarded the application of an emaciated, dire man over his ethnic and religious ancestry, were you an accomplice of the Holocaust? Maybe you did not even disfavor the Jews, maybe you did not give a damn about the racial hygiene, and maybe you even empathized with their indescribable plights and discriminations? Maybe your wife was Jewish even, thus your kids! Would it make you an accomplice... of genocide? An ethical enabler of such an undertaking, since you did nothing to stop it? Where do one draw this line? Not surely can the yoke of the Holocaust be hung on the shoulders of one single man, and certainly not on Hitler himself, but is it reasonable by the same token to hang it over the back of an entire people? Can we exert accountability from only those who actively pulled the triggers and tied the nooses? Only from the folks like the ones burning defenseless people alive with flamethrowers to their black and crisp deaths, and the ones raping bestially, beating relentlessly, terrorizing systematically? What about those who only spat at them, or ridiculed them verbally? And shall the passive bystander, the one only looking with nothing but war-traumatized apathetic indifference at the great atrocities be disciplined as well amongst these ranks, the echelons of genocidal malevolence?

If you, hypothetically, walked down a Warsaw street or a Minsk street or a Kiev street during the height of the appalling persecutions of the early 1940's, meeting emaciated Jews, not looking them in the eye, turning your gaze elseward... would you be an accomplice of the greatest and most impressive genocide history ever bore witness to? These questions drive me mad, for there are really no answers. Where is the middle-path here? I think there is none. Everything leads down to the final questions... what is good? And what is bad? And on a similar note, let me ask: is it Godspeed or is it wicked evil when the

bubonic plague purges dramatically regions of severe and burdensome overpopulation, reducing and decimating until only a few strong and battered are left amongst the piles of human bodies?

Think with courage. Can you grant that Hitler was admirable on some fronts, and very fascinating? His person captivates all of us – it is hard to overlook him; it is hard to look away from him even, the fiery usurper! It does not matter if you even find him laughable because he will still steal your attention. Was he a genocidal prophet for igniting what seemed the apocalypse? Is Hitler in fact the central matter around which the *First Apocalypse of James* revolves? Follower of Christ – listen: perhaps Hitler was your Second Coming: who could know with certainty that the Risen would return as it were? Maybe the Divine showed another face of itself this time around? God is not only good. God has evil aspects as well, and is surely capable of terror and annihilation – a short revisit to the Old Testament would for sure fuel that fire of idea...

The premier archetypal embodiment of malevolence in our time, Adolf Hitler, became obsessed with his worldview and his personal cultural design, consumed by the fires of a perceived transcendence, throbbing in his flesh, with sparks flying out of it! Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva as one!

We grant Adolf Hitler the status of folk Devil.

But why are you so sure your God is so good at all times? The Divine, the God or the Gods, has had wrathful elements through-out human cultural history, yet today we repudiate this idea (because of Abrahamic faith). But – God is not only the cozy stuff! It seems more a mystery-squid, manifold tentacled... two arms for love and hate; two for peace and war; two for good and evil; two for chaos and order; two for life and death...

Maybe these people, like Hitler, understood something you, arrogant priest, or you, kiddo on your high horse, missed or misinterpreted about the *immanentization of the Eschaton* you all so seem to endorse, at least on the basis of your actions but, after all, not on any intellectual level? After all, was not the Christ supposed to return at the end of days – the second coming of the Lord? Adolf Hitler was indeed sentimental and full of passion (at least until the nerve-wrecking madness of profound personal and national defeat dragged him down into an abyss of neurosis and megalomania from ca 1942 onward), just like Jesus, was he not? Did he not overcome his obstacles absolutely with the power of his personal strife, impressively so? Ha! You say you admire willpower – then admire him, you \*\*\*\*.

He swung his sword with the strongest ardency against the enemies of his will... he is admirable in this sense – which is also my serious conclusion. His passions set aflame the passions of weaker folk and I can admire that... you should, though, mark these words, for they are of utmost importance: sincerely, fuck him for the suffering he imposed intrusively onto the world. Yes: an absolutely beautiful painting in a vernissage of ugly and inauthentic art does not, after all, legitimize the worthwhileness of the exhibition as a whole, and such are my feelings with regards to the notorious German leader... And I speak on these topics aloud: I never condone genocide because, to me, it is too evil for me to handle, both spiritually and morally: it is true, I am possessed by destruction and chaos, these two devil-imps, though emotionally and empathetically I cannot behold the suffering person of innocence without hating myself to the core... At the end of the day, I admire Witold Pilecki a hundred times more than Hitler even, and I do not even have to choose a side! I can pick as I want... and you all can judge me but you cannot stop me! Do you not understand your own stupidity?

*You might hate the feeling of vomiting but you will surely feel better as your tummy has purged itself of its corruptive contents. Does that mean you hate vomiting, or appreciate it?*

Do I hate what the world is, or what it has become?

Do I despise *me*, or what I have become?

It is a simple question at face value, yet rife with profundity beyond the shallow. As is common, you may disown your daughter for becoming a prostitute by choice; does that mean you what she is, or merely hate what she chosen for herself?

Do I revile what life is, the quantum-being of it, or am I just embittered by a life personally not really worth living?

You may not understand my angst today, but you will tomorrow: even you fattened swine of gluttony and your children ruined with love, with your embellished heads, tiara-crowned, and with clouds of edacity around them and with the shame of suppression brewing slowly in them...

Give it some time. You will feel it when the breath of the wyvern scolds near enough, and even the architects of hedonia and the stubbornest of all the stubborn will with time allow their own resignation, the coup d'état of the spirit, in shame or not; in insight or not, to that which cannot be proven neither with



ardent historical or archeological research, nor with any type of natural-material scientific analysis; these methodologies of epistemology fail to impress me, and while they are busying themselves with hunting to kill the spirit, their own croplands flood with the muck of passion and this mysterious human experience of existence they so vehemently try to discredit... life is a pitch-black terror of nihilism, and even scientists and rationalists must fill that space with meaning, but humans cannot acquire meaning in their life-experience with the predicament that it will be based on any objective or even rational principles — even objectivity — scientific truth, as they say — a dragon under the iron heels of faith's knighthood! A dragon cowering beneath the tip of the flaming crystal swords of those who ventured far... and returned blazing kinglike!

Yes: only frail circumstantial evidence we can present to account for the theory of intrinsic ecumenical morality: individuals claiming a life in objectivity are disturbed self-deceptive losers, outright liars, or worse — but I am not particularly arrogant or gleeful about this, for do we not all in honesty count ourselves amongst these ranks? If not today, then yesterday, tomorrow, or the day after that... if not so in this very moment, where we perhaps can find a peace of mind, or a strength in living, certainly we will be hugged by the python grip of it, it seems a question of time?

Yes, with time, we all become rust-covered swords and small fossils of cute, naive hope buried deep in the in the mire of history! And truth will scratch our back at the end of days and it will remind us of some disturbing shit as the teleology of life unveils and reveals the face of this existential quackery, which is life, the absurdity we may never outspan, outrun nor outsmart.

## **FEMININITY**

Genetically speaking, we should remember that everyone's life is originally female, and only when a new substance, the male hormone, is added to the genetic constitution of the fetus does its gender change. All of the ancient and great civilizations knew this—but they did not know this like we would today know a fact. They knew it without knowing it, on a profound and downright religious level of archetypal psychology or something like that.

Maybe, I don't know. But i think that it was wisdom, a force of subconscious insight which gravitated them towards mythologically representing the origin with the feminine, and relating unto the primordial chaos a certain sense of “femaleness”.

# THE FAILURE OF WORDS

i am born with the dictionaries of imps and devils lodged steadfast in my mouth—rather, down my throat—and I speak the tongue of betrayal, and I have spoken fervently, believe me.

I am the mandrake of existential demagoguery screaming, whimpering, sobbing like a retarded kid in heat at the sight of his naked sister:

i can not even finish this poem in a proper and satisfactory way —

it was something about language and the entropic nature of it,

i don't know. its ruined now anyway, the essence is lost,

i cannot remember it.

## A CREATIVE MORALITY

The hero must be creative with morality, and finding more meanings to life than God, king or country. It has come to me, the wisdom, that the hero lives life as if given the choice, he would live the exact same life over again, and again and again (I love you, Nietzsche). The hero rides the ups and downs of life as if an enthusiast watching the favorite scenes of a movie...

## MILITANT PASSION & THE BLUEST BLOOD

When I start to write and when I start to imagine what to write, I rip open an abyss before me that will not stop yawning until I throw words in there, words which ignite, catch fire and burn off in the grey sky of a mundane world. But I recurrently fail to grasp these words, and I become so perplexed by the gap between the mystery of the object and the strong-willed and resilient but ultimately useless power of language with which the subject is trying to describe it. I start to understand the idea that it is not up to us to describe the mystery, but that it is up to the mystery to imagine us, and the mystery has indeed imagined us... it has imbued us with our introversive and extroversive qualities, and though these are binary, they are not mutually exclusive, and there is tremendous overlap in every soul; no man is exclusively introverted; no man is exclusively extroverted, it is a protean dynamic, a ubiquity of personality.

However, some men tend to one of them while some tend to the other, and the person heavily leaning to the extroversive side of things, he is unable to produce entirely original ideas on this profound mystery, he is the mere compost and processor of them, the distributor and spreader of others' ideas—at least in rough principle.

The extroverted person is like this though, only insofar as the introverted person on the other hand negates this insufficiency by probing into the abyss of the personal and authentic unknown. Introverts hatch ideas while as extroverts incubate them, build upon them, implement them, promulgate them. Religious as well as aesthetic experiences are most notable with introverts, for they have in themselves as a natural proclivity to gaze inward, to penetrate the layers of answers—yeah, man is the hog of truffle, domesticated in the fine art of rooting the earth for his answers, but the hoarfrost seems stubborn every year and no husk may browse through this soil, frozen as it is, from the mysteries!

But we shall have faith. Ultimately, having faith is being in the unnegotiable and confusing state of being concerned and anxious with existence itself, and being so for no other reason than merely being alive oneself.

Yes – existing itself! That is the problem to be addressed, and before this mysterious existence man is astonished and fallen to his knees. Yes, the human astonishment before the mysteries of being is the root of all religious conceptualization, of all philosophizing and of all theologizing – and what is the core phenomenological component of all religion, of all philosophy and of all theology? Ultimately, it is faith. That unnegotiable, unredeemable, undeniable state of *being concerned with being*; of seeking faith in the darkness, the human universal! And how responds a hero to the call of such existential concerns? He is moved by it into action, for the definitional criterion for the religious experience is that it must incite action—therefore war is religious, and therefore love is, because it forces its subjects to muster action. I shall illustrate: you can go to a movie theater and enjoy a beautiful film or you may go to the gallery and awe at the paintings, but the question must be asked: what does it leave you with? If you go to a movie theater and afterwards you become so imbued with the spirit of it that you begin writing your own manuscript, or if you go to the gallery and become so infatuated by the beauty of a painting that you instantly purchase the appropriate materiel and starts painting your own masterpiece—those are religious experiences. If you are not driven into a profound and meaningful action, we may call them aesthetic experiences, and these are very important as well for the warrior mystic poet, but none so profound as the *mysterium tremendum et fascinans* itself. A religious experience is an experience of the Holy, it is a state of being, and it can be colored with a myriad different emotions, moods, and passions; its canvas too is large and mysterious. I think a religious experience might be the experience of being taken hostage by a feeling of an ultimate concern, a concern which downgrades every other concern you know about; it is an experience which qualifies all

other experiences as preliminary—for the religious experience reveals bits and pieces, or sometimes way more than that, to the meaning of our lives.

It is undeniable once it happens, and as it happens, you cannot evade it. It toys with us like a malevolent house cat toys with the mouse, and to that, the cynic would maybe say that the religious experience is like some cancer: we all know it is out there, we all know the destructive powers of its sickness, but we seldom think it will affect us personally - until it simply does, and until it just happens, and transforms our lives from the core out, and forever! Yes, today I forge weapons on this parched palate, which have ever been my blacksmith at the coming of the apocalyptic war, stronghold of spite and eloquence, for I will remember it as the day the vesicles of your beloved savior—God—burst open from the single cut of a dagger resting dangerously in the hands of this idiot—fanatic—of faith, which soulless mouths would condemn, tarnish, as extremist... an idiot and a madman of religiosity I have become, a wild one, a banisher of dogma, I am a pack of depraved rapists scouring the lands of a hundred pure monasteries – this I have become... a werewolf, a ravenous spiritual sadomasochist!

Lashes of whips go inward and outward... a rat-poison in the bathing water of the Cherubim... the vision of the heavenly debacle – a morphine-like satisfaction... I am coronated in the menstruation fluids of Dysnomia — my timeless interest of love, the strongest and prettiest amongst the daughters of abhorred Eris, goddess of strife and of dignity!

I follow the ancient serpent which have slithered in many high-grassed paradises, and, shunned by its most unholy name and a myriad other, have been banished therefrom—and forevermore accursed – as Satan amongst the Semites, and as Angra Mainyu, Ahriman, amongst the ancient Aryans... I am the seed of Níðhöggr, which gnaws at the tree of life, coiling venomously... I am the arrows of darkness; of contradiction and opposite; of paradox and logical fallacy; of wholeness and integrity... the black semen of Satan drips into the open wounds of the illusion of a world the Christians, the Muslims, the Jews and all the others have built for themselves: a rhythmic cycle of denial and solace.

Let us here dictate an absolute premise of theology; of spirituality: to every little glimpse of holy light, there is a corresponding darkness, ravenous, with greater endurance...

For does not death and darkness certainly swallow everything, absolutely, in the end... and if not, what kind of life may ever outlive it?

What kind of existence can possibly free itself from these fetters of time and death, welded tortuously to the scolding skin of all the Lord's children?

To every emanation of light, there is one of darkness; to every *Sephirah*, a corresponding *Qlipha*, a compensation eternal; to every thick and noxious

mystery tumbling withershins the warmth of the known, a warrior of the sun reacts violently, and to every pathetic smear tactic of the heresiologists, a flaming sword is drawn from the side of the Palamite!

## **APOKATASTASIS OF THE WHOLE WORLD**

Pristine empress of the Holy nunnery...

if you can hear me, please listen, beautiful Hildegard – allow your translation of the hidden language to enrich me, if you may, for you know the *lingua ignota* by heart, wondrous warrioress... Every axiom of my experience, every paradigm, every law and every advice shall be thrown to the holy urinals of existence because every slab of “objective morality” turns inside out in my belly until it becomes uproarious, bloated and sour!

My sense of self is locked in the great pillory of despair on some god-damned hillock lost and forgotten amidst an ocean of a thousand shark-fins wobbling at the surface! And somewhere down there, the megalodon of angst nods back and forth in shallow sleep like a morphine-addict on her depthmost of all bottomless bottoms, stirring havoc, moving about her thunderous body, these scales and panzer of death... and with her glowing teeth of the viper-fish, dripping filthy with the venom gnashing, the abyssic asp-mother coils... She moves her body but an inch, and ancient dead sub-oceanic volcanoes awake and cause uproar. Schizophrenic astronomers proclaim the year of revenge for they have concluded so with the reading of the stars in the accord of ancient Assyrian astrological systems.

The tectonic plates beneath us cannot come to peace or reconcile no matter how ardent the negotiation; they smite each-other...

The earth shakes in its foundations... the whole world has become a stage – I am a playwright; I name the play *apokatastasis ton panton*!

## **TERRORISM & RADICALIZATION**

*Self-destruction through self-deceit  
is always a sin in the court of God.*

Self-destruction, however, through spiritual strife towards the Higher, that is always virtuous. The net suffering of their deeds is the same, the outcome similar, the tears as real and the broken bodies as heinous to observe, but the motivations in their hearts distinct themselves from one another.

I differ between spiritually honest terrorism and intellectually indoctrinated terrorism. However, it is nearly impossible to make that distinction in the real world and in the scientific study of terrorism. Yes, i truly think there is a difference between the terrorist who, because of his or her weakness or gullibility is merely used as a pawn by the indoctrinator, contra the terrorists with true and authentic convictions to their causes, the ones honestly believing that what they do brings them closer to some kind of transcendental goal. But this is a matter of heart, and it is so hard for us to ultimately say something about: only God is the true witness to that.

authenticization through radicalization—  
that is my core message.

## THE BENEVOLENT FACE OF INTIMIDATION

It seems people approximate "respect" with "common decency". It is not the same thing. I am kind and benevolent by default to people. when I say I don't respect them I mean that I don't admire them. But I am still decent to decent people. But average, decent people do not impress me. I wish not to waste my love, my admiration, my respect. These people are just unimpressive puddles of human mud. Nothing more, nothing less. And I do not respect that particularly. But I am still nice and they still have human decency and integrity and I accept their boundaries, but—I do not admire them.

Where are the heroes and heroines? If you want respect... then move worlds! Being "in the moment" and "accepting yourself" does not do the trick for me. Respect is a powerful world, and I believe in the power and truth of words. I am spiritually militant towards Foucault and Derrida.

*Discipline equals freedom.* Just *being*, it is not respectable. Competence and power, love and humility, the capacity of murder and self-defense. That is respectable. For me, respect has to do with greatness; elitism; human excellence. I cannot respect someone who is puny and weak. I can pity them, i can be very kind, i can help them and i could nurture them. I can empathize. But I don't look up to them. There is no respect there for me. Respect goes upward. I do not think I could respect anyone who would not be able to instill fear in me (given they chose to make that their foremost priority). The line between respect and fear is not by any means clear.

I respect the capacity for destruction and the restraint willfully put on it. Being respectable is being potentially dangerous. Respect is the benevolent face of intimidation.

## THAT WHICH DESTROYS FREEDOM

*What is good and what is evil?* What do these concepts mean for us, and more so, for the human experience? A decent definition of what is “good”, i think, is what is “free”... and a good definition of what is “free” is ultimately what is “human”—the only being capable of self-discipline. And discipline equals freedom. And so, what is the human being not, but a paragon or an apotheosis even, of freedom? I would say that this freedom which define us means that the human being, as subjectively experienced, is culpable of every virtue and vice of every action he or she makes. This means human beings can willfully choose to be “evil”. What means “evil”, then? I would say, anything or anyone wishing or conspiring to destroy or cripple or delimit freedom is evil. The destruction of freedom is the epitome of evil. Yes, this is my definition of evil – which is: sheer malevolence. Destruction and infliction of suffering for the sake of suffering itself, that is evil. Thence, everything that is indeed evil will teach you that you have limited freedom. What is good is what is free—and what is evil is what tries to destroy what is free. And that is my sole and ever-only contribution to the field of objective morality.

## A CUPFUL OF DIAMONDS

There are enough diamonds in the world to give every person a cupful. Yet not every person has a cupful of diamonds. There is surely enough clean water on the surface of this earth for every person to wet the parching throat even tens of times again. Yet children gulp their water out of the stream that is polluted... and they do so out of their pathetic and mortal desperation, a desperation borne from the absolute scarcity of conducive water, and they are forced to drink from sewers like dogs... and the human being ripe with empathy, or one in chivalrous service, person in knighthood for the world – or in martyrdom with it – would ask: is this a decent way of maintaining and caring for our children? In principle, practically every person would indeed answer *no*, had such an uncomfortable question been posited, and the one courageous enough to answer *yes* would do so out of psychopathy on the one hand or out of sheer and utter provocation on the other. It makes me wonder whether there is a third alternative amongst these other two shallower ones? For example, I consider myself cursed by my empathy but by the same token it is my very crown and scepter. It is my sharpest

sword and my defeatism as if in a bundle. Oxymoronic? Yes, but that is what I am, what I have become. I use my empathy as a way of tormenting myself. My mind is drawn to horrible things. I am a meaningless fly having gotten lost in the light but nowadays I find that the darkness was my fly-strip of meaning all along, and on good days I get miserably caught in it to the point of barely managing to escape.

So, for example, today I ponder the five-year old girl in the notorious novel, *Brothers Karamazov*; the little girl is forced to an outhouse in the blazing night of the Russian winter; abject and scared and destitute, she is crying her heart out. She has been beaten, she has been stomped on, and she has been humiliated in grotesque and unconceivably heart-breaking ways: spat upon by mother; ridiculed by father; stricken with open palms by mother and hit with firm fists by father. That little child, the bundle of joy she could have been, what a catastrophe of empathy and what a little holocaust must have grown in her heart like a tulip in atomic winter! She was forced to eat her own excrement in grotesque dejection at the glaring and judgmental stare of her two indifferent – or even malevolent – parents. Had your holy spirit been present, the one you love so much, with its crown high with compassion and with the evangels of benevolence we so often hear about lodged steadfast in its mouth, ready to speak out the truth, ready to elucidate the way of the destitute at any moment and at any second, it would have had the power to install the thought of mercy and compassion into the heads of these vile parents, and it would so have done. It seems the very mission of the Holy Spirit (at least from a Christian perspective). It would ask the vile parent: why do you do this to your child? The parent would not have answered. Maybe they would have uttered words, but that is not answering. That is responding, and a response is merely a reaction to a question. An answer is always a response, but a response is not necessarily an answer; it does not necessarily mean a single thing. Had they answered in their own courts such a question instead of responding to it in the courts of others, they would have been condemned, and they would have been sent away either into the nihilistic perpetuity of their own indifference, or, eventually, to the dark and dim lit dungeon of their own self-insight, and maybe then the revelation of the holy spirit, as if with an iron mask, one of shame, would have melted onto their faces for a lifetime – a lifetime of desperation and of gruesome regret (they would surely deserve it)... in realizing their crime against humanity, they would become carriers (as if perpetrators of an aggressive virus) of a guilt that could break the arduous will of even someone like Gilgamesh, the third king of Uruk, and they would become vectors of the great and terrible sickness of solace! But no. I think that is simply too much to ask from simple, pathetic child-beating scum...



And what do you think about it yourself? Is there solace and forgiveness for everyone? If you think yes, you will dislike this book, because the whole thing is a literary totem to the very nobility of revenge. If a perpetrator is not forced by agency of autonomy to delve the deep abyss within, no sincere guilt can possibly be extracted, and that healthy aloe vera of the soul will remain some hidden muck of potential in some root in some plant in some barren and desolate desert somewhere. That happens with people all the time, and it is as sad as it is inescapable: condemned are they like Eichmann to the gallows of public opinion, but never condemned are they to the guillotine of personal morality.

And as Eichmann, the parents would perpetuate their indifference and passive but great cruelty had not some foreign force intervened in their satanic debaucheries... and again, much like Eichmann, they had been indifferent neither out of pleasure nor out of malignancy, and perhaps that is the most potent form of evil we may all know of (I am not sure whether or not I echo Arendt in this sentiment), and it is when we understand that we know that – and things of similar nature – that we may enter and live as nymphs and heroes in the forest where tranquility and bedlam; civility and barbarity; mercy and ignominy; exists in compensatory duality... and in this forest where devil and angel greet like French and German on Christmas, the mares and trolls leer behind every log; the vipers of the north slither on the hoarfrost ground and the fruits of revenge hang low from the tree of knowledge of pacifism and vengeance – so low even a five-year-old girl could rip them off the branches (and surely I hope she shall!). Let me tell you: that girl from the Brothers Karamazov fought for a handle on sanity just like the Jewry of Zdzięcioł, Radziłów or Jozefów did; she crawled brutally in the grossness of her own waste, and the Jews so did in the dirt of their own blood; she weltered in it, she was forced to eat her own soilage; the Jews of Kamiyanets-Podilskye were marched off to ravines and to ditches prepared for the burden of massacre, and as if in a single breath of air the town had lost about 23,600 of its former inhabitants. Men, children, women – not one person stands out in the abhorrent pools of death, the vortices swirling downward in degradation, how they whirl with its current of anonymity, for it is very evident that both five-year old girls and whole ethnicities alike disappear, fast or slow, unknowing or with burning clear-sight, into its great and ever-frothing maws – the omni-swallowing abyss of mortality.

What is my point? There is no true existential justice except for the one you create for yourself. You want justice? Kill your enemy. There are enough diamonds surely in the world for everyone to get a cupful, but there is no judicial principle of equity to regulate this in practice – never has been, never will be. You can take your obsessions with utopian Marxism, of outcome-equity or, if you swing the other way, your pitiful doctrine of divine solace, unconditional forgiveness and loving providence, and you may – as far as I am concerned –

use them for toilet paper (for in the forest there is not much else but the soiled memories of enemies to wipe your ass with). Whatever your *weltanschauung* I will find a way to poke holes in it, set fire to it like a zeppelin never having been worthy of the air it floats on in the first place! Your convictions are likely not worthy of much else, and it is from this insight that I write this book. Here is no Solace!

Your Savior will not descend as if some Christ on a cloud above the ashes of a world in solemn wreckage, but redemption will come to you in lingering and gradually inescapable visions of your deepest and most personal hells!

Providence, solace, equity...  
rotten fruits from a rotten branch  
on a rotten tree rooted  
in dead, saline soil!

You can forget about these things, and you shall do just that – either in preparation for, or during, the reading of this book... for with them, these fruits of bitterness and of toxicity, you shall not come far. Paradise, idealism, weakness, empty wishes from throats attached to no heart! For the reason of this perpetuity of cruelty and for its ever-presence in the human experience, I shall be willing to unleash my anger against the wrongness of the world, and I am willing to bestow violence upon the tyrannies and despotisms of it: like Durga, I am willing to punish the perpetrators of rape with the heinous offense of rape – in a diabolical act of grueling sarcasm! And by raping them until they bleed perhaps, they shall commence to ponder newfound perspectives in between their sobbings! And indeed, I am willing to draw a veil of destructive dusk over the ugly day of this world so that a dawn of creative rebirth may emerge afresh therefrom... yes, I want to plunge over the world as if a most bitter enemy: in anger I shall sustain myself; in anger I shall self-become! Terrorism is my crown and spire, and I worship the triumphal savagery of revenge, for revenge breeds a cycle of violence and there is a goddess of vengeance and she has forevermore clots of blood stuck between her fanged teeth, and I love her, and her cycle spins eternally and her maddening dance of bloody ecstasy is forevermore out of control yet maintain her stalwart balance and enduring resilience through the centuries... Durga says: revenge is hell and if you embark on a journey of passionate revenge – be sure to dig two graves. But who am I to care for its absolution! I worship my idols of revenge! Cruel, grueling vengeance... I have

abdicated my throne of philanthropy, for I have become a human in thirst of death, a vampire in dehydrating foreboding!

Who am I to care for the principles of utilitarianism, of righteousness, of moral absolutism, when someone I can smite the flesh of as punishment for some offense of grievous and horrendous wrong-doing is still alive and well, and maybe even successful at whatever he or she does? Well. To me, when the craving of revenge overcomes a person, nothing more is to be done but to enjoy the gruesome spectacle of it as if a great comedic play, or even as if some grotesque flash of divine but cruelly incomprehensible justice. I will say this: I will not give you the reading luxury of maintaining a sense of warm solace, the comfortability of fiction: you will not repeat the mantra, “it is just a book... it is just a book...” and if you do anyway, you do not know me and you do not appreciate the scolding magmatic content of this book. Death lurks along these pages, and rape and abuse follow in its entourage. Grisly scenes of pedophilia and *Sadeesque* (“Sadist”) carnal blasphemies, I rear from nothing!

I have been bitten by the rabid bat of malevolence and its toxic evil has found another suitable host-body to wreck. I feel mad and frothing, and water scares me for it both means and symbolizes survival. I am not sure how far I am going to push things, but at least I project that some passages of morally disgusting humiliation and malevolence paralleled only by the human history will come about, as we move through and further probe this text (a text that should probably just be burned, in accord, really, with all cosmic and evolutionary sense – for I am a true enemy and a poisoner of mankind; a corruptor, and I am possessed by imps and devils and they tear me to bits and pieces). Angst, malevolence, beauty, love, God: I aim to capture the essence of its phenomena to the best of my writing abilities. I challenge myself on this task, I break myself asunder bit by bit in pursuit of its completion; I lower my fangs of vampirism into the blotted neck of my own empathies and I tear my flesh, break my skin; I vandalize my own barricades of morality... I aim to leave few stones unturned and I shall attack myself where I know it hurts the most, because I am a terrorist of literature and of art – not a creator, purveyor, or maintainer of it. I am an enthusiast of it, not a philanthropist of it.

I need understanding what diabolical afflictions with which man and woman toil; appalling scenes are played out every day on the stages of the world as well as in my mind:

The world, Gog to Magog, is the *war of all against all*, and allies are the most important thing you have. So in this sense, I write for the humility of my friends, because I love them, and at this stage, I can only run backward into destitution or forward into suicidal death in escaping of them: I need them dearly, because afront there is only war, and I can see only a beaten path between decomposing corpses, and I see pillars and totems of bone around it... and around the pillars

and totems the grievous widows tear with bony fingers the eyeballs out of their crania in mourning remembrance of their loved!

*I remember seeing a father, screaming, holding his boy in a panicked embrace, a torso no longer with legs to stand with, blood spurting, bones leering from the flesh distastefully, eyes flacking in the coming of death...* and this was only my first confrontation with the darkness exuding from humanity; not my second, not my third, but my first! The little boy happened to find an improvised explosive device to play with on the other side of the river... left behind by true warriors, the true believers, willing to risk even the wellness of the children in their glorious and heroic efforts! That is surely a measure of heroism if there ever was one, is it not? The father acknowledges the snatching of his finest pearl, he starts to accommodate his feelings, his confusion turns to mourning which turns to anguish which turns to vitriol and resentment; he roars and casts curses at the Holy Spirit (the Holy Spirit, being observant shamefully from the safe distance), but the boy... the boy, is silent nevertheless: not yet dead but soon enough, I was sure. More pieces must be attached to each-other in order for a human being to physiologically function.

*The boy was no longer a boy but a fire-work of flesh.* I looked into his eyes, flickering with fiery extirpation, and a thought imbued me strongly: may even children find allure in the morphinous pre-stages of death, the seconds leading up to it, a final and numinous religious rush of *ekstasis*? Well. Who can know such a thing? I do not know. But right there, right then at least it seemed like it. Perhaps we ought to shepherd our children to the cliffs' edge and teach them the ways of the lemmels – because, given the state of the world and its future, is has become the only kind of pleasure we can surely guarantee them... that is, the opioid ecstasy of Death.

Why do I tell a macabre story of a boy blown to bits and pieces by explosives, and why do I speak of the father screaming in anguished panic, picking up pieces of flesh, a finger here and a finger there, the pink slabs of innards, a small toe, a shattered knee, some hair, some skin? And he walks around his boy, with the stench of the insides of his own son irritating his nostrils, as if some hobo collecting valuables on the beach!

Why is it important for me to underline the macabre detail of this scene? It is because I want to set a proper tone for my book, for it is a vile place, and it is a mirror I hold to the world; its vileness is spilled with ink on these pages, and it is carved into the stelae of human time... justice is mostly a beautiful principle, present almost exclusively in ideal and in theory but seldom in the reality of things. I will say this: I would advise you to not feel so sorry for him, the boy, for not having been given that cupful of diamonds. How can you feel sorry for all ones bereft of diamonds, and for all those bereft of clean and drinkable water? They will eat you from within like an endoparasite, those thoughts. All suffering

will infect your soul until a need arises, which is the need to question yourself with a scolding but very important question ruminating on the ethics of empathy: what life is more important? Yours or everyone else's?

It seems almost a silly question but beneath its crust hides profundity: do I get to live comfortably in the face of the evil and the darkness of the world, even with knowing the details and locales of it? I can do something to stop it, but I do not. And you do not either – we are both like disgusting pigs without any real resolve. Am I an accomplice then, or just a silent and pathetic enabler? Or have I nothing at all to do with it, can I distance myself from its moral responsibilities in an absolute and convincing manner? And indeed, I should ask myself: maybe I do want to carry the blight of the world, the weight of terror's yoke on my bruising shoulders? "Go ahead", I tell myself, "Maybe this is the manner in which I need to conduct my suicide?". I do not yet know. However, I have been taught one thing and that is that some people need to experience suffering in order to understand suffering; some people seem to be able to approach it in a more intuitive fashion. I do not want to do it, even though I am a supremely empathetic being – but I consider it my grisly curse and lot to do it; I need to shower myself with darkness in order to live! That is the barren truth of the matter. And I am no Simone Weil either... although I admire her a lot... what a saintly beauty of a human being... but her beauty is beside the point: if you should feel sorry for suffering people, then you should start with yourself, because nothing except for suffering itself will grow out of that project of fundamentalist utilitarianism! The boy who played with the bomb lost his legs and he will die from blood loss; it is a matter of moments and seconds; the same goes for his father's heart; it shall also die the death of bloodlessness. And his father will die of grief. Maybe not today or tomorrow, like the boy, but it is only a matter of time. Which of the two is worse? I ask you. It is an utmost serious question. But do not feel so sorry for him, the little child. Tomorrow, he is a statistic. Now, the father has more to lose; for every emotion you have felt, you have gained one more thing to lose. The more you have gathered, and for the longer time you have been gathering, the more you will feel when it disappears, for surely, we feel things the most when we do not have them. Welter in the riches of the world all you want: you probably cannot understand what I am talking about before you have experienced it all disappearing from you, leaving you outside of it, rendering you unable to reach it...

Be careful in this battleground. Houses are burning and they are dilapidating all around us; the barns are burning too and they are filled with women and children... the horses and the swine lay slaughtered in the backyard, and the fields of rye burn like sulphur all around them; women arrange themselves in packs, wailing, weeping their rape on their way to the black markets – they need guns... but they shall probably lose them in the battles of honor and revenge

they will fight with their oppressors, and the very same weapons shall be turned against them – for there is no justice, and this is a world of shit! Yet, be sure, everyone *could* have a cupful of diamonds, but instead of it, they do not. Instead, children ward off demons in their closets while father beats mother until she is bloody and silent as a slab of meat in a puddle on the floor, men and women eat parts of themselves in order to survive the hunger in the besieged and fallen rubble of cities (similar things have happened in Kiev, in Warsaw, in Saint Petersburg not even 80 years ago); lost souls find a pocket of air in mass graves of tens of thousands of victims just to prolong their own heinous deaths in the face of the last and longest glimmer of hope they ever saw... I can go on, and I will continue on this subject later (that is, the subject of human cruelty).

Yes – everything blackens... and I? I write.

For this pen is my old Uzi and I execute Palestinian children with it, and this pen is a Sturmgewehr, and with it I shoot what is living but what is ultimately unworthy of life. And this pen is indeed my Błyskawica for I shoot sadists and tyrants and enslavers in the back of the head with it, and it is my Sten-gun, for with it I defend my island whatever the cost may be, and I do so regardless of my own hypocrisy, of my own confusion, cowardice and contradictoriness!

Maybe I can turn my luck around; maybe there is repentance for me. Everyone sins in war. It is what it is. Virtue is seldom, but it is there to be found. We all know beautiful, lustrous things. Once I saw a happy young couple, freedom fighters both of them, smiling at each-other, the last thing they did before detonating their belts. They died as they kissed, and I wonder how that must have felt. Was this a tremendous victory, a cause for celebration, commemoration, an act of uproarious courage and nobility? Many would say no, fuck them. Well, fuck you for thinking fuck them. It does not matter what the shrinks and the kindergarten philosophers make of it; it will forevermore be the most beautiful thing I ever saw, and indeed a thing I may probably never live myself, but would dream and fantasize of living on the darker and lonelier autumnal days of the soul. Yes, be careful in this vast battleground. War kills and the survivors cry traumatically in the wake of it, and they do not stop until they are dead and can cry no more. However, there is victory and overcoming in every war – should you want it, should you strive towards it.

Ask yourself: why do you fight? Because you do. We all have our reasons: do you protect your children? You want to be your children's Wehrmacht. Do you covet the prosperities of your neighbor? You want to welter in the riches and excesses of hedonia. Are you shooting with dirty needles the meth of evil destructivity, its ecstasy of the war you love to hate, losing yourself in the process of becoming the abomination we only whisper about in the shadows?

You are lost and shall never come back, lest you slay the cave-dragon. Could you smash the head of a child with a firm fist because it had made itself guilty of standing in the way of you and its mother as you were so eager to ravish and destroy her mother in a bid to abandon all moral constraint? Are you a fucking rapist, and is that the well into which you tap in order to draw nutrition? Or are you a sanctitious nun, willing to relieve the suffering child even at the peril of your own violent demise?

Can you slay your dragons? People do. It happens every day. Maybe your true reason for fighting is because you believe to be a pacifist; maybe you cannot feel the fight because you falsely say you have no enemies. You are not even afraid of the dragon because you would not even feel its breath on your skin if it was half a meter in front of you. Fuck, what a carnival of a life... simply, maybe you just carry on because you are just afraid of your suicide; of killing yourself... whatever your pick would be, that last one is me... yes, that is my pick. As for now, that is what I am. I am afraid of the emptiness, the nothingness, and I am even afraid of it more so than I am afraid of the great war in front of me. We all have dogs in this fight: some have little shit dogs while others have pit bulls and hungry hyenas and foxes with dead mice in their jaws: which dog is yours, and which dog is mine? You decide for yourself!

And I? Yes, I decide for myself. I love and pay tribute to these rules. And if I win in the end, if I can do the final task, you can do it too. You can distribute all your beautiful and glistening diamonds however you would see fit; perhaps it is in you to hoard them like an ignivomous dragon beneath the stronghold in the damp catacombs, slithering bitter like some basilisk of olden myth and lore? Or maybe it is more in your temperament a kinder way? If your dream is for every person to have a cupful of diamonds, then go at it or kill yourself already. There is not much choice in between, except for crying, bruised all over, sobbing helplessly with your own fecal matter coloring your cracked lips and your mouth like that five-year old poor girl in that Dostoevsky novel. Go ahead and choose; I have chosen for myself: As I have not yet committed to the task of ending my own life, I have *chosen* life. That is how this works, apparently. I do not yet know what this means, except that I, during the span of these nefarious and toxic pages, will cry out the ponderings and the egregious effects of this decision – your world is my mirror, and when I smash it, it shall break... I vomit words on you, reader; you probably do not exist, but that does not matter for me; I would not read this noxious, self-important garbage either. I only write for myself, but not in some noble, humble way, I stress this: I do this for the reason everyone else does whatever the fuck they are doing: to gain allies. And to hurt enemies. Nothing more, nothing less. This is life. *Oremus*.

# EGREGIOUS LAUGHTER & THE SARCASM OF THE LORD

It is sickening how fast the earth revolves around its axis in times of egregious laughter, and it is ecstatic how we, the joyous people on this earth, are fast to tune in to the celebrations of just that! But meanwhile, there are ones not laughing, and they are hiding wherever they can find somewhere to do so, and they find their repose in their caverns and in their grottos and on the tundra-lands where there is no egregious laughter to be heard, but only winds of some sepulchral reticence!

And they hide away, yes, as not to hear these spites and vexations from the Lord... and they try to find their recluse from the Lord's false servants conjoining with each-other in Dionysian mass-laughing hysteria... and the word hysteria, it has an anagram, which is "this year", for it is now or never to dance to the music of the Lord's sarcastic flutes and the Lord's harps and drums of ecstatic absurdity...

But they find themselves at the same spot as before the whole thing even began—because the ones not combatting sarcastically with the earth and the ones not butting heads with it in cynical tragedy and comedy never grow... for them, nothing will ever move, and nothing will ever revolve faster and faster around its own axis, and even the planet shall have been stagnated with boredom and existential fatigue before these cripples have been taught the art of laughter.

Yes—a world without laughter is not even a world at all, because it has fallen off its axis, for the axis is indeed the sarcasm of the Lord itself, and it will be the fate of the ill-omened to forevermore float through this dispossessed and mundane world... the world without spiteful comedy... this ever-same though ever-transmogrifying tedium of some shimmering and clueless cosmos, floating through irrelevant voids, the hollowness of emptiness:

yes, that sludge-dimension wherein the sarcasm of the Lord has waned with the flickering and waning of its most potent match and phosphorus!!!



# A SMALL COLLECTION OF TWENTY-THREE NATURAL, CULTURAL & HISTORICAL CURIOSITIES

## 1. *Itigilov — A Case for Tibetan Asceticism*

Dashi-Dorzho Itigilov, a Buddhist monk of the Tibetan tradition, died in the year 1927. Itigilov is best known for leaving behind a body supposedly “incorruptible”, being resistant to organic, macroscopic decay. Itigilov left a testament that he wanted to be buried exactly as he died, bodily fixed in lotus posture. In his testament he also made clear that his body was to be exhumed after an unspecified number of years. In 1955, many years after his death, loyal monks exhumed his remains in secrecy in fear of persecution from the anti-religious communist authorities. The body was accordingly not subject to any substantial decomposition. Another exhumation of the body was performed in 1973, with the same outcome. Finally, in 2002 the body was exhumed once again and reportedly thoroughly examined by medical professionals, stating the condition of the body to be the apparent age of “no more than 36 hours”. To this day, Buddhist monks show their reverence by shaking his hand, and some enthusiasts even believe that Itigilov never died, but is currently in a state of hibernation—having achieved a transcendent state of *nirvana*.

## 2. *Mardudjara — Rite of Agony & Passage*

There is an Aboriginal (native Australian) rite of male passage known as the *Mardudjara*. The boy is led by village elders to a secluded spot in the wilderness. One man then proceeds to sit on the boys’ chest while another man performs circumcision of the boys’ foreskin (without any form of anesthesia); the foreskin is then ingested by the boy. Symbolically, he has then ingested his own “boyhood”, being reborn through this a grown male. Once the circumcision is healed, the underside of the penis will be cut down to the scrotum under ceremonial circumstances. He then spills his blood over a fire, allowing the flames to purify it, making the boy apt for adulthood and, effectively, for sexual intercourse. Such is a rite of passage amongst the Australian Aborigines.

## 3. *Teratoma — Twisted Organic Mass*

A teratoma is a tumor containing a variety of different cells, caused by the tumor replicating cells of the human body it “naturally” should not. The teratoma is

often congenital, but may not show signs of existence until later in life. Teratomas are known to contain teeth and hair, bone tissue and in, uniquely rare cases, even more complex and bizarre parts such as eyes, hands, and feet.

Look it up on Wikipedia, it is sick as fuck.

#### ***4. Loa Loa — Terror of the Eye !***

The *loa loa*, colloquially known as the African eye worm, is a little devil. When a human being is bitten by the deer fly—the vector of the *loa loa*—the worm will give you a condition called *loa loa filariasis*. It migrates through-out the tissue of the human body, occasionally crossing the tissues of the eye where it is often clearly visible. It is not very dangerous as such and it should not degrade your vision in any way, but moving around the eyeball with this worm lodged into it is often a painful and extremely uncomfortable experience—both physically and psychologically. The surgical means of getting it out may also be agonizing. Worms 20 centimeters of length have been found “floating” in human eyes.

I urge you to look up some pictures on Google and get fucked by the beauty and marvel of nature.

#### ***5. Choreomania — The Endless Dance Into Madness***

Have you heard of the so-called “dancing plague” of 1518? It was a case of dancing mania that broke out in Strasbourg (modern day France) in July 1518. Numerous people allegedly danced for days and days without rest, and over the period of about one month, some of the participants of this bizarre behavior died from exhaustion or stroke.

The dancing mania, or choreomania, is thought to be an extremely unusual case of mass-psychotic psychogenic illness. The 1518 Strasbourg case is, though, not by any means an isolated event but an example in a longer range of well documented incidents from mainland Europe, with one of the first major outbreaks documented in the German city of Aachen in 1374.

The phenomenon however seems to have devolved throughout the 16th and 17th centuries and has seemingly been engraved in obscurity ever since.

## **6. *The Ant Suicide Bomber & The Weird Autothysis***

I want to introduce you, reader, to the *Camponotus saundersi*, a species of ant which possess a rather abnormal mechanism of defense. The workers have large glands that run the entire length of the ant's body, and the ant may in cornered situations release the contents of the glands, committing suicide ("autothysis"; the process of self-destruction via an internal rupturing or explosion of an organ).

The rupturing of these glands will spray toxic substance from the head, which will entangle and immobilize nearby attackers/victims. which gives the species its colloquial name, "exploding ant".

It is very cool, I think.

## **7. *The Everest — Mountain of Corpses***

As of 2011, Mount Everest has claimed the lives of over 200 mountaineers. At the heights on which they have disappeared, around 25 000 feet or higher, climate is extremely harsh and oxygen is constantly running low. Mountain climbers who—in a struggle for reaching the top—hurt themselves, break their bones, get sick or encounter problems of other kinds have no possibility of getting down the mountain on their own. Due to the extreme conditions of these heights, rescue operations are rendered principally impossible. This is resulting in an abundance of abandoned but astonishingly well-preserved human bodies scattered alongside the mountain, frozen stuck in their final snow-ridden resting places.

## **8. *The Sun Dance — Initiation through Suffering***

In the vast geographical region known as the Interior Plains, which basically is central North America, there are numerous Native American tribes such as the Cree, Blackfoot, Sarcee, Assinibon and others, who partake in an old ritual tradition known as the Sun Dance. The Sun Dance is a religious festival in which the titular "sun dance" is the central component. The people participating show how much pain they can endure—a testimony to their bravery. The men put skewers through their chests and put the other end of the rope on a tall pole. They then leaned back until the skewers ripped through their skin. Sometimes the women would dance for the whole festival (which would last up to 4 days) without rest, drink, or food.

## ***9. The Bullet Ant Glove — The Most Excruciating Pain!***

A person of the Mawe ethnicity indigenous to South America may be subjected to the infamous “bullet ant glove”. It is a coming-of-age ritual notorious amongst anthropologists, an ancient rite of passage. The stings of these bullet ants are said to be so painful that they are compared to gunshot wounds. The neurotoxins of this species of ant will paralyze the hands and cause excruciating pain, something the adept will apparently have to endure 20 times before completion of this ritual of adulthood!

## ***10. Derinkuyu — Hidden Tunnels of Anatolian Mysteries***

Derinkuyu is a multi-leveled subterranean ancient city in the district of the same name in Nevşehir Province, Turkey (Ancient Cappadocia region). The tunnel complex was discovered by a resident in 1963 when he found a mysterious room behind his home wall. According to a theory, the caves may first have been built by the Phrygians, an ancient Indo-European people native to central Anatolia (Turkey), in the 7th-8th centuries B.C. In the Cappadocian region of central Turkey, ancient underground cities are not a completely rare phenomenon; Derinkuyu, for example, is connected to the underground city of Kaymakli via an 8-kilometer tunnel. It is estimated that, during its prime, Derinkuyu could house up to 20,000 people, and reached as deep as 60 meters.

## **11: THE WHITE DOVES OF CASTRATION**

С К О П Ц Ы

The **Skoptysy** (Russian: скопцы) were a Russian fundamentalist Christian sect with rather obscure and untraceable origins, which, at its peak in the early 1900's, had up to 100,000 followers according to some sources.

Most observers would deem the Skoptysy highly extremist and fanatical. They were very ultra-moralistic and maniacally God-fearing in their religiosity. The foremost article of faith in their strain of ultra-orthodox Christianity was the notion that, at the time of the Fall of Man, as Adam & Eve ate the forbidden

fruit, the fruits grafted themselves onto the human body in the form of breasts on the women and testicles on the men.

They believed that human sexuality (bodily beauty, sexual pleasure, the pursuit of attractivity, etc.) was the primal evil in the heart of both man *the fornicator* and woman *the whore*, and that it directly prevented and forbade the humans from establishing a direct link between man and God. Thus, the human sexual reproductive organs were seen as the source of human spiritual decay, depravation and fall from grace. This drove the Skoptsy to mutilate their sexual organs.

The men most often cut their testicles off and sometimes also the penis as a whole, and the women cut off their breasts, and sometimes even their labia or other parts of their genitalia.

## **12. *The Passenger Pigeon — An Endling's Letter Home***

The passenger pigeon, *Ectopistes migratorius*, went extinct by human hands in the late 19th century. It was once the most abundant bird in the whole of North America and probably also the world, accounting for approximately a quarter of all birds in N. America. The species are known for their massive migratory flocks which could consist of several billions of individuals. One particular flock observed in 1866, was described as being 1.5 kilometers (1 mi) wide, and 500 kilometers (300 mi) long. It took the flock about 14 hours to pass, and approximately contained 3.5 billion animals. Hunting and habitat destruction led to its demise.

The last passenger pigeon probably died in 1914.

1866—billions and billions of animals.

1916—confirmably extinct.

## **13. *Raining Animals***

Accounts and depictions of raining animals have been occurring since about the first century A. D. when Pliny the Elder started reported it.

## **14. *Kasanka Park — An Endless Darkness of Bats***

There are sometimes lot of bats in Zambia's Kasanka National Park. Each year, up to 8+ million giant fruit bats gather here. Apparently, one is supposed to be

able to hear the sounds and wing flaps of the bats miles away. With their 6-foot wingspans, the giant fruit bats are amongst the largest species of bat in the world. Around this time of the year, it is understood that Kasanka National Park is the place with the highest density of mammals anywhere on the planet—each tree can be infested by as much as 10 tons of bats.

### **15. *Witold Pilecki — The Single Auschwitz Volunteer***

During World War II, Witold Pilecki enrolled for a Polish resistance mission that involved being voluntarily imprisoned in the Auschwitz death camp in order to gather intelligence and later escape. While in the camp, after surviving severe pneumonia and routine torturous beatings and other forms of degradation so commonplace in a World War II-era concentration camp, he organized a resistance movement and, as early as 1941, informed the Western Allies of Nazi Germany's Auschwitz atrocities. He escaped from the camp in 1943 after nearly two and a half years of imprisonment by overpowering a guard with the help of other inmates, while also cutting phone lines in order to secure escape. After Auschwitz, Pilecki took part in the Warsaw Uprising in August-October, 1944. After the war, the Soviets put him in prison for his resistance activities since his allegiance was with the Polish Home Army—an underground resistance army that also fought the Soviet occupants.

Witold Pilecki is the foremost modern incarnation of archetypal Hero mythology. *Gilgamesh, Herakles, Pilecki.*

### **16. *The Devadasi — Woman of the Temple***

A Devadasi (meaning in Sanskrit a servant of a god or goddess) is a girl or a young woman dedicated to worship and service at a given temple for the rest of her life. This religious custom is ancient and traditionally rooted in the southern half of the Indian subcontinent. In addition to maintaining the temple, the Devadasi were also performers and practitioners of traditional Indian and Hindu artistic expression, thereby enjoying a respectable reputation and high social status as dance and music were (and still is) essential to Hindu templar worship.

During British colonial rule, the white-supremacist policies of the colonizers mistakenly deemed (although actual mischief was not uncommon at all) the Devadasi as, by definition, “sacred prostitutes”, while stripping the kings and temple owners of their power, leaving the tradition slowly declining throughout the 20th century, finally being outlawed in 1988 by the Indian government on the grounds that a vast minority of Devadasis were coerced into ‘temple dedication’ as a cover-up for forced marriage and child prostitution.

## 17. *Dakhma — The Towers of Silence*

Lo, behold the *Dakhma*—known in the English language as the Towers of Silence (a neologism). Dakhmas are circle-shaped constructions erected as a part of funerary ritualism by adherents of the Zoroastrian faith. According to their belief, the body of a deceased human is considered impure, tainted and contagious. They believe that unclean demonic entities ravage the body after death, spreading their filth and disease through the body, thus making it in unclean and biohazardous. In regards of this idea, they instead offer their dead to vultures and other scavenging birds at the top of Dakhmas—Towers of Silence. The practice is a dying custom and not many legally sanctioned Dakhmas exist today except a few—the one in Mumbai, India, being perhaps the most famous example.

## 18. *The Sokushinbutsu Monks*

# 即身仏

I want to talk about the Sokushinbutsu monks (即身仏). The term describes the Buddhist practice of self-immolation through literal self-mummification. Reportedly, the dedicated monk would succumb to a decade of strict asceticism, eating only the most necessary in order to survive. Only nuts and seeds found in the surroundings of the temple would be eaten. This diet would be maintained for a 1,000-day period. The body fat saw a drastic reduction, thus removing a large portion of the body that decomposes after death. After the 1,000 days, the diet would become even more austere, as the monk was now only allowed to eat smaller amounts of barks and roots, and other—nutrience-wise—worthless foods. This had to be endured for another 1,000-day period. The diet caused ongoing vomitiation and bodily fluids hit extreme lows. The body thus becomes increasingly emaciated and dehydrated, literally mummifying itself slowly. At this point, the body would be so poisonous and decayed, even maggots would discard it. After this 2,000-day ordeal, the monk would entomb himself alive in a stone room just big enough for a man to sit in lotus position. He had air intake into the tomb, and a bell. Each day, as long as he lived, he rang the bell. When the bell stopped, the flabbergasting ritual of sokushinbutsu would be complete, the soul having transcended.

This tradition was mainly practiced in the northern parts of Japan (Yamagata region) until the 19th century. According to the custom, it is not viewed as suicide per se, but rather a pursuit of further divine development and enlightenment. It is believed that many hundreds of monks tried, but only between 16 and 24 successful sokushinbutsu mummifications have been discovered to date. Clearly, the process of sokushinbutsu was a prolonged, extremely painful and harsh process that required profound mastery of self-control, discipline, dedication and denial of physical sensation. These people are monuments to human capacity, relics of the heroic Will. A sane culture would erect these monuments and let them overshadow all the weak debaucheries, the snake-pits of self-deceit and confusion, the repulsive megalomania and arrogance—the slow but steady collective failure of western culture. But we don't. We erect steles instead to the very folk who is cheerfully watching from a distance, having fooled us into believing they are our friends.

### ***19. About the Tarantula & the Cordyceps***

Tarantulas might be infected with the parasitic fungus known as cordyceps. The fungus invades the body of the host, and replaces all the tissue with its own. After the animal is dead, cordyceps will literally slowly transform its host into fungi. These things that are growing on the animals' body—sprouting in an absurd fashion quite like roots, weeds or even mushrooms—will then belch forth more spores to infect other individuals. Some species of the cordyceps even have the bizarre ability to manipulate the behavior of its host, convincing it to, for example, travel to places where the fungus will thrive in optimal conditions of growth, thus emitting more and more spores, spreading its pestilence further. Sometimes, full colonies fall victim under the scythe of this fascinating parasite fungi. Imagine, now, if it somehow got hold of humans.

### ***20. Auto-Surgery of Appendicitis — The Ordeal of Leonid Rogozov***

In 1960-1961, Leonid Rogozov was the only licensed doctor present on a Soviet Antarctic expedition. While stationed at the Novolazarevskaya Station, he developed appendicitis (inflammation of the appendix). The condition is a medical emergency and demands immediate attention. Trapped inside the station due to extremely hostile weather, with violent blizzards allowing no planes to either land or lift off, Rogozov had to perform the necessary appendectomy surgery on himself. The symptoms retreated and he later returned to his medical duty after 2 weeks.



## 21. *Abramovic — One of Beograd's Many Angels*

...in her infamous *Rhythm 0* piece, she delved deeper into the uncharted territory between audience and performer, resulting in arguably her most emotionally demanding but also best-known performance. She assigned to herself a passive role, with the public reaction to it being the artwork in itself. She placed a totality of 72 different objects on a table afore her: objects of potential pleasure; of potential harm; of potential murder. She then informed the people that for 6 full hours she would remain passive and indifferent to whatever the audience would do to her. The objects included a rose, a feather, honey, a whip, scissors, scalpels and even a gun loaded with one bullet. Initially, the audience reacted with caution, but as time went on, and the performer's attitude remained passive and indifferent, people began to act as they pleased upon her body. She later commented:

*"What I learned was that... if you leave it up to the audience, they can kill you. I felt really violated: they cut up my clothes, stuck rose thorns in my stomach, one person aimed the gun at my head, and another took it away. It created an aggressive atmosphere. After exactly 6 hours, as planned, I stood up and started walking toward the audience. Everyone ran away, to escape an actual confrontation".*

That was, in itself, the artwork.

## 22. *The Anthropophagy-Rites of the Yamomami*

The Yamomami tribe is indigenous to Venezuela and Brazil, and practices the odd funerary custom of ingesting the ashes of their dead in order to save their souls. It is prohibited to keep any part of the deceased person, and the body is cremated immediately. The ashes are then consumed. Strength, prosperity and bravery will then follow the spirit of the dead through the ordeals of the ever after.

## 23. *What Happens in Himalaya Stays in Himalaya...*

Lake Roopkund is located in the northern Indian state of Uttarakhand. Situated in the Himalayas at an altitude of about 5,000 meters (16,500 ft), it is a rather obscure, invisible, shallow (only 2 meters deep) and small lake in the middle of wilderness, except for one thing: hundreds of human skeletons have been recovered from it. No hypothesis has been scientifically supported, although there are numerous available, ranging from paranormal/anomalous ones to more rational-materialist ones. The remains date back to the 9th century according to scientific examination.

# THOUGHTS ON EGO DEATH

I remain a skeptic to this ever-revigorating myth of ego-death as an intrinsic existential and religious ideal, and I conclude the matter hereby saying that ego-life is a thousand times more important for the religious human than any ego-death could ever be. The after-life is for me completely irrelevant and useless—even from a firmly religious standpoint. The religious work is to be dealt with in the flesh, in life—all hopes and reassurances of extra-mortal paradisiacal existence are sprung from human psychology and is by no means a true expression of the Divine. Do the Great Work here and now—waiting is losing, and waiting happily and vapidly is losing completely and embarrassingly. And that is exactly what you all seem to do, ultimately. The acts of God are fiery and mystical by definition. God is to be struggled with in existence—not to be cuddled with in weak, wishy-washy cotton-candy fantasies of the hereafter. I can say this much: fantasies about amazing extra-mortal paradises and the fatalistic idea of guaranteed “Divine providence” have no place in the True Religion I can not conclude any significant theological or phenomenological statement on the matter, but I however lead my life as if I end when I die. I can not know this, and I do not even necessarily believe it, but I think it is more existentially appropriate to allege this position since it forces a violent confrontation with living reality: I however hope and believe there is an existence beyond the gates of life - but I do not take it for granted. That would be an amazing feat of human arrogance, and I can not blood my hands with such a sin.

# PRAYER TO SOLZHENITSYN

*Solzhenitsyn!* Please hear my prayer. I confess my vision in the court of the blind—and I can verily hear the lure of nostalgia somewhere strengthfully though distant in the background, and all these phenomena point broken fingers in the same direction: what a rejoice I feel to know that hell is so near and that abjection, hopelessness and woeful torment boils at our feet, right beneath the thresholds; I promise this and I assure it: obfuscated by evil, brackish waters is the sub-oceanic volcano boiling uproariously: all the bad, bad stuff lie in ambush like moray eels in the coral, like hungry avalanches waiting patiently for the alarm of a human scream to set it in motion... and in honesty and compassion; can we not all see what is happening just we open our eyes?

# **RESTORATION OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL MISSION**

Is existentialism in fact the restoration of the ancient, original philosophical mission? Existentialism became the only contemporary form of philosophy true to the first articulation of it, over two and a half millennia ago. For the ancient Greeks, philosophy was not a fancy pursuit of study and theory and critique from professional peer specialists in academies, as it tends to be today within the modern western academic discipline of philosophy. Back then it was the expression of a way of life, an existential-spiritual mode of conduct. Philosophy was supposed to be lived, and in my sense, existentialism restored nobly that task and mission. Individuality – in concept as in experience – lies at the root of the human condition. I want to ask myself "why am I here?" instead of the general "why are we here?" –the latter, the way I see it, constituting a total irrelevance in face of the former. The question of "why are we here?" is void and null, irrelevant, philosophically dead. only God can know a thing about it, and if there is even a "why" in the first place. And that is the basic principle of my religious existentialism.

## **A FINAL BABBLING ON ART**

It is not the proper function of the arts to make statements about politics, and I never like it when it does. It is not, to me, the function of arts to inculcate political ideology. It is called propaganda when aesthetics and political agenda merge – not art. The forces of art are not like forces of anything else; they can not be appropriated or illicitly harnessed, for they are forces of aesthetics and beauty, and beauty is a pool in which we can feel no bottom. And it has the pretention to spiritualize, elevate the human being, and I do not think it should politicize her, for that would be to weaken her. And beauty is a force always proper and true to itself.

No matter what man does to man, however vile and abominable the atrocity, beauty persists. Even in the heat of history's most notorious battles, beauty is present, beauty persists.

Art is always true to itself. And what exactly is itself? What is art, then, really? I think it is the attempt of interpreting God and mystery by a man convicted to the aesthetics of existence, and it is the futile attempt of communication by the insect to something altogether greater, something supremely important though very hard to pin, to realize, to catch a glimpse of; get a hold on. How much can

the insect realize her predisposition in this world? That is the question. And how much can the human realize hers? Well. We try to paint us a picture and we try to channel it through poetry, literature and theatre. We try to figure out our own limitations, and, by the same token, our potential as receivers of otherworldly frequencies. We can not just be flesh and blood; I can not buy that. Animals do not develop psychology and theology and art over millennia. We are guardians of beauty in this world, and that beauty, to understand it, requires a certain mystical sense the human being evidently has. When you detect beauty, you detect beauty. You feel it, you know it, you admire it. That is not even something you choose, you just do. And what else in the world cares about beauty? Nothing and none but humans. And of the beauty of insight, knowledge, the will to change, the will to strife? Again, none but humans. No life-form whatsoever. At least that is what I, with hefty humility, speculate.

Art is a strong fir and politics but mere winds, ever-changing, without fixed direction, and in the mighty crown of the fir, Aeon-old, the sun warms the egg of a great eagle. Between the eyes of this great eagle sits Veðrfölnir, casting fires and blazes of wrath upon those who believe art is always political and that the human condition is inseparable from the politics with which we try to govern this absolute mess of a world brewing hot, cauldron-like, slowly, surely, around us.

I strongly repudiate the claim that art is ever-political. Art, beauty and the love for God's glory crushes politics in the hearts of greater men and women. Always and forever, until the end of time.

Do not come with your politics for I do not care. Call me naive, call me selfish, call me spoiled and privileged. I concur! I am all those things! But my peace is more important than your opinion.

*O Holy Lord— wash the sins off my white body and guard me from these evil poisons ! infect me not with these viruses of a mundane, modern world...*